

BIG TIME

the AMAZING
SPIDER-MAN



SLOTT • RAMOS



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AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #648
COVER BY HUMBERTO RAMOS & EDGAR DELGADO

HI. I'M PETER PARKER, YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN. AND *THIS* IS HOW I SPENT THE FIRST SUNDAY IN NOVEMBER...

...LEADING THE MIGHTY AVENGERS!

AVENGERS ASSEMBLE!

WHY DOES HE GET TO SAY IT?

IT'S HIS BAD GUY. WHEN IT'S ONE A' YOURS, YOU CAN SAY IT.

ENOUGH! WHAT SAY YOU, SPIDER-MAN? HOW SHALL WE PROCEED?

WELL, I USUALLY START OFF WITH A JOKE ABOUT HIS WEIGHT. HE HATES THAT.



OH, AND TRY WEBBING UP HIS GLASSES. THAT ALWAYS WORKS.

GIANT OCTOPUS ROBOTS. THAT'S NEW. SO HOW MANY ARE WE DEALING WITH?

MY SCANNERS PICK UP TWENTY BETWEEN HERE AND BATTERY PARK. EIGHTEEN MORE UPTOWN. EVERYONE FAN OUT.

THOR, SPIDER-WOMAN, WE'LL HIT 'EM HIGH. HAWKEYE, CAP, WOLVERINE, YOU HIT 'EM LOW. SPIDEY, TALK US THROUGH IT.

BIG TIME

DAN SLOTT	HUMBERTO RAMOS	CARLOS CUEVAS	EDGAR DELGADO	VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA
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YOU'VE DEALT WITH DOCTOR OCTOPUS' TECHNOLOGY BEFORE. WHAT ARE ITS WEAKNESSES?

WOW! IRON MAN'S ASKING ME FOR TECH SUPPORT? PINCH ME.

THIS IS SERIOUS!

SORRY. OTTO CONTROLS HIS 'BOTS AT SPECIFIC FREQUENCIES. A STRONG ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PULSE SHOULD DISRUPT HIS--

SO BE IT!

ZZZAK



WHAT HE SAID. A COUPLE E.M.P. ARROWS COMING UP!

CHOOM

GUYS, DON'T WASTE TIME WITH HEADSHOTS. GO FOR THE LEGS.

EACH ONE HAS INTERDEPENDENT A.I. THE HEAD'S JUST FOR SHOW.

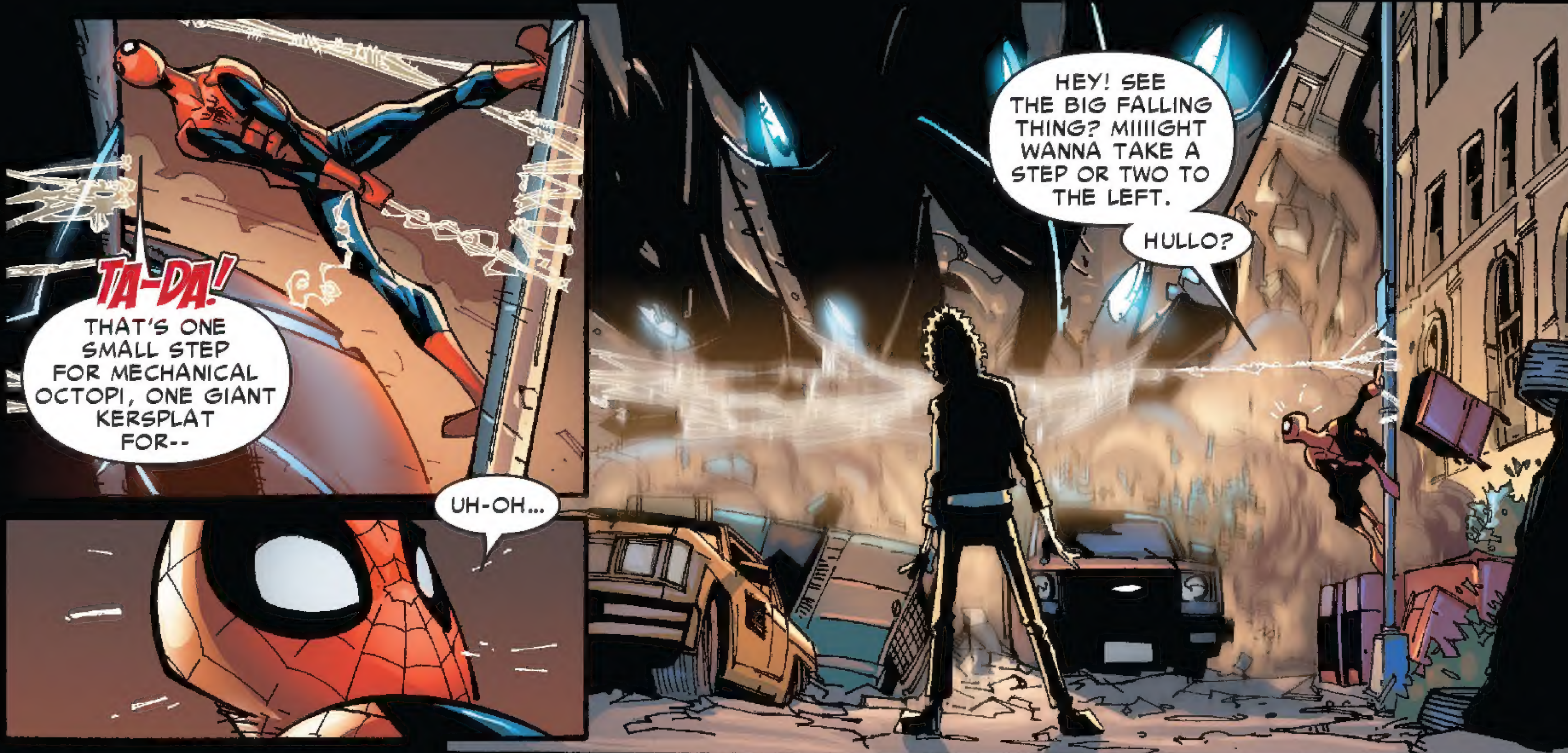
TAKING ORDERS FROM PARKER. NEVER GONNA HEAR THE END A' THIS.

WOLVERINE! NIX ON THE PARKER-TALK. NOT ALL THE AVENGERS KNOW HIS SECRET IDENTITY.



THANKS, CAP. I KNOW IT'S TOUGH, BUT TRY NOT TO TRIP UP ON THAT, OKAY?

AND SPEAKING OF TRIPPING UP...



TA-DA!
THAT'S ONE
SMALL STEP
FOR MECHANICAL
OCTOPI, ONE GIANT
KERSPLAT
FOR--

HEY! SEE
THE BIG FALLING
THING? MIIIGHT
WANNA TAKE A
STEP OR TWO TO
THE LEFT.

HULLO?

UH-OH...



GREAT.
LOOKS LIKE
I HAVE A JOHN
DOE-IN-THE-
HEADLIGHTS!

DON'T
WORRY,
PAL...



KNCKHH

...I
GOTCHA!



YOU
OKAY?

YEAH.
THINK SO.
I--

WAIT.
WHERE'S MY
WALLET?!



STOP THAT GUY!
I THINK HE TOOK
MY WALLET!

AH,
NEW YORK.
DON'T EVER
CHANGE.

THE
MAYOR'S RIGHT!
YOU'RE A
MENACE!



Gracie Mansion.

THE RESIDENCE OF MAYOR J. JONAH JAMESON.

GET ME ANDRU AIR FORCE BASE! I'M ORDERING A FULL AIR STRIKE ON MANHATTAN!

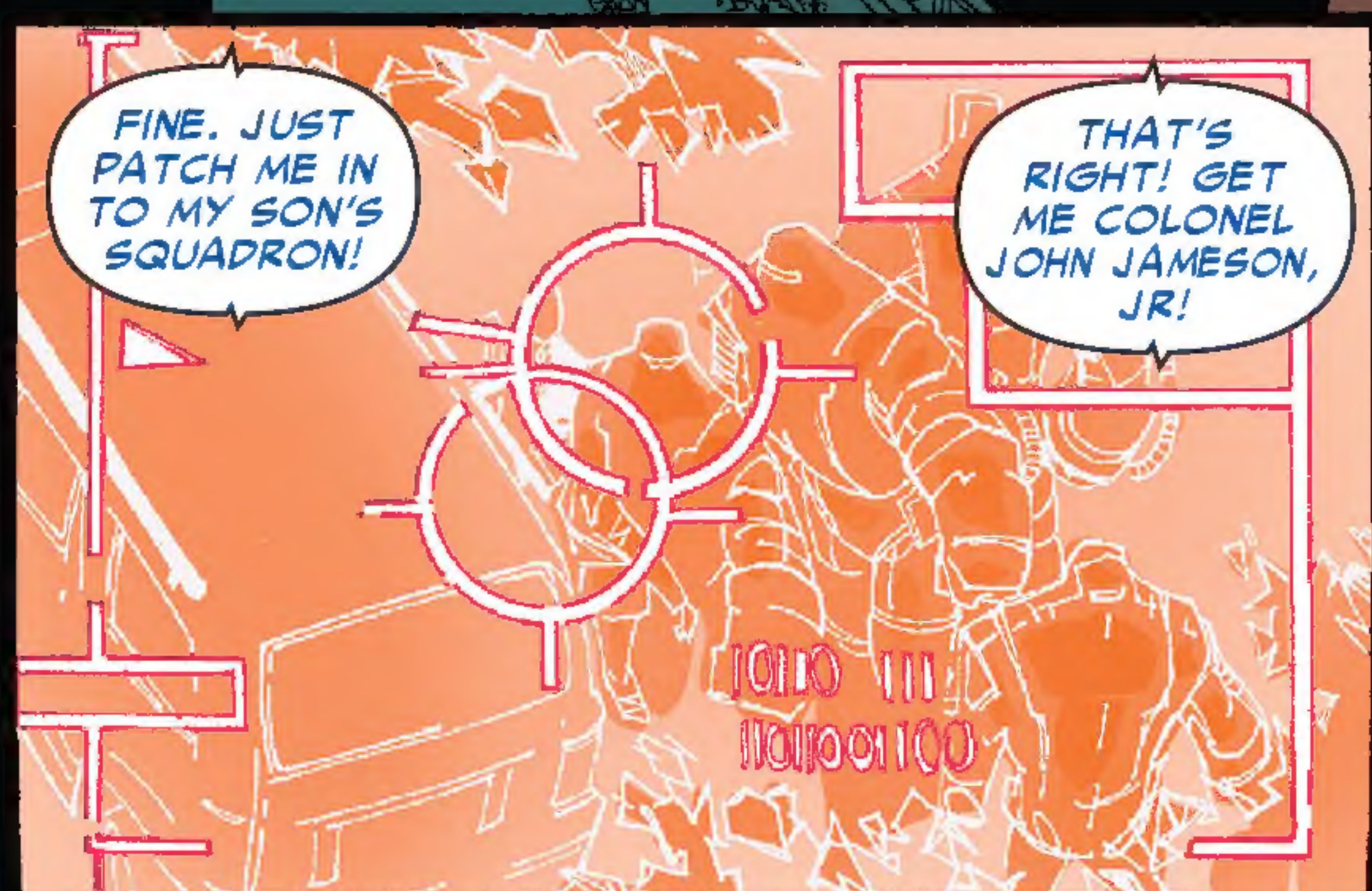


OF COURSE I'M SERIOUS! I HAVE MASSIVE METAL SPIDERS ATTACKING MY CITY!

NO. THEY'RE MOLLUSKS. WE'RE GOING TO BE CRUSHED AND KILLED BY GIANT OCTOPUSES. POSSIBLY SOME SQUID.

NOT NOW, MARLA! I'M DECLARING MARTIAL LAW!

MR. MAYOR, IF YOU AND YOUR WIFE COULD COME THIS WAY, PLEASE. WE HAVE TO GET YOU TO A SECURE LOCATION.



FINE. JUST PATCH ME IN TO MY SON'S SQUADRON!

THAT'S RIGHT! GET ME COLONEL JOHN JAMESON, JR!



DIRECT LINES TO ARMED FORCES, POLICE, AND EMERGENCY SERVICES.

ADDITIONAL SECURITY DETAIL IN MANDROID BATTLE SUITS.

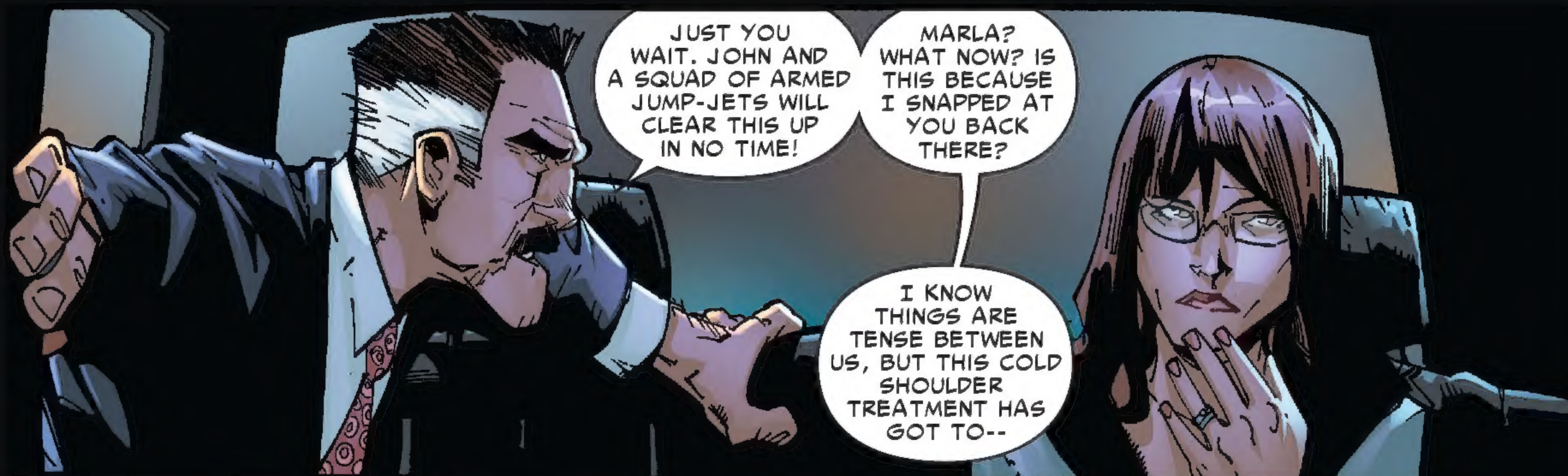
THREE ARMORED VEHICLES. TWO DECOYS.



BEGIN TRACKING MODE TO DETERMINE POSSIBLE SAFE HOUSES.

SOON, JAMESON.

VERY SOON.



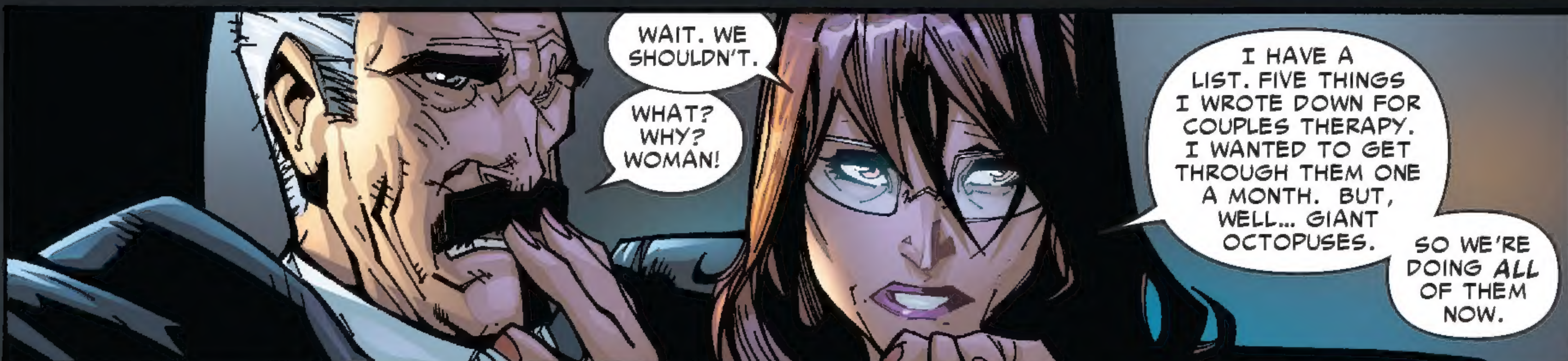
JUST YOU WAIT. JOHN AND A SQUAD OF ARMED JUMP-JETS WILL CLEAR THIS UP IN NO TIME!

MARLA? WHAT NOW? IS THIS BECAUSE I SNAPPED AT YOU BACK THERE?

I KNOW THINGS ARE TENSE BETWEEN US, BUT THIS COLD SHOULDER TREATMENT HAS GOT TO--



MMPH



WAIT. WE SHOULDN'T.

WHAT? WHY? WOMAN!

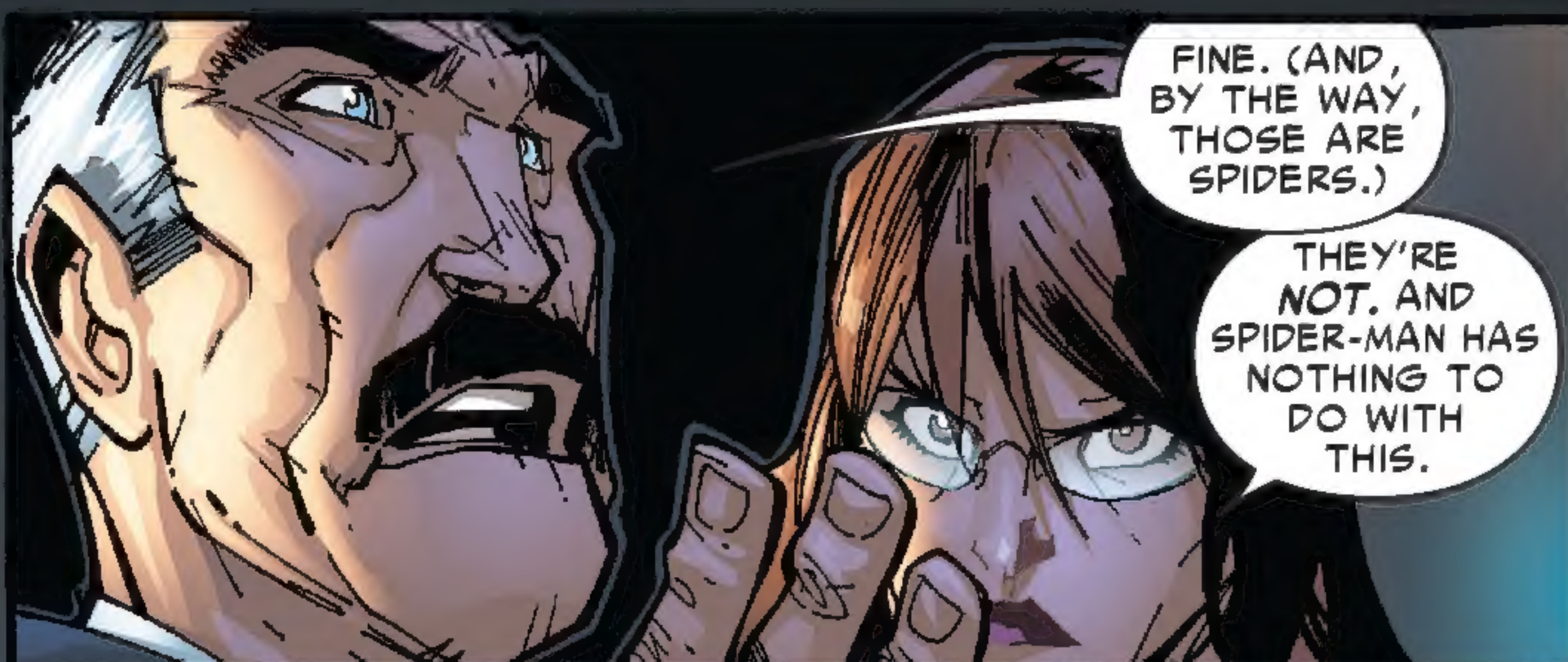
I HAVE A LIST. FIVE THINGS I WROTE DOWN FOR COUPLES THERAPY. I WANTED TO GET THROUGH THEM ONE A MONTH. BUT, WELL... GIANT OCTOPUSES.

SO WE'RE DOING ALL OF THEM NOW.



NOW?

YES. GIANT OCTOPUSES. WE COULD DIE AT ANY MOMENT. WE'RE DOING THIS NOW. AND THEN WE'RE BACK TOGETHER.



FINE. (AND, BY THE WAY, THOSE ARE SPIDERS.)

THEY'RE NOT. AND SPIDER-MAN HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS.



THEY HAVE EIGHT LEGS!

JONAH, STOP. THE MAN'S A HERO.

NO! YOU WANT A HERO? MY SON...



"...JOHN JAMESON! NOW HE'S A HERO!"

EVERYTHING CHECKS OUT, COLONEL. SHE'S GOOD TO GO. YOU BE CAREFUL NOW.

DON'T WORRY, BOYS. I'M JUST HEADING INTO THE CITY.

TELL YOU WHAT, IF THERE'S TIME, I'M BRINGING BACK GRAY'S PAPAYA. YOU LIKE YOURS WITH LOTS OF MUSTARD, RIGHT, TYLER?

AFFIRMATIVE, SIR. GODSPEED, COLONEL.



DAMN, THAT'S ONE HELLUVA GUY.

I KNOW. I HANDPICKED HIM TO BE MY PILOT FOR A WHILE. NO ONE I'D RATHER FLY WITH.

COMMANDER ROGERS?! NO ONE TOLD ME YOU WERE ON BASE, SIR.

THAT'S HOW IT SHOULD BE, AIRMAN. WE'RE AT FULL ALERT, DOWN TO A SKELETON CREW...



...LEAVING YOU THE ONLY SENTRY FOR HANGAR NINE--AND THE VERTEX SHUTTLE.

WHICH IS WHY I'M RELIEVING YOU.

SIR?



SORRY, SON. BUT THE PRESIDENT WOULD RATHER HAVE A SUPER-SOLDIER STANDING GUARD.

UNDERSTOOD.

SEMPER PARATUS, AIRMAN.

YES, SIR! ALWAYS READY!

New York City.

42ND STREET AND
MADISON AVE

THERE.
THAT SHOULD
HOLD YOU TILL
I CAN FIND A
FIFTY-FOOT
SUSHI CHEF.

WELL, LOOK
WHO SHOWED
UP TO THE
PARTY. HEY,
FLYBOYS!

ALWAYS NICE WHEN
THE **REAL** HEROES
POP BY AND DO
THE HEAVY LIFTING.

GIVES A GUY LIKE
ME A CHANCE TO
CATCH MY BREATH
AND SEE WHAT'S...

...WHAT?! I'M
ON THE BAXTER
BUILDING?

HOPE THE FANTASTIC
FOUR DON'T MIND
ME LEAVING TRASH
ON THEIR STOOP.

SO? HOW'S
MY FAVORITE
FOURSOME?
NEED A
HAND?

WE'RE A
LITTLE BUSY,
SPIDEY.

YEAH! GO
GET YOUR OWN
OCTOBOT!

THESE UNITS
ARE PART OF A
HIVE-MIND. IF WE
COULD KEEP ONE OF
THEM INTACT--
BEN!

SORRY,
STRETCHO. MY
FISTS ONLY GOT
ONE SETTING:
CLOBBERIN'!

FINE!
I **WILL** GET
MY OWN KILLER-
ROBOT!

AND I'LL
HOG ALL THE
GLORY FOR
MY--



SPIDER-SENSE!



YAH!!
I TAKE IT
BACK! LET'S
DO A TEAM-
UP!

KLANG

FF?! AIR
FORCE?!
SNOOKI?!
ANYBODY!



MAN, THESE THINGS
CAN REALLY--BLOW
THEMSELVES
UP?

THAT'S
WEIRD. IT'S
BREAKING DOWN
FROM THE INSIDE
OUT. BUT WHAT
COULD
POSSIBLY--



THAT'D
BE ME,
SPIDER.

FELICIA HARDY: THE
BLACK CAT. GOOD
GUY. BAD GIRL. THIEF.
SOMETIMES ALL
OF THE ABOVE.

SOMETIMES
WITH BENEFITS.

I PICKED
THE LOCK ON ITS
ACCESS PANEL,
GUMMED UP THE WORKS,
AND TOOK IT OUT ALL
BY MY LONESOME.
PRETTY IMPRESSIVE,
RIGHT?



LIKE,
AVENGERS-LEVEL
IMPRESSIVE?

CAT?
WHAT'RE YOU
SAYING?

THAT IF A
GUY LIKE YOU CAN
WORK SHOULDER-TO-
SHOULDER WITH CAPTAIN
AMERICA, WHY CAN'T I?
YOU'D PUT IN A GOOD
WORD FOR ME, WOULDN'T
YOU, SPIDER?



THEN MAYBE WE COULD
WORK SHOULDER-
TO-SHOULDER
AGAIN TOO.

UM...
I GOTTA
GO.

THINK
ABOUT
IT?

TRYING
VERY HARD
NOT TO.

THAT WAS CLOSE.
FELICIA'S **WAY** SCARIER
THAN ANY OCTOBOT! I
CANNOT BE FOOLING
AROUND AS **SPIDEY**...

...NOT WHEN **PETER
PARKER'S** FINALLY
GOT HIMSELF A GIRL...

...THE SWEET,
CUTE, AND NERDY
MS. CARLIE
COOPER.



SHE'S OUT THERE
SOMEWHERE. ALONG
WITH THE REST OF MY
FAMILY AND FRIENDS.
THEY'RE **WHY** I
DO THIS.

I MAY NOT BE A
HEAVY-HITTER LIKE
THOR OR IRON MAN,
BUT LONG AGO I
LEARNED THAT
WHATEVER POWER
I **DO** HAVE...

...IT'S MY RESPONSIBILITY TO
USE IT FOR **THEM**--AND
EVERYONE **LIKE** THEM! DOWN
THERE, **EVERY** NEW YORKER IS
SOMEBODY'S AUNT MAY, MJ,
ROBBIE...OR, HECK, EVEN
JONAH. I WON'T LET 'EM DOWN!

EVEN IF IT MEANS TAKING
EVERY ONE OF THESE THINGS
APART PIECE BY PIECE.

SPIDER-MAN.



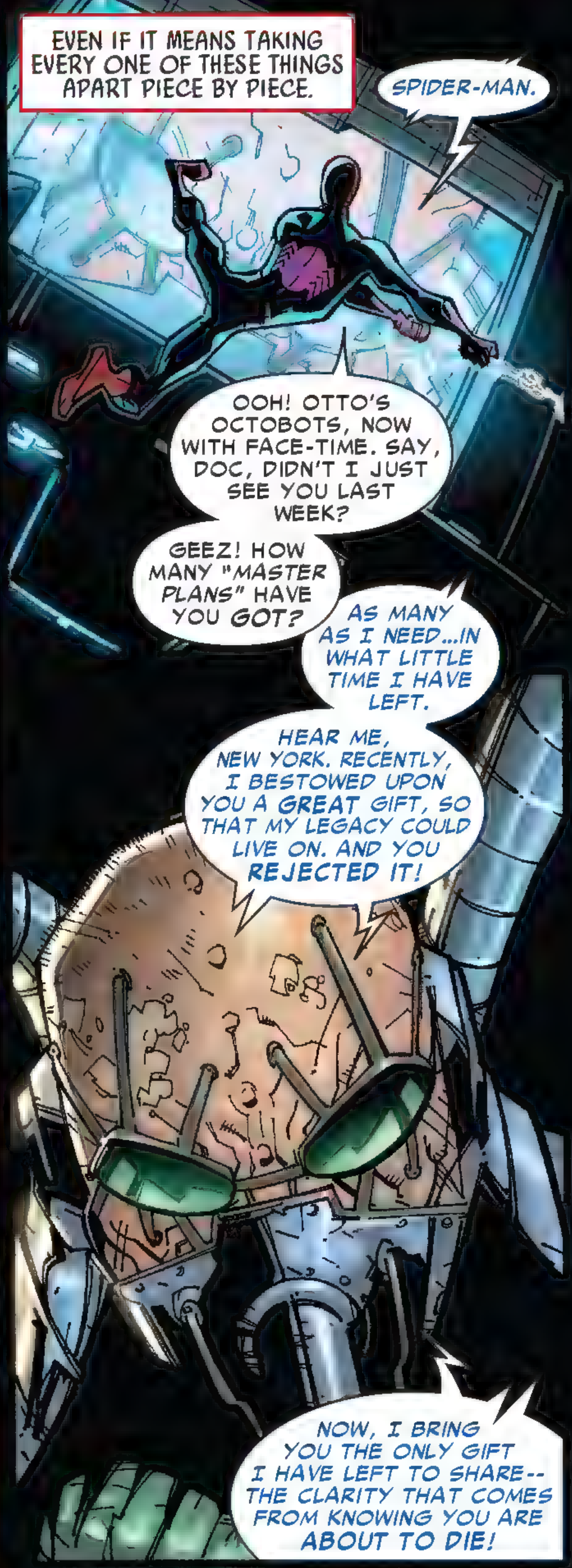
OOH! OTTO'S
OCTOBOTS, NOW
WITH FACE-TIME. SAY,
DOC, DIDN'T I JUST
SEE YOU LAST
WEEK?

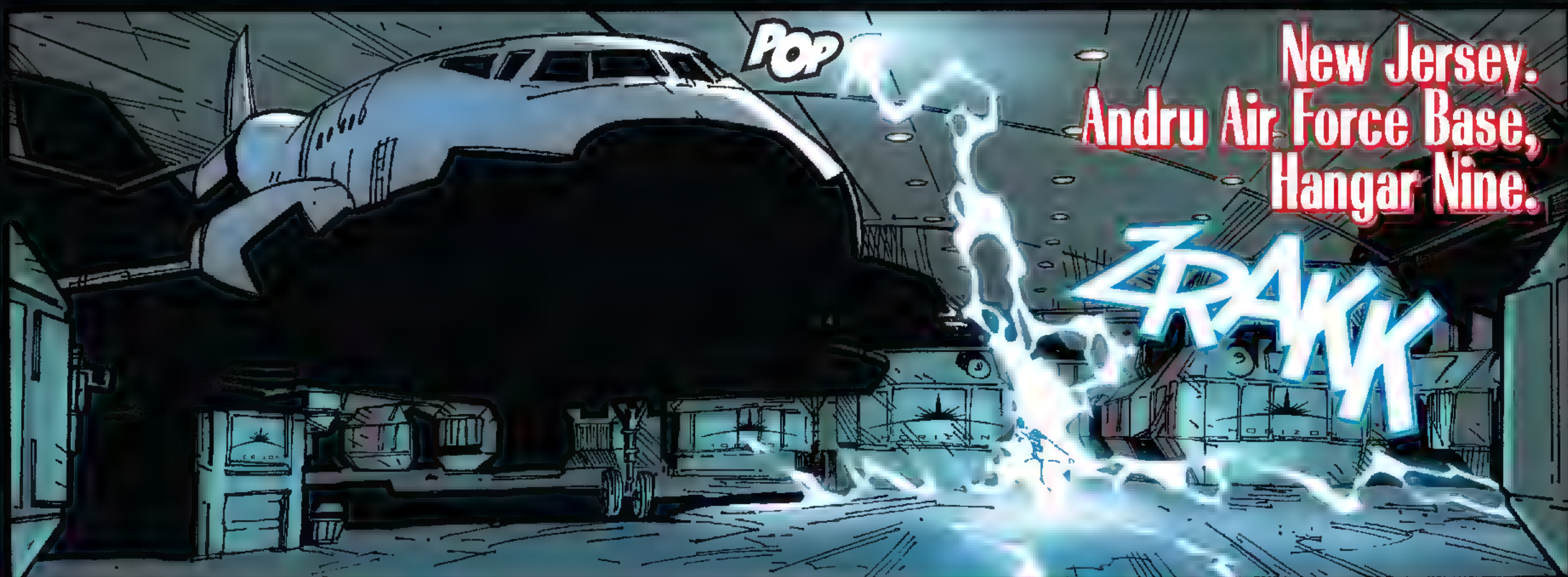
GEEZ! HOW
MANY "MASTER
PLANS" HAVE
YOU GOT?

AS MANY
AS I NEED...IN
WHAT LITTLE
TIME I HAVE
LEFT.

HEAR ME,
NEW YORK. RECENTLY,
I BESTOWED UPON
YOU A GREAT GIFT, SO
THAT MY LEGACY COULD
LIVE ON. AND YOU
REJECTED IT!

NOW, I BRING
YOU THE ONLY GIFT
I HAVE LEFT TO SHARE--
THE CLARITY THAT COMES
FROM KNOWING YOU ARE
ABOUT TO DIE!





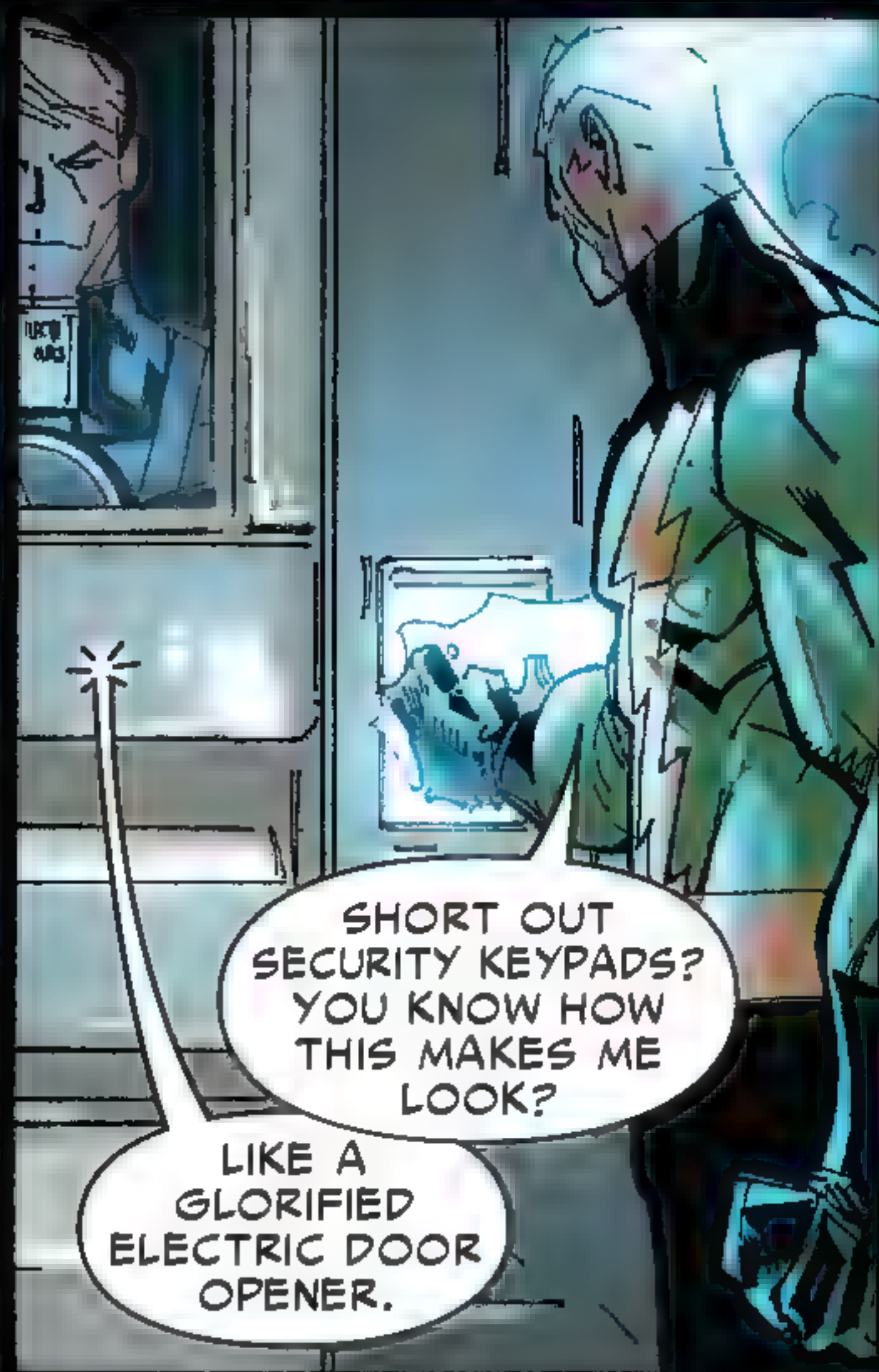
New Jersey.
Andru Air Force Base,
Hangar Nine.



THIS IS
BENEATH
ME.

I AM
PURE ENERGY
NOW! LIVING
ELECTRICITY!
POWER
INCARNATE!

AND WHAT
DOES OCTAVIUS
HAVE ME DO? SNEAK
IN THROUGH LIGHT
FIXTURES?



SHORT OUT
SECURITY KEYPADS?
YOU KNOW HOW
THIS MAKES ME
LOOK?

LIKE A
GLORIFIED
ELECTRIC DOOR
OPENER.



THAT'S RIGHT,
CHAMELEON.
KEEP PUSHING
MY BUTTONS.
SEE WHAT
HAPPENS.

AT LEAST YOU GOT
TO DO SOMETHING
IMPORTANT. YOU
GOT TO IMPERSONATE
THE GOVERNMENT'S
TOP COP.

THERE'S
A WORD FOR
THAT, ELECTRO.
"TREASON."
A HANGING
OFFENSE.



DOESN'T MATTER. IN
THE END, WE'RE BOTH
JUST OCK'S DELIVERY
BOYS...

...GETTING
HIS TOYS PAST
THAT CHECKPOINT.
YOU HEAR THAT,
DOC? WE'RE
DONE HERE.

A Secret Location

HEADQUARTERS OF
THE NEW SINISTER SIX.

EXCELLENT.
RETURN TO
BASE.

MYSTERIO, PLACE ALL
MACRO-OCTOBOTS ON
STANDBY. THAT DIVERSION
IS NO LONGER
NECESSARY.

DIVERSION?
YOU LAUNCHED A
FULL-SCALE WAR ON
NEW YORK JUST TO
GET THROUGH
ONE DOOR IN
NEW JERSEY?

THAT'S
CRAZY. EVEN
FOR YOU,
DOC.

YOU DO
NOT UNDERSTAND,
MARKO. FOR A
MAN WITH NOTHING
TO LOSE, THERE IS
NO NEED FOR
SUBTLETY.

THERE
IS ONLY
OVERWHELMING
FORCE. ALL OR
NOTHING--AND
NOTHING IN
BETWEEN.

RHINO,
PLEASE. WITH
DOCTOR OCTOPUS,
THERE'S ALWAYS
A TWIST.

TRUE. THE
MACRO-OCTOBOTS
WERE COMPILING
DATA ON OUR
OPPONENTS.

THE NEXT TIME WE
FACE THE AVENGERS OR
FANTASTIC FOUR, WE'LL
HAVE SOME SURPRISES
FOR THEM.

BUT BEFORE
THEN, ONE LAST
TEST. SELF-
DESTRUCT
INITIATED.

THEY HAVE TWO AND A HALF
MINUTES BEFORE EVERY OCTOBOT
DETONATES AND MANHATTAN
IS DESTROYED.

WHAT?! YOU
NEVER SAID
NOTHING 'BOUT
THAT!

MY KID,
KEMIA'S IN THE
CITY! YOU GOTTA
STOP IT, DOC!
NOW!

CALM
YOURSELF,
SANDMAN. THERE'S
A SOLUTION. AND
SPIDER-MAN WILL
FIND IT.

FOR YEARS
I THOUGHT HE WAS
A BUFFOON--A CHILD. BUT
HE DEFEATED ME IN A
BATTLE OF MINDS. TRUST
ME. THE MAN IS A GENIUS...



"...AND I SHALL NEVER UNDERESTIMATE HIM AGAIN!"

SPIDER-MAN, DID YOU JUST...?

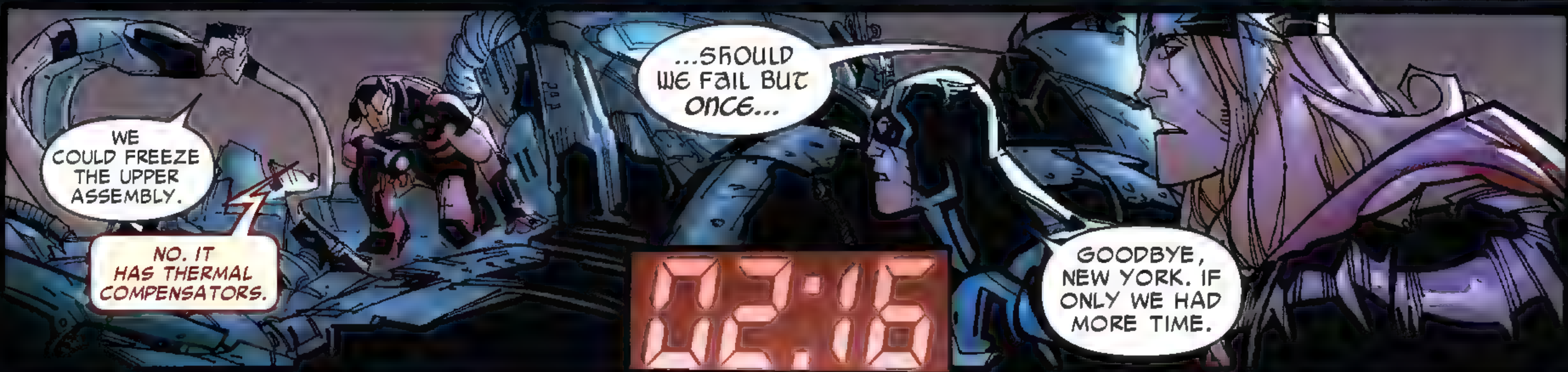
YEAH. SORRY. THAT WAS A LITTLE BIT A' STRESS...AND A LITTLE BIT A' TACO BELL.

UNH. SOMEONE KEEP HIM AWAY FROM THE HUMAN TORCH.

THOR, CAN'T YOU OR MRS. RICHARDS JUST PICK THESE UP AND THROW 'EM INTO SPACE?

MR. FANTASTIC BELIEVES THESE MACHINES TO BE CONNECTED. IF WE DISARM ONE, WE DISARM THEM ALL. HOWEVER...

02:21



WE COULD FREEZE THE UPPER ASSEMBLY.

NO. IT HAS THERMAL COMPENSATORS.

...SHOULD WE FAIL BUT ONCE...

GOODBYE, NEW YORK. IF ONLY WE HAD MORE TIME.

02:16



ALL WE'D NEED IS ONE SLIVER OF VIBRANIUM...

...AND WE COULD SET UP A COUNTER VIBRATION AT THE POINT OF DETONATION.

TOO BAD THERE'S PRACTICALLY NONE OF IT LEFT ON EARTH.

SPIEY, ABOUT BEFORE. YOU KNOW I THINK YOU'RE THE BEST, RIGHT? AND NOT JUST THE SUPER HERO STUFF.

YOU'RE A BIG BRAIN TOO. YOU SHOULD BE OVER THERE WITH REED AND TONY, SAVING OUR BUTTS.

RIGHT. LIKE I'M IN THEIR LEAGUE.

02:07



OKAY, SO LET 'EM DO *THEIR* THING. YOU CAN GO WORK ON A FALLBACK PLAN.

JOHNNY, LOOK AT THE TIME. THERE'S NO WAY I COULD... POSSIBLY...COME UP WITH...

...A FALLBACK PLAN!

THAT'S IT!

02:00



SPIDER-MAN? WHAT ARE YOU--?

01:45

HOT SOUP! COMING THROUGH!

THIS IS NO TIME FOR ANY OF YOUR CRAZY--

WRONG, SHELL-HEAD! THIS'S THE EXACT TIME FOR MY SORTA CRAZY! I KNOW HOW TO FIX THIS!

01:16



STOP! DON'T RESET THE TIMER! THERE ARE FAIL-SAFES!

I'M NOT RESETTING IT. I'M SYNCING IT UP...

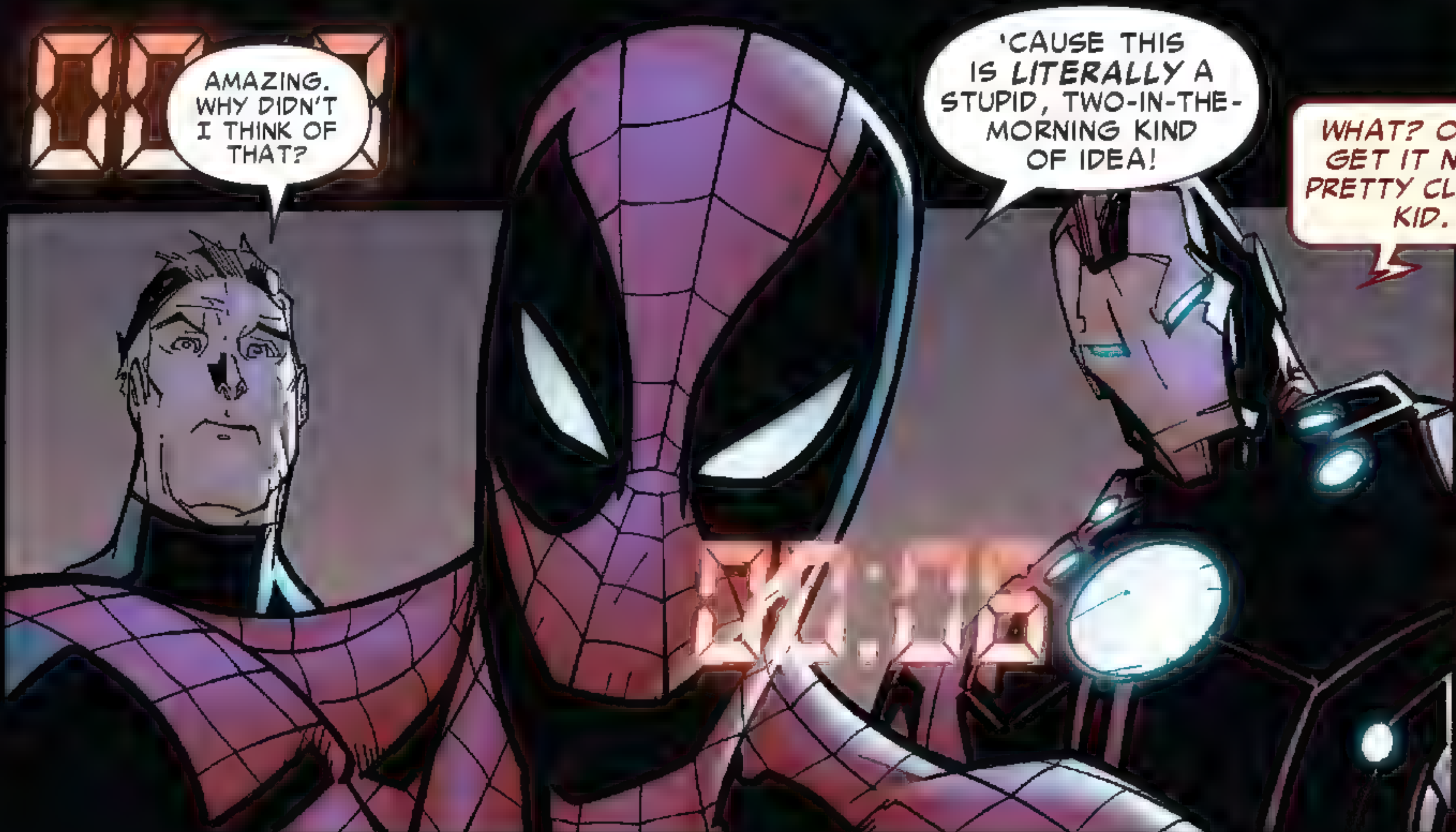
00:00

...WITH THE OPERATING SYSTEM'S BUILT-IN CLOCK.

REED. TONY. LOOK AT THE TIME. DON'T YOU SEE?

00:00

00:37



AMAZING. WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT?

'CAUSE THIS IS LITERALLY A STUPID, TWO-IN-THE-MORNING KIND OF IDEA!

WHAT? OH, I GET IT NOW! PRETTY CLEVER, KID.

00:00

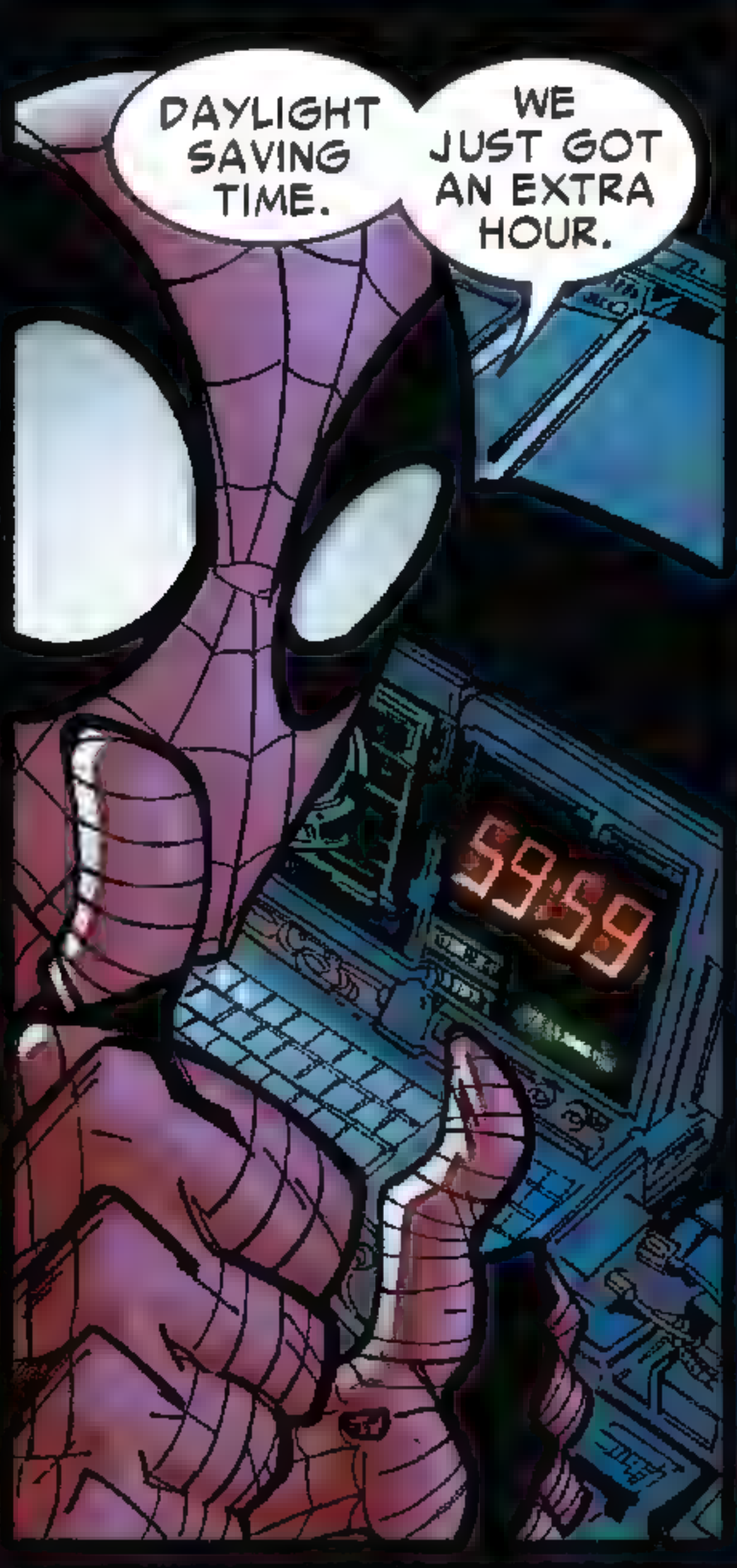
00:00



WHUDDYA
KNOW...IT
ACTUALLY
WORKED.

NOT THAT
I'M COMPLAININ'
OR NUTHIN',
BUT WHY DIDN'T
WE ALL GO
"BOOM"?

'CAUSE
IT'S THE
FIRST SUNDAY
IN NOVEMBER,
BEN.



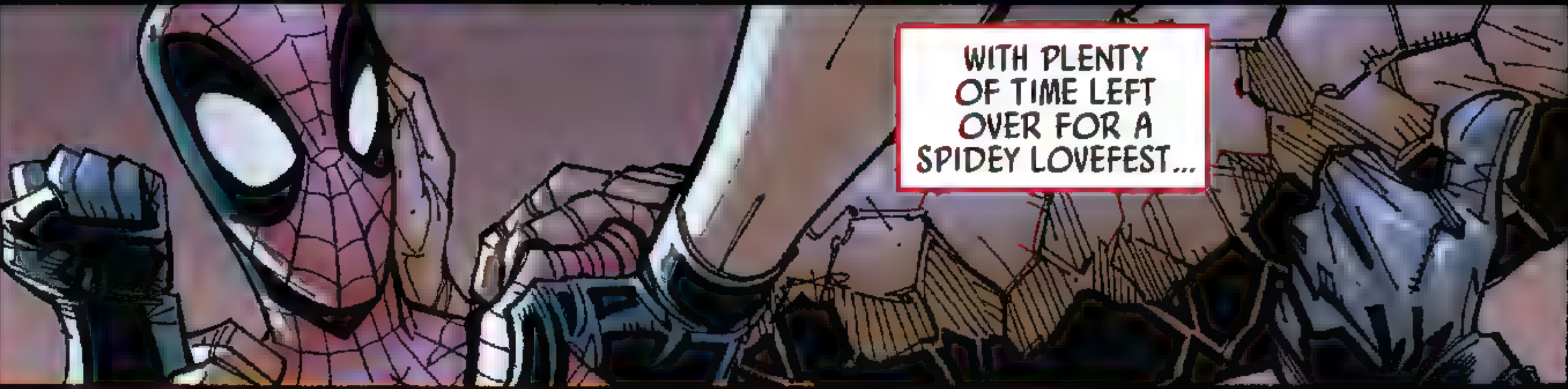
DAYLIGHT
SAVING
TIME.

WE
JUST GOT
AN EXTRA
HOUR.



AND WITH A QUINJET,
A COUPLE FANTASTICARS,
AND A GOD OF THUNDER...

...THAT'S ALL WE NEED
TO GET THE REMAINING
OCTOBOTS A SAFE
DISTANCE FROM SHORE.



WITH PLENTY
OF TIME LEFT
OVER FOR A
SPIDEY LOVEFEST...



...AND SOME
VICTORY "FIREWORKS",
COURTESY OF
DOCTOR OCTOPUS.

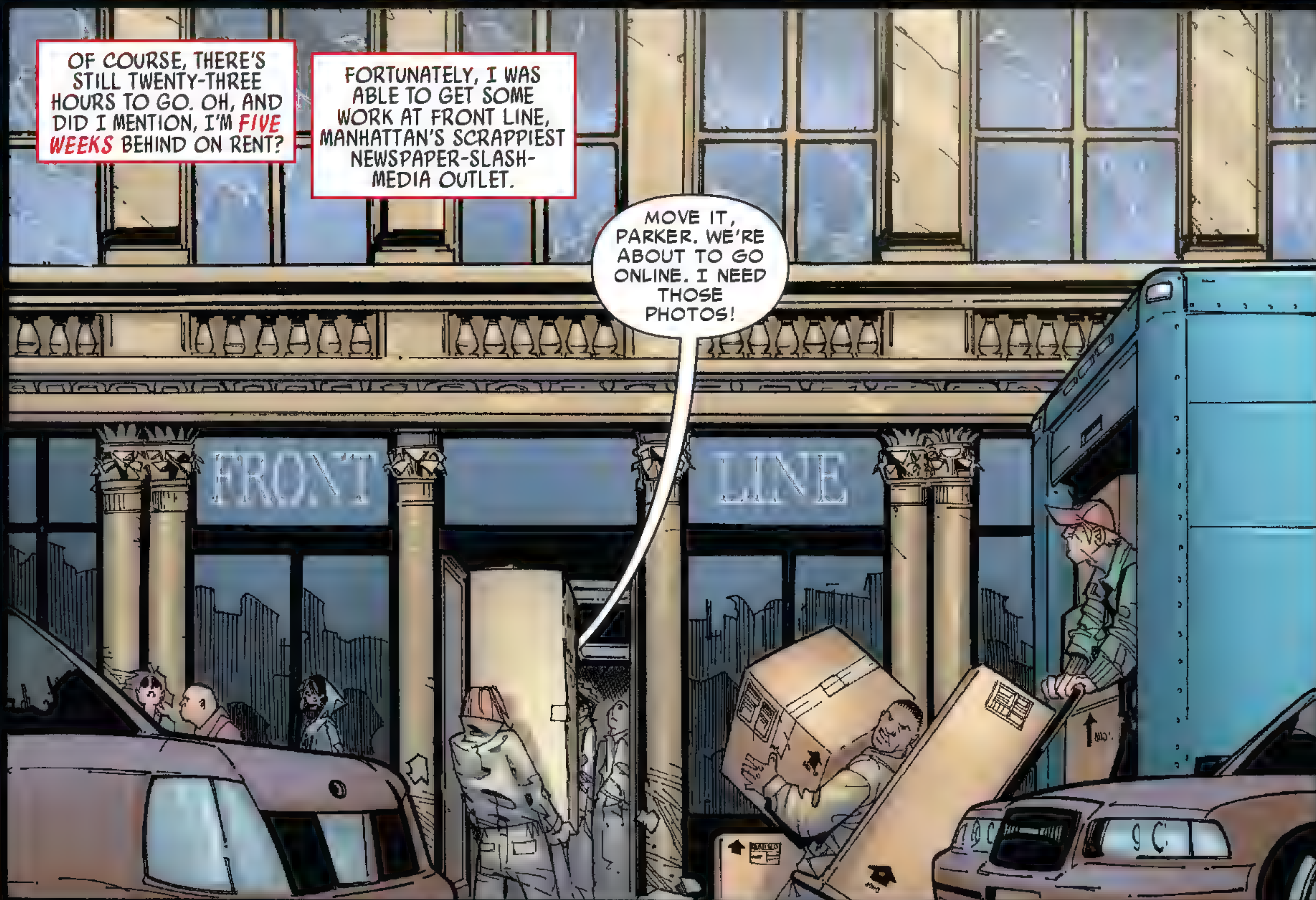
ALL HAIL
YOURS TRULY, THE
CONQUERING
HERO.

NOT A
BAD START
TO THE DAY,
RIGHT?

OF COURSE, THERE'S STILL TWENTY-THREE HOURS TO GO. OH, AND DID I MENTION, I'M **FIVE WEEKS** BEHIND ON RENT?

FORTUNATELY, I WAS ABLE TO GET SOME WORK AT FRONT LINE, MANHATTAN'S SCRAPPIEST NEWSPAPER-SLASH-MEDIA OUTLET.

MOVE IT, PARKER. WE'RE ABOUT TO GO ONLINE. I NEED THOSE PHOTOS!



EASY, NORAH. KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON.

YOU WISH!

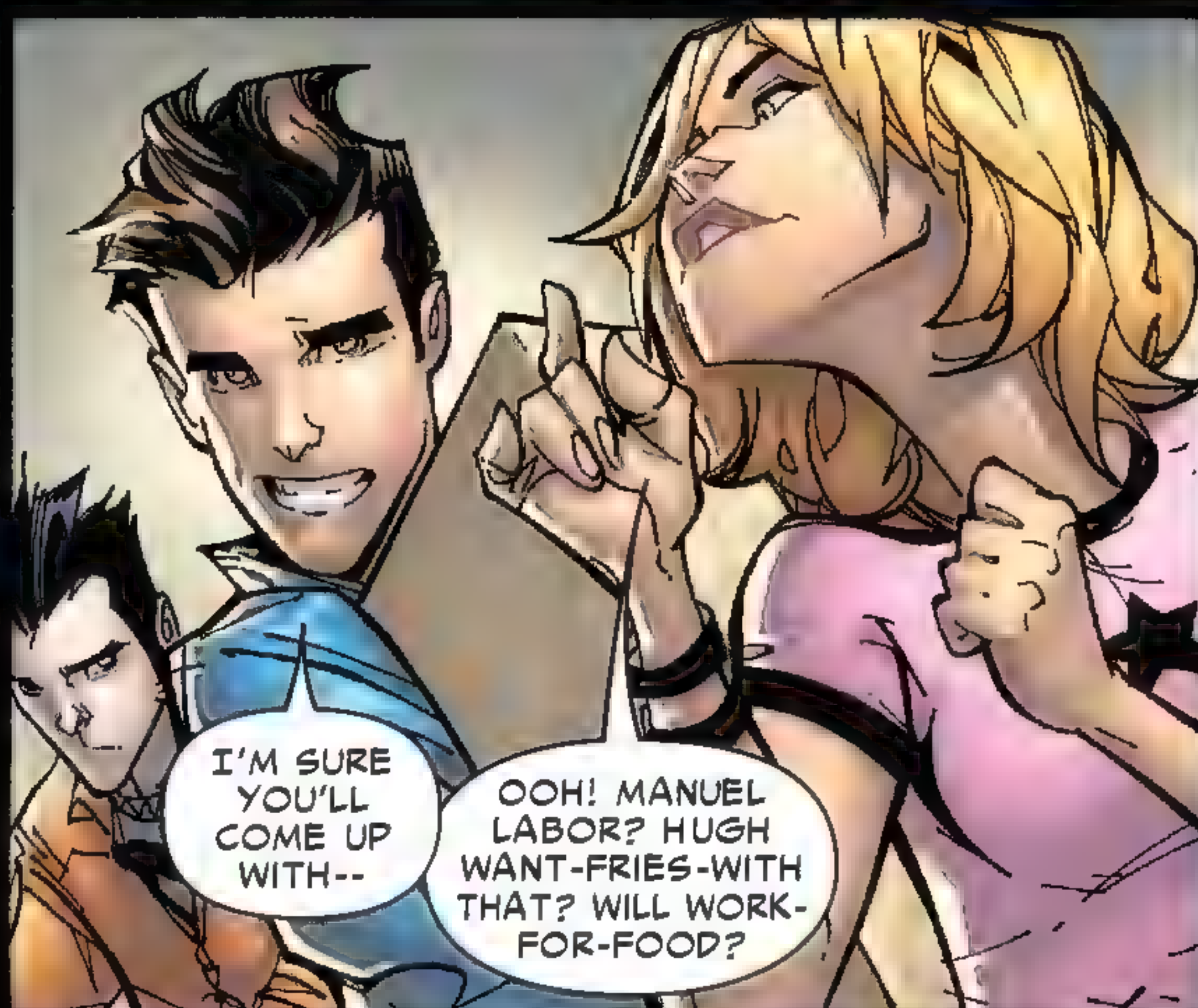
AND BY "WORK," I MEAN LUGGING BOXES AND SETTING UP COMPUTERS.

IT'S ABOUT AS CLOSE TO JOURNALISM AS I GET NOWADAYS.

EVER SINCE I GOT CAUGHT DOCTORING SOME PICS--AND WAS BLACKBALLED OUTTA THE BIZ.

HOOK UP THAT HARD DRIVE, ALREADY! IT'S GOT PICTURES I NEED FOR MY ARTICLE. C'MON, PHOTO-MONKEY! CHOP CHOP!

WAIT. YOU'RE NOT EVEN A PHOTO-MONKEY ANYMORE, ARE YOU? WHAT DO I CALL YOU?



HEY, NORAH. WHERE DO YOU WANT THIS?

PHIL? AHH. I WAS BUSTING ON PETE, 'CAUSE, Y'KNOW, HE'S BEEN TO GRAD SCHOOL.

HE CAN DO SO MUCH MORE THAN **THIS**--UM. NOT THAT YOU COULDN'T--I'LL BE SHUTTING UP NOW.

I'M SURE YOU'LL COME UP WITH--

OOH! MANUEL LABOR? HUGH WANT-FRIES-WITH THAT? WILL WORK-FOR-FOOD?

I CAN'T PAY YOU TODAY, PETE. CHECKS GO OUT AT THE END OF THE WEEK.



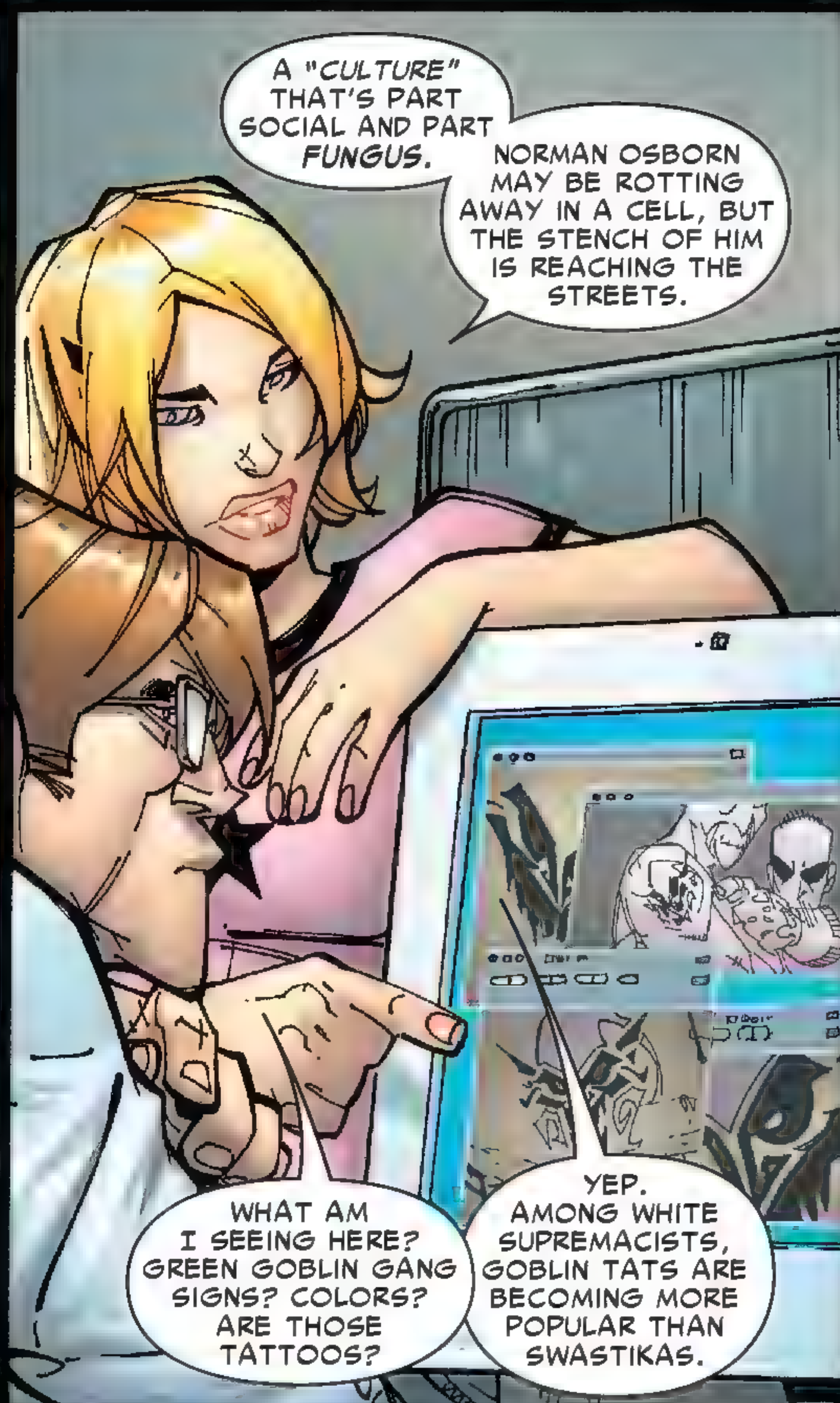


MS. WINTERS, IF YOU'D BE SO KIND AS TO STOP MENTALLY SCARRING MY NEPHEW?

SORRY, MR. URICH.

NOW ABOUT THIS ARTICLE YOU WERE WORKING ON FOR YOUR WEB-COLUMN?

RIGHT. IT'S ABOUT THIS NEW "GOBLIN CULTURE" THAT'S POPPING UP AROUND THE CITY.

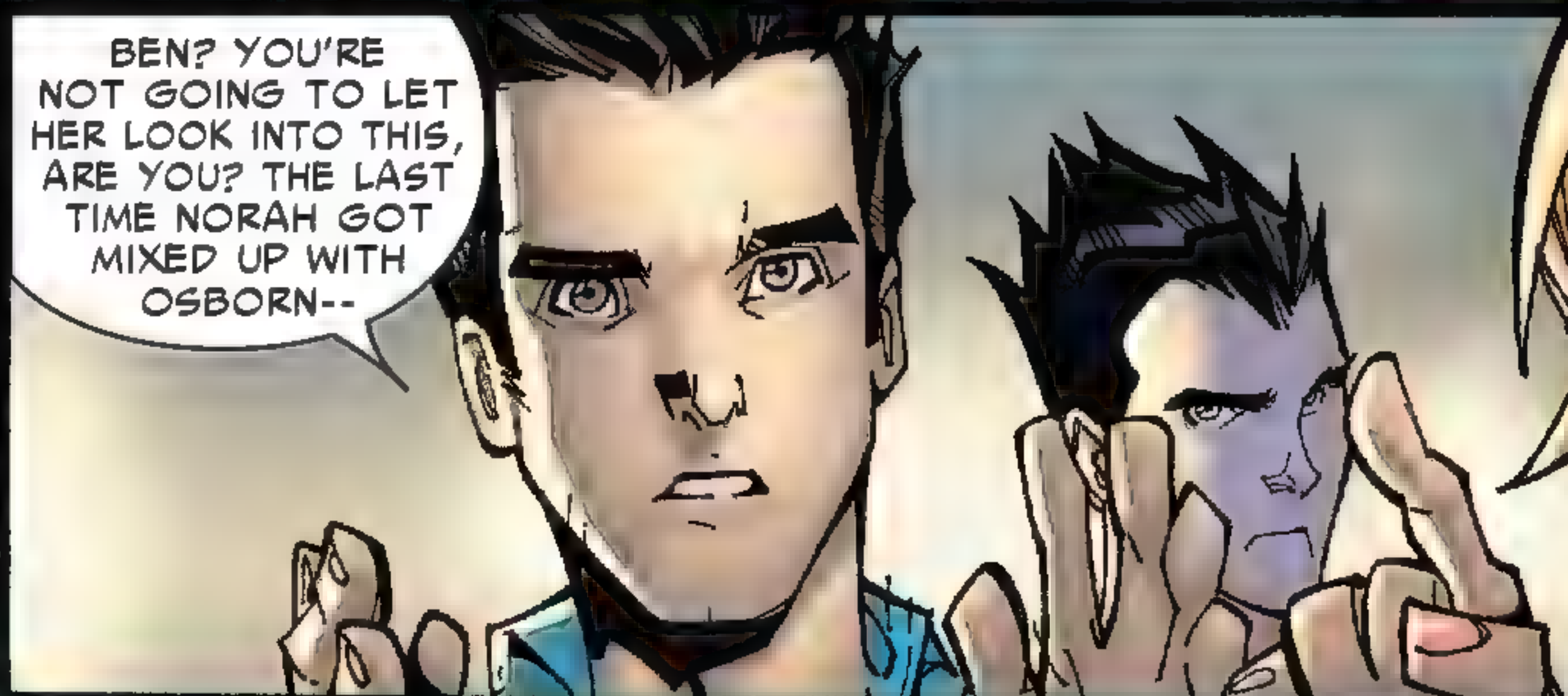


A "CULTURE" THAT'S PART SOCIAL AND PART FUNGUS.

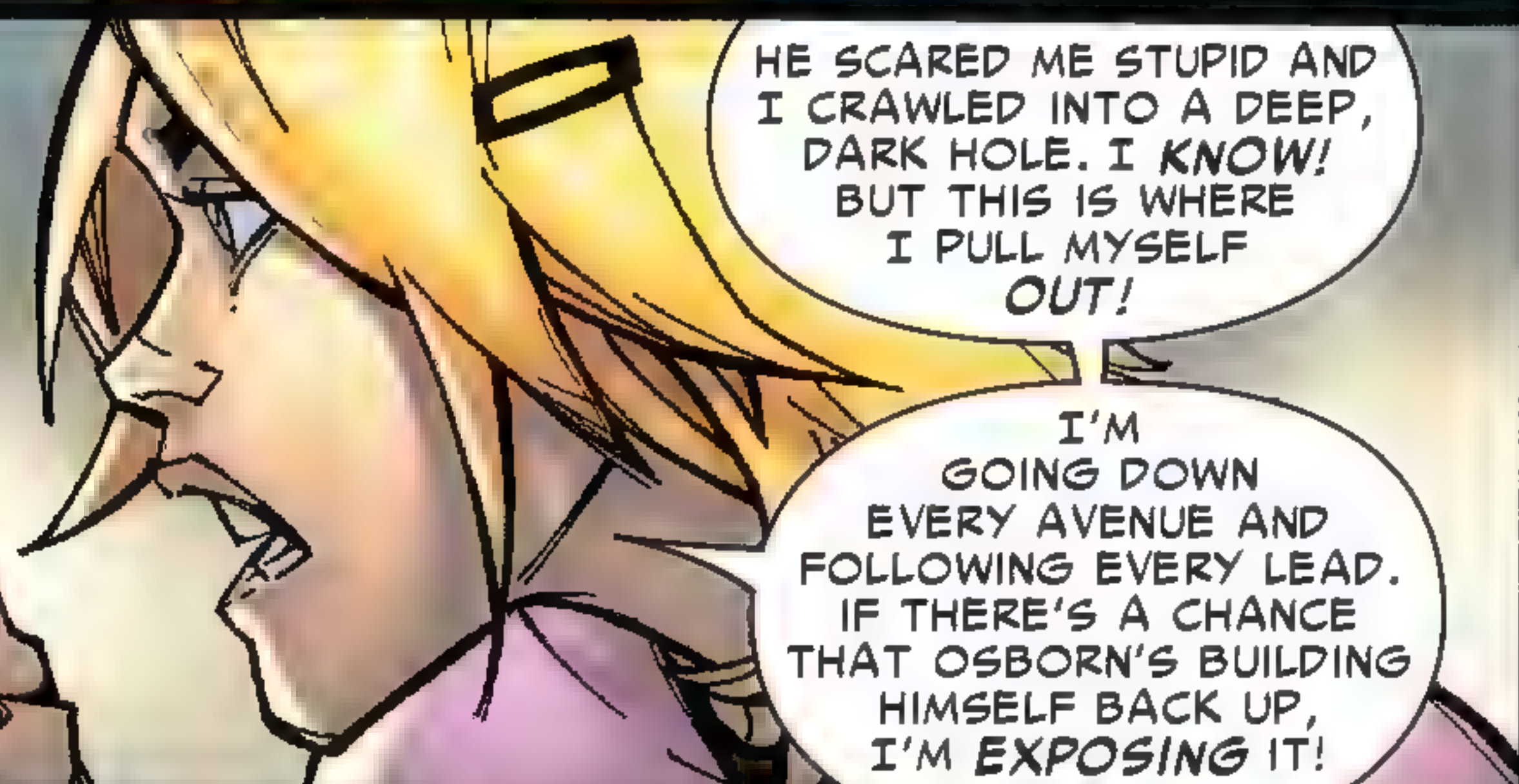
NORMAN OSBORN MAY BE ROTTING AWAY IN A CELL, BUT THE STENCH OF HIM IS REACHING THE STREETS.

WHAT AM I SEEING HERE? GREEN GOBLIN GANG SIGNS? COLORS? ARE THOSE TATTOOS?

YEP. AMONG WHITE SUPREMACISTS, GOBLIN TATS ARE BECOMING MORE POPULAR THAN SWASTIKAS.



BEN? YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LET HER LOOK INTO THIS, ARE YOU? THE LAST TIME NORAH GOT MIXED UP WITH OSBORN--



HE SCARED ME STUPID AND I CRAWLED INTO A DEEP, DARK HOLE. I KNOW! BUT THIS IS WHERE I PULL MYSELF OUT!

I'M GOING DOWN EVERY AVENUE AND FOLLOWING EVERY LEAD. IF THERE'S A CHANCE THAT OSBORN'S BUILDING HIMSELF BACK UP, I'M EXPOSING IT!



DIDN'T KNOW NORAH WINTERS WAS INTO ALL OF THIS GREEN GOBLIN STUFF.

WONDER WHAT SHE'D DO IF SHE KNEW A LOSER LIKE ME WAS ACTUALLY ONE OF 'EM.

BET IT'D BLOW HER MIND THAT I USED TO BE SOMEONE. EMPHASIS ON "USED TO."



WHOA. CHECK OUT THE CAR--AND THE SUITS. MUST BE SOMEBODY IMPORTANT.

THIS WAY, YOUR HONOR.

I'M COMING. DON'T RUSH ME.

THE AREA'S SECURE, SIR.

BLAST IT, WOMAN. I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE MAKING ME DO THIS.

SEE GREEN GOBLIN #1-#13 STEVE



IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, DEAR.

IT'S EXTORTION, IS WHAT IT IS! EMOTIONAL BLACKMAIL!

JONAH? TO WHAT DO WE OWE THE PLEASURE, "YOUR HONOR"?

"PLEASURE" AND "MAYOR J. JONAH JAMESON" ARE NOT TWO THINGS THAT GO TOGETHER IN MY BOOK.

I DO THE GUY A SOLID, DOCTOR A PHOTO TO MAKE HIM LOOK GOOD, AND HE CALLED ME OUT ON LIVE TV. SURE, HE WAS IN THE RIGHT...

...BUT THAT'S **WHY** I HAD TO HANG UP MY CAMERA. AND WHY THE TWO OF US CAN BARELY STAND THE SIGHT OF EACH OTHER.



SO THESE ARE THE NEW OFFICES? WHAT A COMPLETE PILE OF--

AHEM.

--CRAFTSMANSHIP. HERE, JOE. GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU. A HOUSEWARMING GIFT.



WHAT IS IT? MARLA?

YOU'VE BEEN GOOD TO THE JAMESONS, ROBBIE. YOU TOO, BEN. AND I DID WRONG BY YOU.

WE MADE SOME CALLS, POOLED SOME RESOURCES, AND WE BOUGHT IT BACK-- FROM DEXTER BENNETT'S SHARE-HOLDERS.



IT'S THE DAILY BUGLE, JOE. THE NAME. FREE AND CLEAR. AND IT'S YOURS.

THINGS LIKE FRONT LINE COME AND GO. **THIS** IS PART OF HISTORY. PART OF NEW YORK. PART OF ALL OF US.

WE CAN BE THE BUGLE AGAIN?

SOME OF US WORKED VERY HARD TO BUILD UP FRONT LINE.



PETE, CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS?

PETE?

THANK YOU, OLD FRIEND.

JONAH? YOU CAN LET GO NOW. JONAH?

JONAH!

Alphabet City.

THE LOWER EAST SIDE



I'M SURE MICHELE WILL UNDERSTAND. AT THE END OF THE WEEK...I'LL HAVE ALMOST ALL THE MONEY I OWE HER...

...ON **LAST** MONTH'S RENT. OY.

OKAY... HERE GOES.



HEY, MICHELE. I'M REALLY SORRY ABOUT--

OH, MY GOD! THAT'S ALL MY STUFF!

YOU'RE KICKING ME OUT?

NO. I'M KICKING **US** OUT.

HUH?



I GOT MY BROTHER'S CASE RESOLVED. HE'S OUT ON PAROLE. I'M DONE HERE. I'M GOING BACK TO CHICAGO.

I DON'T MEAN TO BE A JERK, BUT I LEFT YOU A **MILLION** NOTES ABOUT THIS. WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?



OFF IN THE TIME-STREAM FIGHTING KANG.

WHAT?

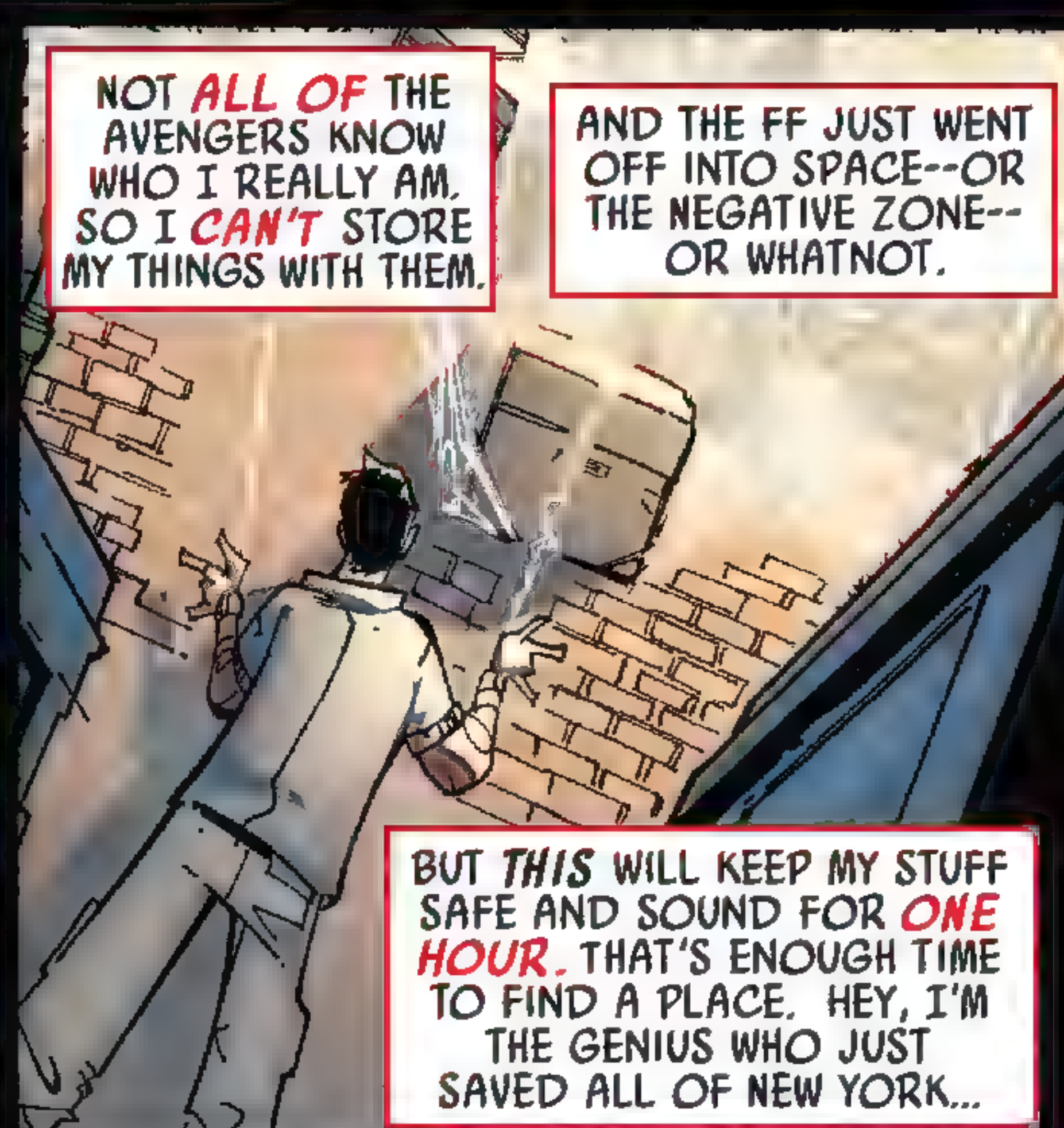
NOTHING. SO, THIS IS IT THEN?



YEAH. HAVE A GOOD LIFE, PARKER. I KNOW I GAVE YOU A LOT OF GRIEF, BUT...WELL... YOU'RE NOT SUCH A BAD GUY.

Y'KNOW, THAT'S THE NICEST THING YOU'VE EVER SAID TO ME.

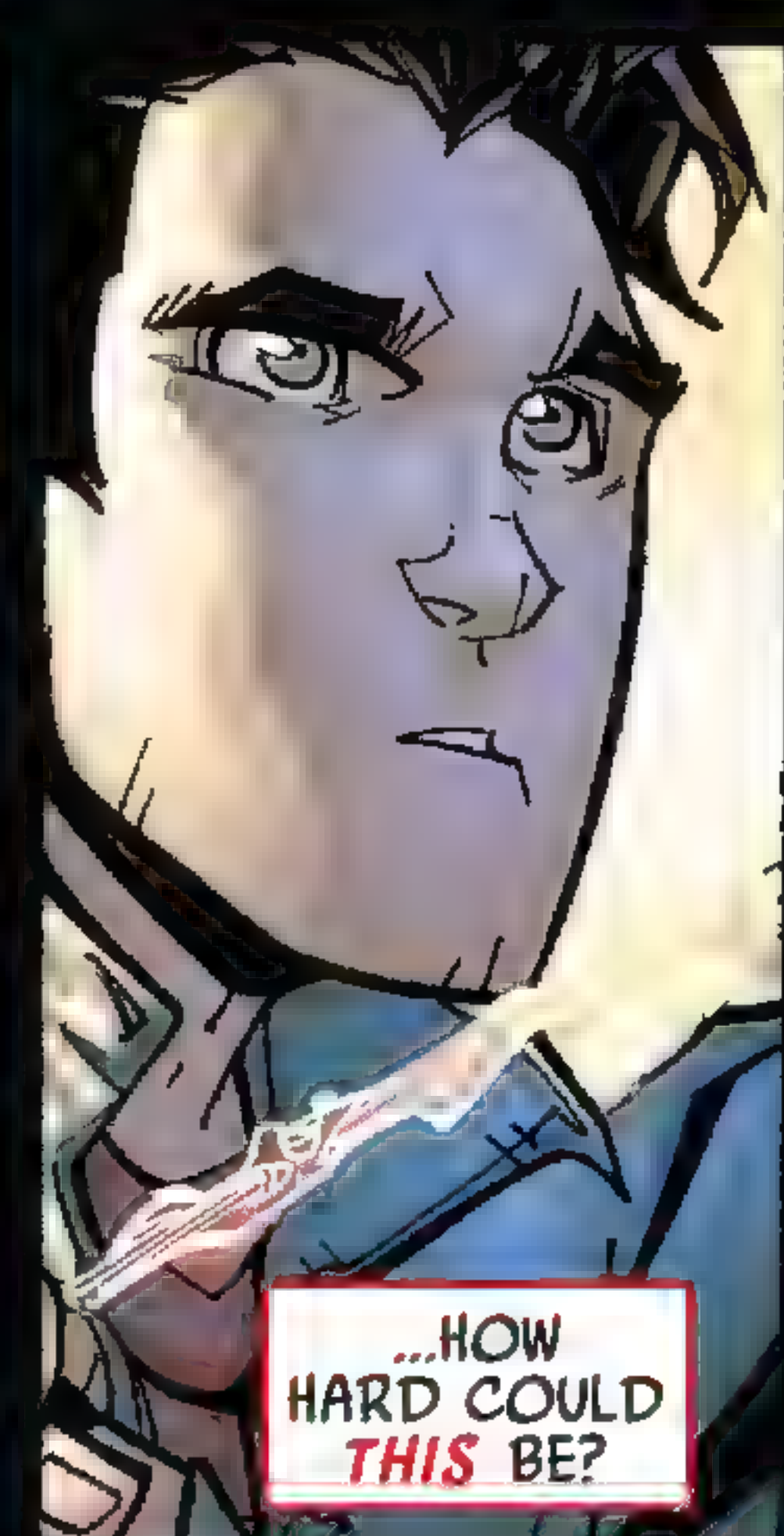
DON'T PUSH IT.



NOT **ALL** OF THE AVENGERS KNOW WHO I REALLY AM. SO I **CAN'T** STORE MY THINGS WITH THEM.

AND THE FF JUST WENT OFF INTO SPACE--OR THE NEGATIVE ZONE--OR WHATNOT.

BUT **THIS** WILL KEEP MY STUFF SAFE AND SOUND FOR **ONE HOUR**. THAT'S ENOUGH TIME TO FIND A PLACE. HEY, I'M THE GENIUS WHO JUST SAVED ALL OF NEW YORK...



...HOW **HARD** COULD **THIS** BE?



RANDY ROBERTSON!
HOW'S IT
GOING?
THIS IS--

WHAT DO
YOU NEED,
PETE?

WAIT. WHY
DO YOU
THINK I--

YOU
ONLY CALL
WHEN YOU NEED
SOMETHING.
WHAT IS
IT?

WELL, I WAS
JUST THINKING
HOW YOU WERE
THE **BEST** ROOM-
MATE EVER
AND--

SO MICHELE
FINALLY HAD
ENOUGH?

SORTA.
AND I WAS
WONDERING--

PETE,
REMEMBER THAT
PIECE OF CHEESE
YOU LEFT IN MY
FRIDGE FOR OVER
A YEAR?

YEAH. I
CALLED IT
"KEVIN." YOU
THOUGHT IT
WAS FUNNY.

NO I
DIDN'T.

NOT
ONCE?

NO.

SO
THAT'S
A "NO"
THEN?



OKAY, NEXT UP:
BETTY BRANT.
THE GIRL'S LIKE
A SISTER TO ME.

SHE WON'T MIND
IF I CRASH ON
HER COUCH FOR
A WHILE.

HEY,
BETTY. THIS'S
PETE. I WAS
HOPING--



HI. THIS'S
BETTS. I'M
NOT IN RIGHT
NOW. IF YOU
COULD--

PERFECT. THERE GOES
MY CELL. AND GENIUS
THAT I AM, I WEBBED THE
RECHARGER UP TO A
WALL WITH THE REST
OF MY STUFF.

ALL RIGHT. WE'LL
DO THIS THE OLD
FASHIONED WAY.



CARLIE?
YOU IN?

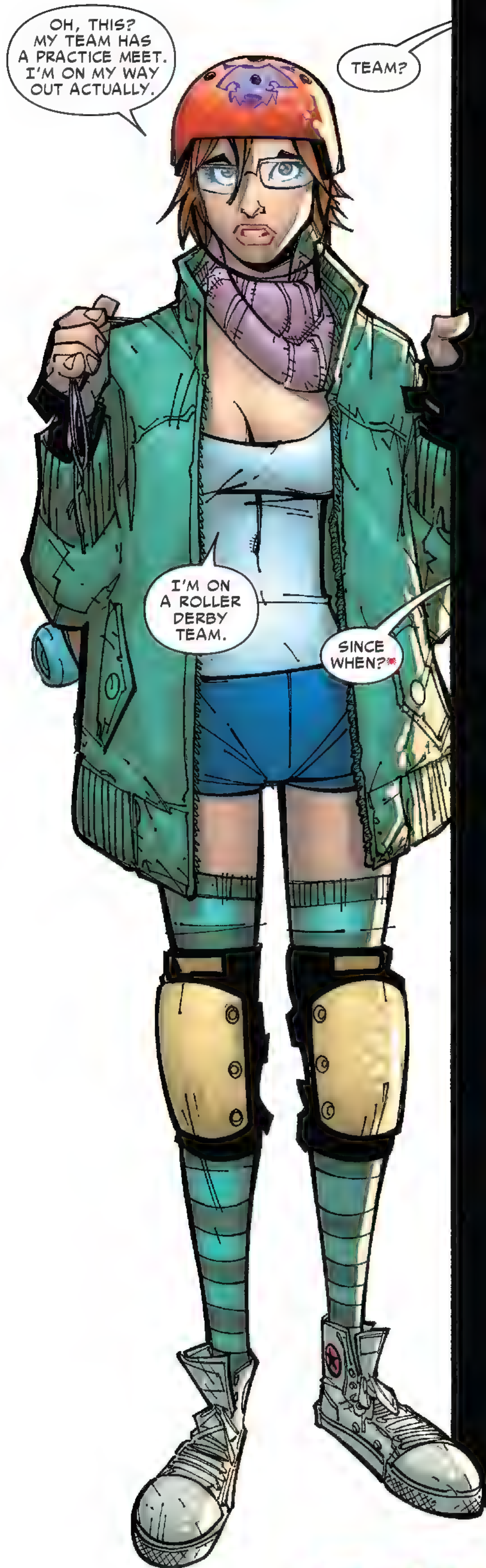
HEY,
PETE. ONE
SEC.

MY GIRLFRIEND. SHOULDA
THOUGHT OF THIS FIRST. YEAH,
IT'S EARLY IN THE RELATIONSHIP,
BUT THIS COULD WORK.



WHO KNOWS?
IT COULD EVEN
BRING US
CLOSER TOGE--

WHAT
THE--?!



OH, THIS?
MY TEAM HAS
A PRACTICE MEET.
I'M ON MY WAY
OUT ACTUALLY.

TEAM?

I'M ON
A ROLLER
DERBY
TEAM.

SINCE
WHEN?

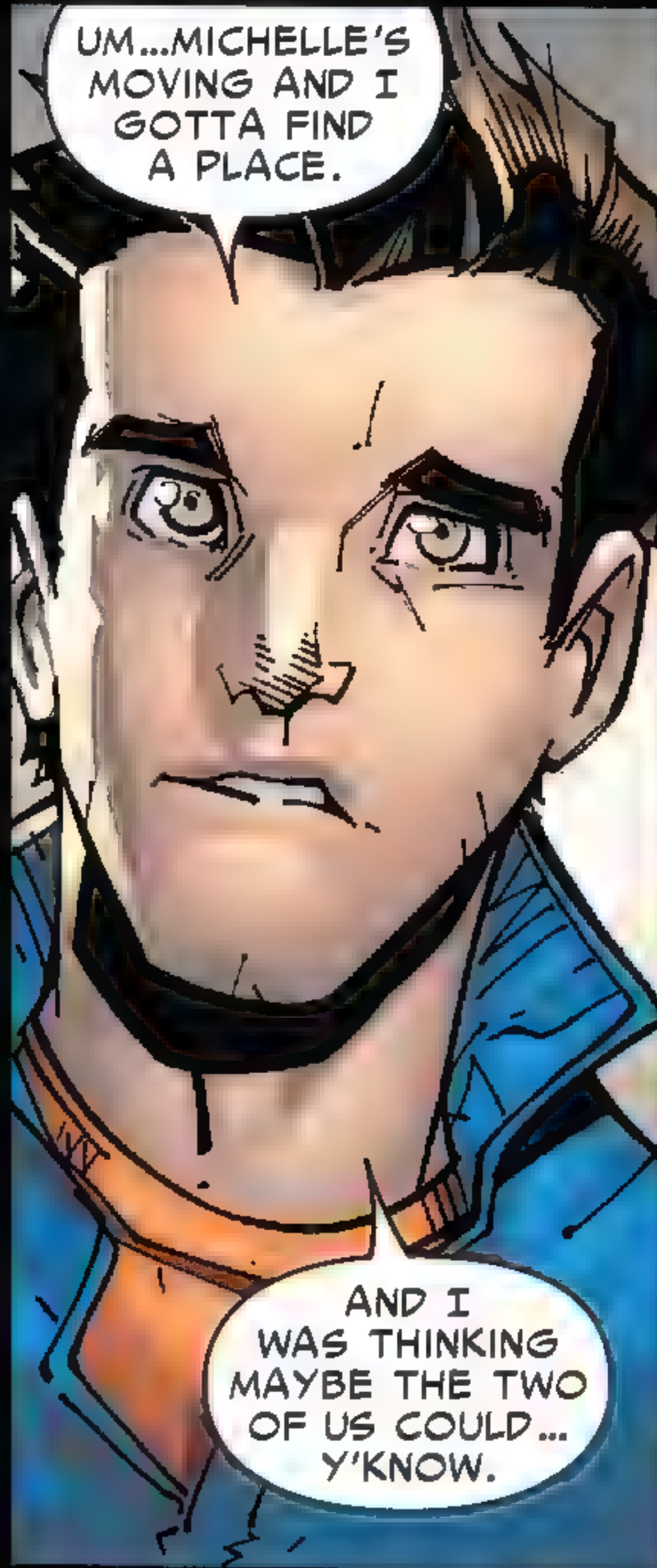
SINCE SHE SAW
THE TEAM'S SIGN UP
SHEET IN ASM #630--
SCRUTINIZIN' STEVE



AGES. I PUT ON A FUNNY
UNIFORM, KNOCK PEOPLE
AROUND, AND LET OFF SOME
STEAM. WHAT? I CAN'T HAVE
THIS SECRET THING
I DO ON THE SIDE?
JUST FOR ME?

WHEN
YOU PUT
IT LIKE
THAT...

WHAT DO
YOU NEED,
PETE?



UM...MICHELLE'S
MOVING AND I
GOTTA FIND
A PLACE.

AND I
WAS THINKING
MAYBE THE TWO
OF US COULD...
Y'KNOW.



I DUNNO. LOOK AT US.
THERE'S SO MUCH WE
DON'T KNOW ABOUT
EACH OTHER.

IT TOOK SO
LONG TO GET TO
THIS POINT, I DON'T
WANT TO SCREW THINGS
UP BY MOVING
TOO FAST.

IS THERE
ANYWHERE
ELSE YOU
COULD GO?



**Central
Park West.**
THE PENTHOUSE
APARTMENT OF
JAY AND MAY
JAMESON.

HE'S
HERE,
MAY.

HAVE YOU
FIGURED OUT
WHAT YOU'RE
GOING TO SAY
TO HIM?

I
HAVE NO
IDEA.

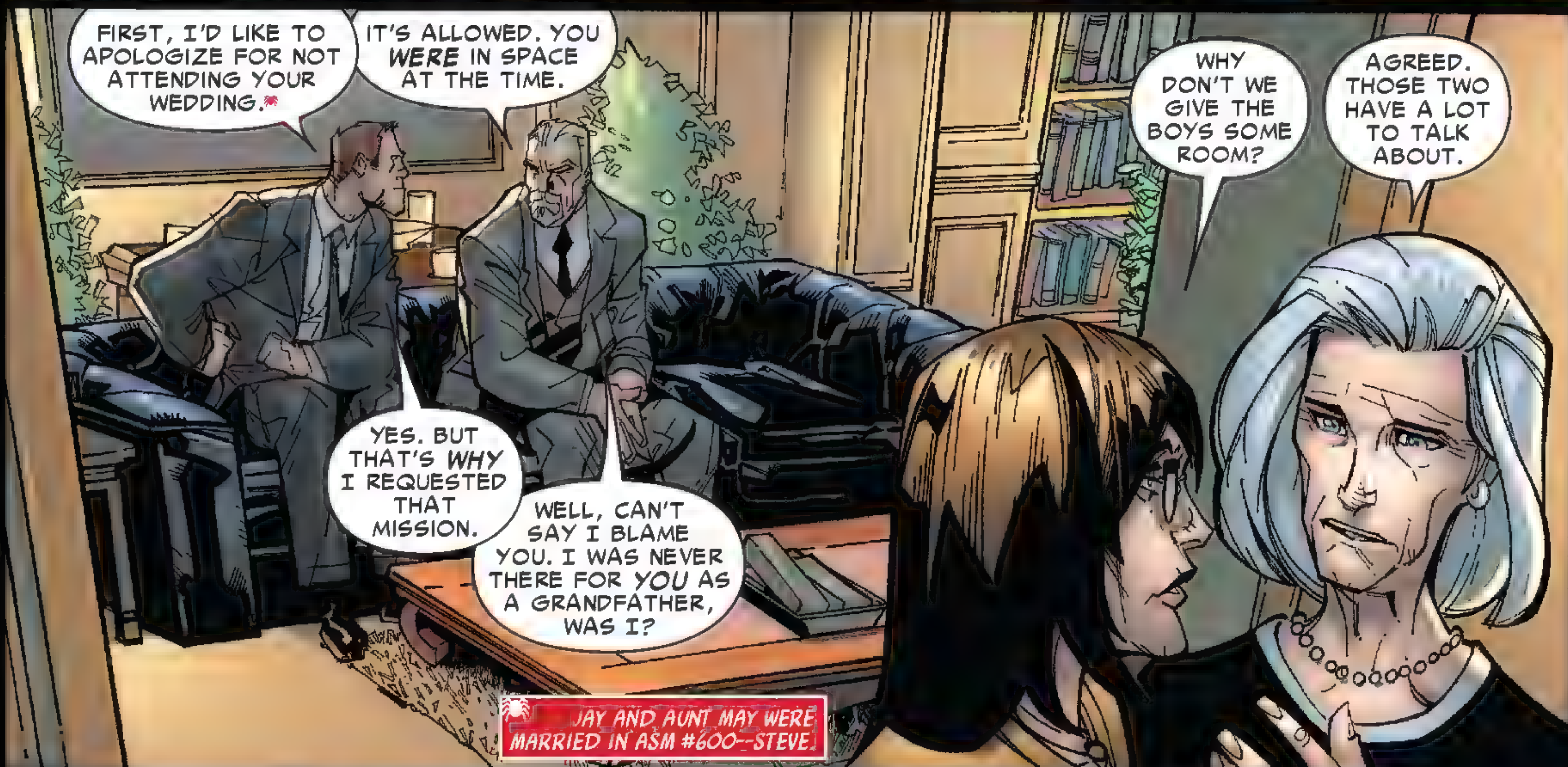


JOHN.

SIR.

IT'S GOOD
TO SEE
YOU AGAIN,
MARLA.

YOU
TOO,
MAY.



FIRST, I'D LIKE TO
APOLOGIZE FOR NOT
ATTENDING YOUR
WEDDING.

IT'S ALLOWED. YOU
WERE IN SPACE
AT THE TIME.

WHY
DON'T WE
GIVE THE
BOYS SOME
ROOM?

AGREED.
THOSE TWO
HAVE A LOT
TO TALK
ABOUT.

YES. BUT
THAT'S WHY
I REQUESTED
THAT
MISSION.

WELL, CAN'T
SAY I BLAME
YOU. I WAS NEVER
THERE FOR YOU AS
A GRANDFATHER,
WAS I?

JAY AND AUNT MAY WERE
MARRIED IN ASM #600--STEVE

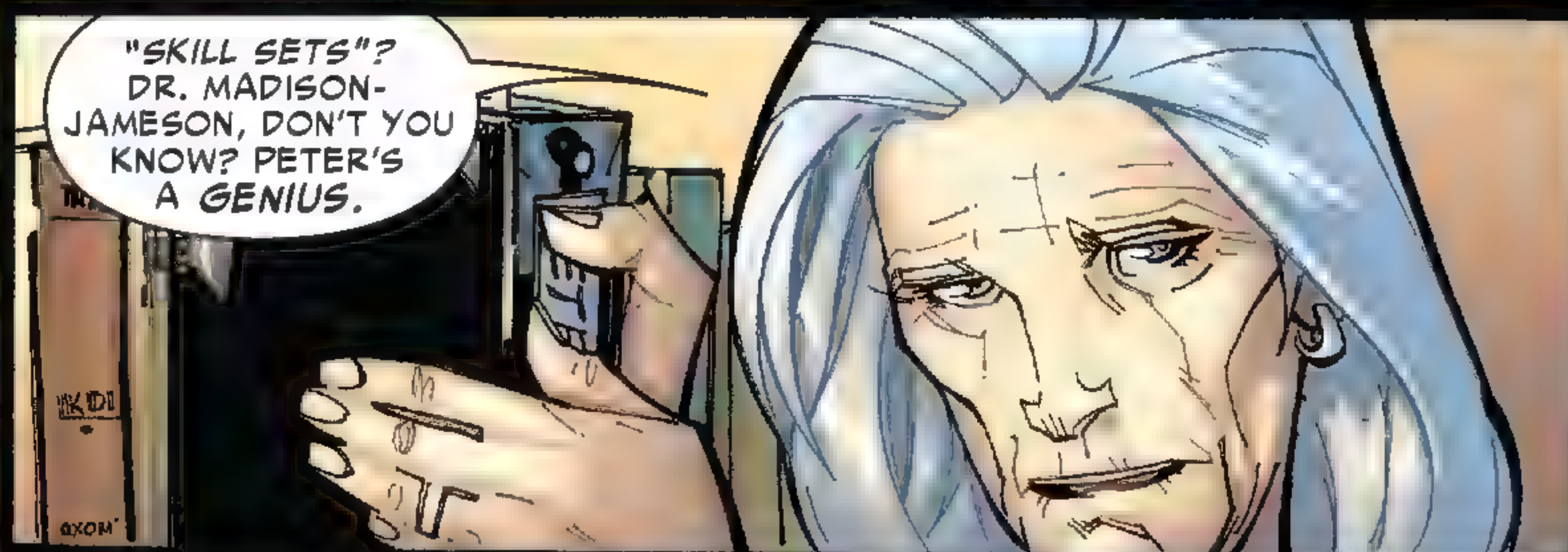


I ALSO WANTED A
CHANCE TO TALK WITH
YOU, MAY...ABOUT PETER.
SINCE JONAH FIRED HIM,
I KNOW HE'S HAD A
HARD TIME FINDING
WORK.

NOW
NOW, DEAR.
THAT WAS ALL
ON PETER'S
SIDE.

PLEASE,
MAY, WE'RE
FAMILY NOW. AND I
DON'T WANT THERE
TO BE ANY BAD
BLOOD.

I WAS
WONDERING IF
MAYBE I COULD
FIND SOMETHING
FOR HIM. WHAT
ARE HIS SKILL
SETS?



"SKILL SETS"?
DR. MADISON-
JAMESON, DON'T YOU
KNOW? PETER'S
A GENIUS.



YOU KEEP A
SCRAPBOOK?

HE'S MY
BOY.

WAIT. HE
BUILT A HOME-
MADE VERSION OF
REED RICHARD'S
NEUTRINO CATCHER?



YES,
FOR A HIGH
SCHOOL
SCIENCE
FAIR.

LET
ME MAKE
A CALL...

"...I HAVE AN OLD FRIEND WHO MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP."

C'MON, FLASH, THIS'S "PUNY PARKER" WE'RE TALKING ABOUT. REMEMBER?

I BARELY TAKE UP ANY ROOM. YOU'D NEVER EVEN KNOW I WAS THERE.

DUDE, YOU'RE CRAMPING MY STYLE NOW.

IF I STILL OWNED A PAIR A' SOCKS, ONE'D BE ON THE DOOR.

WHAT DOES THAT EVEN MEAN?

FLAAASH, COME BACK TO BED ALREADY.

SAME OL' PARKER. WOULDN'T EVEN KNOW A WALTZ FROM A CHA-CHA.

HEY, WAIT A SEC. THAT VOICE SOUNDED AWFULLY FAMILIAR...

SLAM

WHO WAS IT?

PARKER. LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO CRASH. AGAIN. IT'S LIKE GOING IN CIRCLES WITH HIM.

HE ALWAYS SEEMS TO GET BY. AND WHAT'S WRONG WITH GOING IN CIRCLES, MR. THOMPSON?

LOOK AT US. WE'RE BACK TOGETHER.

AND THAT'S A GOOD THING, BETTS.

BUT WITH PETE? HE'S SUPPOSED TO DO MORE THAN "GET BY." DON'T EVER TELL 'IM I SAID THIS...

...BUT BACK IN HIGH SCHOOL, WE ALL THOUGHT HE WAS GONNA BE THE NEXT BILL GATES. JUST WISH HE COULD BE LIKE ME...

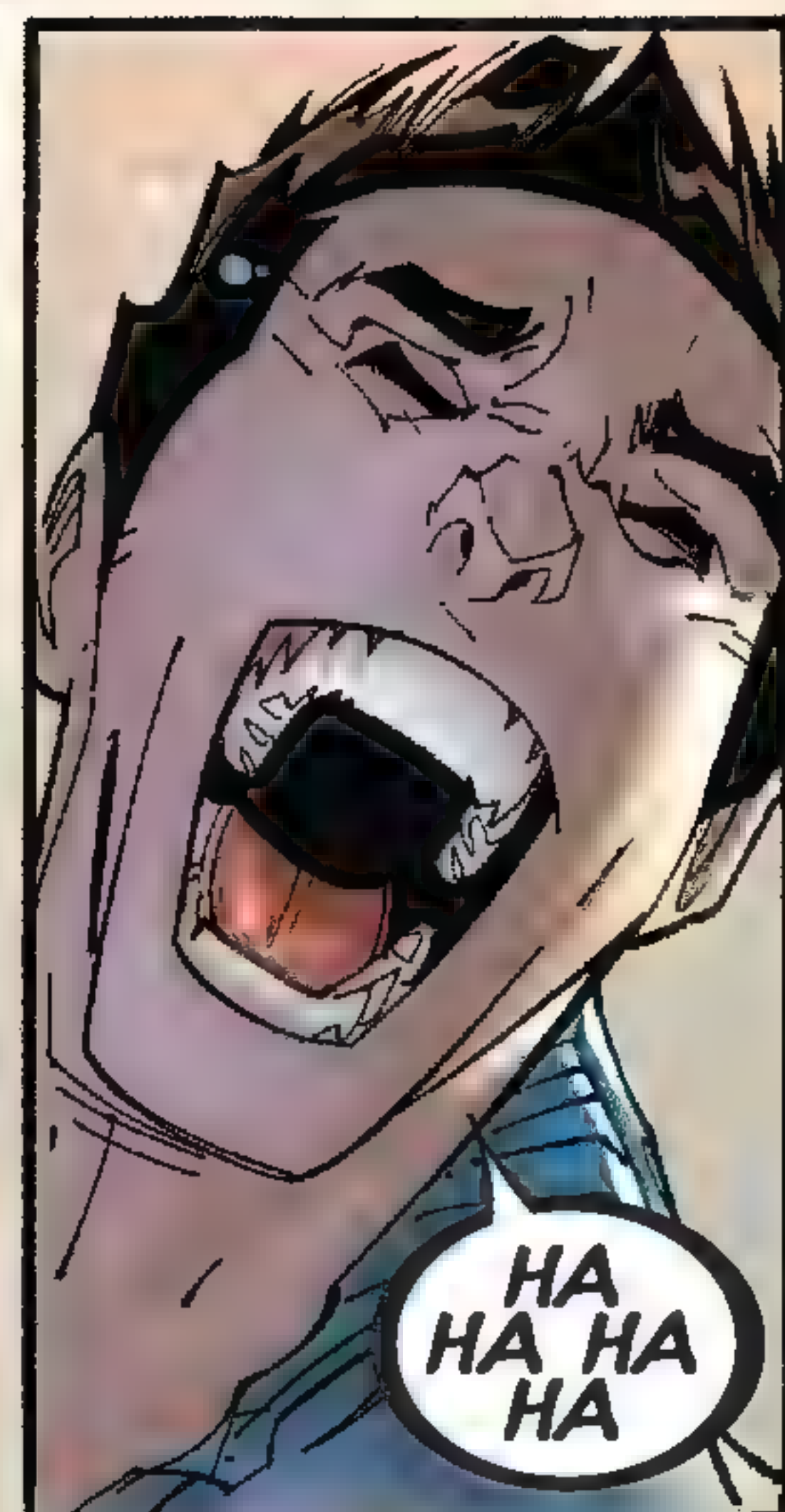
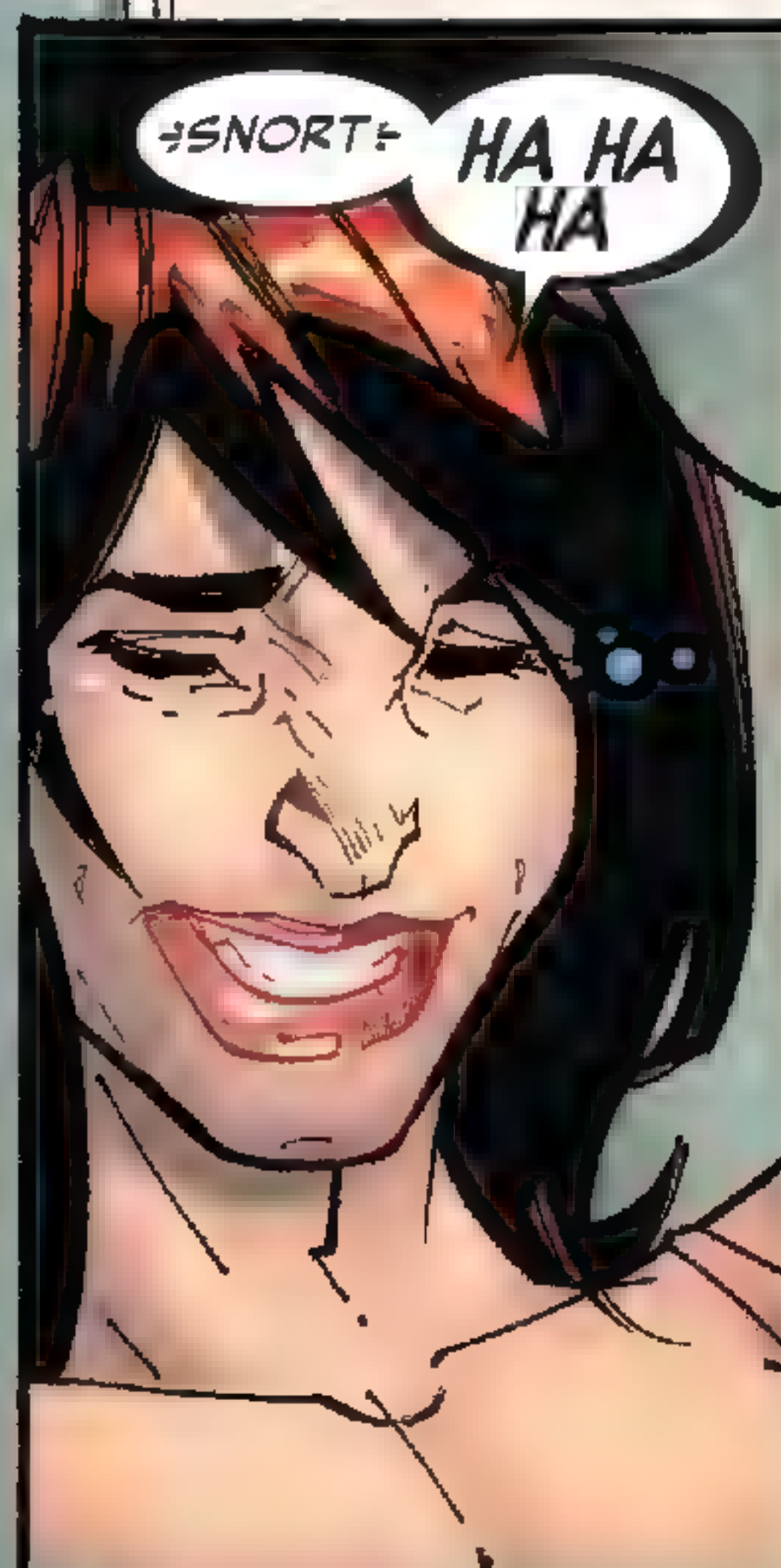
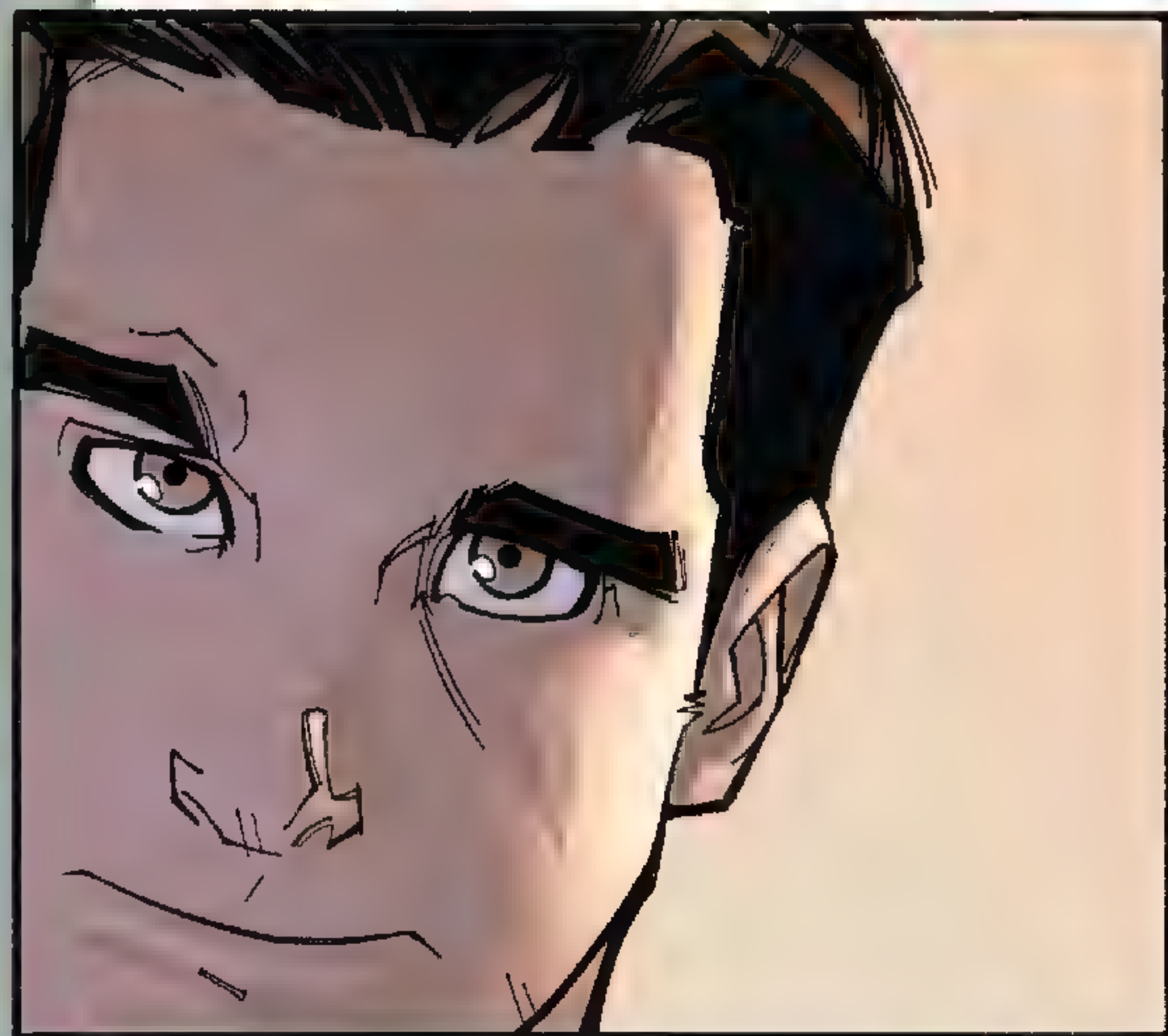
...AND MOVE FORWARD...

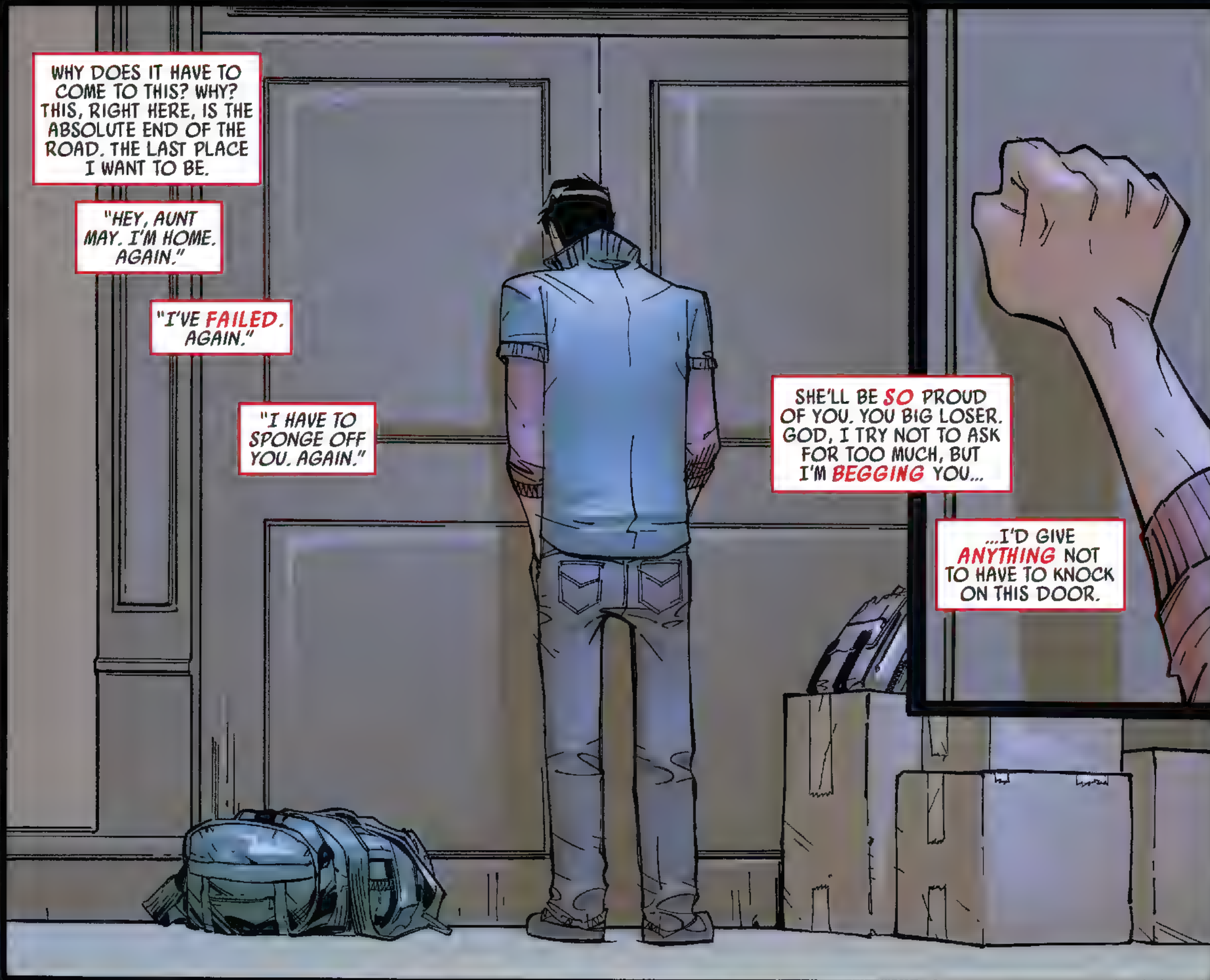
"...INSTEAD
OF TAKING
ALL OF THESE
STEPS BACK."

YOU WANT
TO MOVE IN
WITH ME?

JUST
FOR A FEW
DAYS, MJ. IN
THE SPARE
ROOM.

THE TWO
OF US. LIVING
TOGETHER.
AGAIN.





WHY DOES IT HAVE TO COME TO THIS? WHY? THIS, RIGHT HERE, IS THE ABSOLUTE END OF THE ROAD. THE LAST PLACE I WANT TO BE.

"HEY, AUNT MAY. I'M HOME. AGAIN."

"I'VE **FAILED**. AGAIN."

"I HAVE TO SPONGE OFF YOU. AGAIN."

SHE'LL BE **SO** PROUD OF YOU. YOU BIG LOSER. GOD, I TRY NOT TO ASK FOR TOO MUCH, BUT I'M **BEGGING** YOU...

...I'D GIVE **ANYTHING** NOT TO HAVE TO KNOCK ON THIS DOOR.



HELLO, DEAR.

PETER.

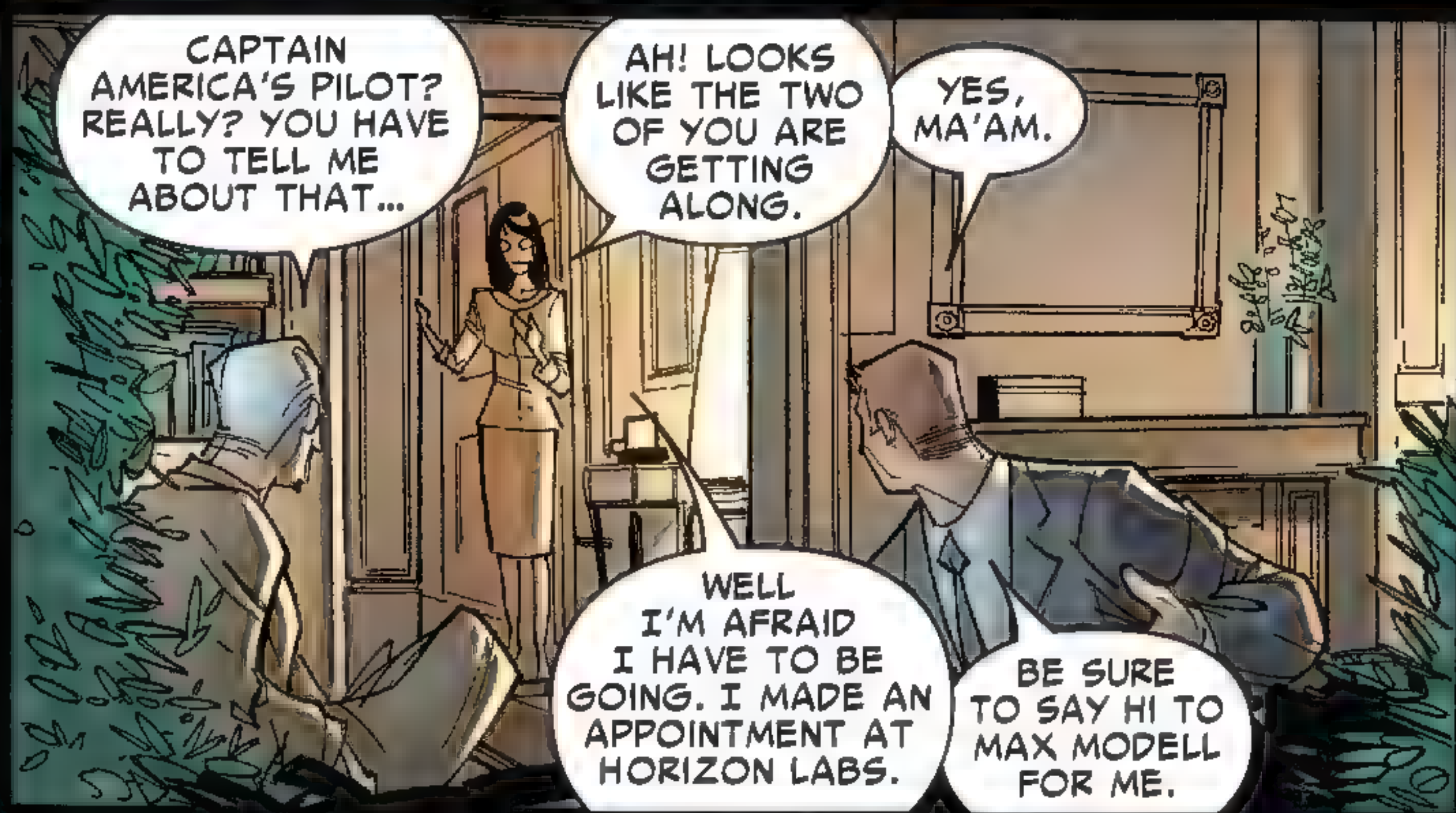
AUNT MAY. DR. JAMESON?

WE KNEW YOU WERE COMING.

WHAT? HOW?

I'M THE FIRST LADY OF NEW YORK. SECRET SERVICE CALLED UP. COME ON, PETER. WE HAVE TO GO RIGHT AWAY.

GO? WHERE?



CAPTAIN AMERICA'S PILOT? REALLY? YOU HAVE TO TELL ME ABOUT THAT...

AH! LOOKS LIKE THE TWO OF YOU ARE GETTING ALONG.

YES, MA'AM.

WELL I'M AFRAID I HAVE TO BE GOING. I MADE AN APPOINTMENT AT HORIZON LABS.

BE SURE TO SAY HI TO MAX MODELL FOR ME.



WAIT. HE SAID "MAX MODELL." HE KNOWS MAX MODELL?

YES. I PUT JOHN IN TOUCH WITH HIM. NOW THEY'RE WORKING TOGETHER.

WHAT? YOU KNOW MAX MODELL?



GOD, YOU KNOW WE DON'T ASK FOR MUCH. BUT PLEASE. HE **NEEDS** THIS.



BUT MAX MODELL'S A LEGEND! HE'S-- HE'S LIKE THE JOHNNY DEPP OF EINSTEINS.

I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THAT MEANS.

HE'S THE COOLEST SCIENTIST EVER. HOW DO YOU KNOW MAX MODELL?

I'M A SCIENTIST. WHY DOES EVERYONE KEEP FORGETTING THAT? I USED TO BUILD SPIDER-SLAYERS.

DON'T I KNOW IT.

WHAT?

NOTHING. BUT--WOW-- MAX MODELL. HE'S THE GUY BEHIND HORIZON LABS. THAT'S HUGE.

THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING.

WHAT?!



PETER, DON'T LOOK SO SCARED. IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT.

NO, MARLA. IT'S NOT THAT. IT'S--

NEVER MIND. IT'S PASSED. WE SHOULD GO.

TARGET: PETER PARKER. NEPHEW OF MAY PARKER-JAMESON. COUSIN (BY MARRIAGE). PROTEGE. FORMER EMPLOYEE.

THE SUBJECT LOOKED THIS WAY. COINCIDENCE?

MUST BE. I'M SCANNING FROM TWELVE BLOCKS AWAY. STILL...

...SECURITY IS TIGHT AROUND ALL OF THE EXTENDED FAMILY.



I'LL NEED HELP ON THIS.

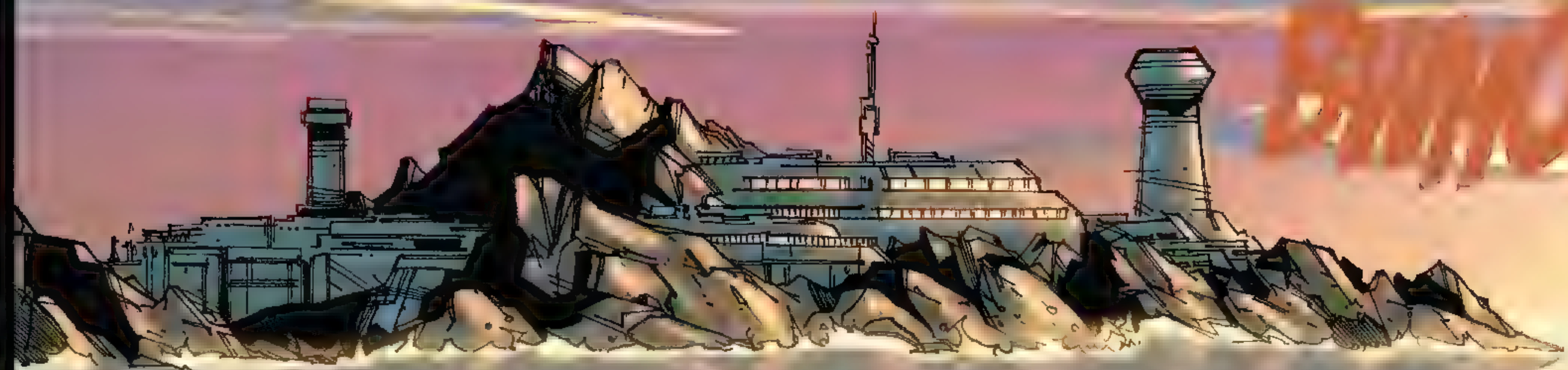
SOMEONE WHO HATES JAMESON. AS MUCH AS I DO.

GARGAN. LOCATE MAC GARGAN.

SCANNING DATA BASE. INPUT PARAMETERS.

**The Raft,
Maximum Security
Prison.**

**BUMBOOM BUMBOOM
BUMBOOM**



SO YOU'RE
SAYING EVERY
TIME GARGAN OR
BROCK HAS BEEN
INCARCERATED--

--WHILE
BONDED WITH THIS
ALIEN CREATURE,
THEY'VE BEEN
PERMITTED TO KEEP
IT ON THEIR
PERSON?!

RWARRH!

YES! EVEN
THOUGH WE'VE
KNOWN WE COULD
REMOVE IT
WITH SONIC
BLASTS!

BLAME THE
ACLU AND PETA!
THEY LOBBIED FOR
THE RIGHTS OF
THE SYMBIOTE!

UNBELIEVABLE!
WHY NOT LET HIM
CARRY A LOADED
FIREARM WHILE
THEY'RE
AT IT?!

YOU CAN'T
SEPARATE ME
FROM MY OTHER.
WE ARE VENOM.
WE ARE...

ALONE?
C-C-COME BACK.
SUPPOSED TO BE
TOGETHER...

PLEASE...
I NEED
YOU...

WHAT WILL
BECOME OF
IT NOW,
GENERAL?

HAMMER
INDUSTRIES? THE
BIO DIVISION AT
STARK?

WE HAVE
TOP MEN READY
TO STUDY THE
ORGANISM.

GOOD GOD,
NO. I DON'T
TRUST ANYBODY
IN THE PRIVATE
SECTOR.

South Street Seaport.

THE SITE OF HORIZON LABS.

MARLA MADISON-JAMESON! ALWAYS A PLEASURE.

THAT'S REALLY HIM.

PETER, THIS IS GETTING EMBARRASSING.

BUT THAT'S MAX MODELL! CAN I GIVE HIM A HUG?

NO!

SO? WHO'S YOUR FRIEND?

SMEK

DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE FOUND ANOTHER PILOT FOR MY SHUTTLE?

MORE LIKE A ROCKET SCIENTIST.

MAX, MEET PETER PARKER, E.S.U. GRAD, ALL-AROUND SCIENCE-WHIZ...
...AND PROBABLY YOUR BIGGEST FAN.

IT'S AN HONOR, SIR. I THINK EVERY COMPUTER I USED IN HIGH SCHOOL, COLLEGE, AND GRAD SCHOOL WAS A HORIZON MODEL.

HIGH SCHOOL? OW. NOW YOU'RE MAKING ME FEEL OLD, KID.

I DIDN'T MEAN TO--

IT'S OKAY. C'MON, LET ME GIVE YOU THE TOUR.

OUR FIRST STOP IS THE ATRIUM. IT'S A SOCIAL HUB FOR OUR DESIGNERS AND ENGINEERS.

A PLACE WHERE PEOPLE ON DIFFERENT PROJECTS CAN SEE IF THEIR IDEAS WILL CROSS-POLLINATE.

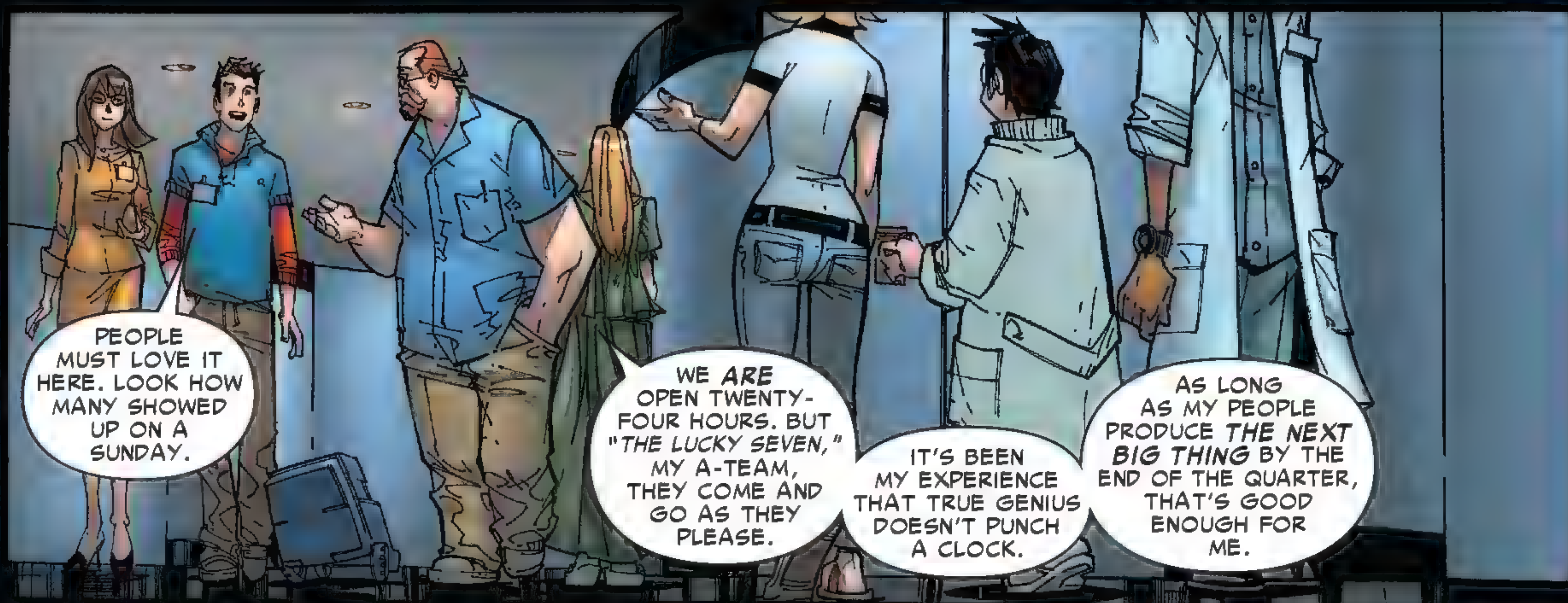
IT'S LIKE AN APPLE STORE AND WILLY WONKA'S FACTORY HAD A BEAUTIFUL BABY.

H.M. I ALWAYS SAW IT AS PIXAR MEETS THE BAXTER BUILDING.

THIS IS WHERE OUR NINE-TO-FIVE EMPLOYEES WORK. NEXT UP IS OUR RESEARCH DIVISION, THE THINK TANK.

SEVEN INTERDEPENDENT LABS, EACH BRANCHING OUT IN WILD, UNPREDICTABLE WAYS. CREATIVITY PURPOSEFULLY LEFT UNCHECKED.

IT'S WHAT SETS US APART FROM STARK, BAIN, AND TRI-CORP. IN HERE, WE ONLY HAVE ONE RULE: IF YOU'RE GOING TO THINK, THINK BIG.



PEOPLE MUST LOVE IT HERE. LOOK HOW MANY SHOWED UP ON A SUNDAY.

WE ARE OPEN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. BUT "THE LUCKY SEVEN," MY A-TEAM, THEY COME AND GO AS THEY PLEASE.

IT'S BEEN MY EXPERIENCE THAT TRUE GENIUS DOESN'T PUNCH A CLOCK.

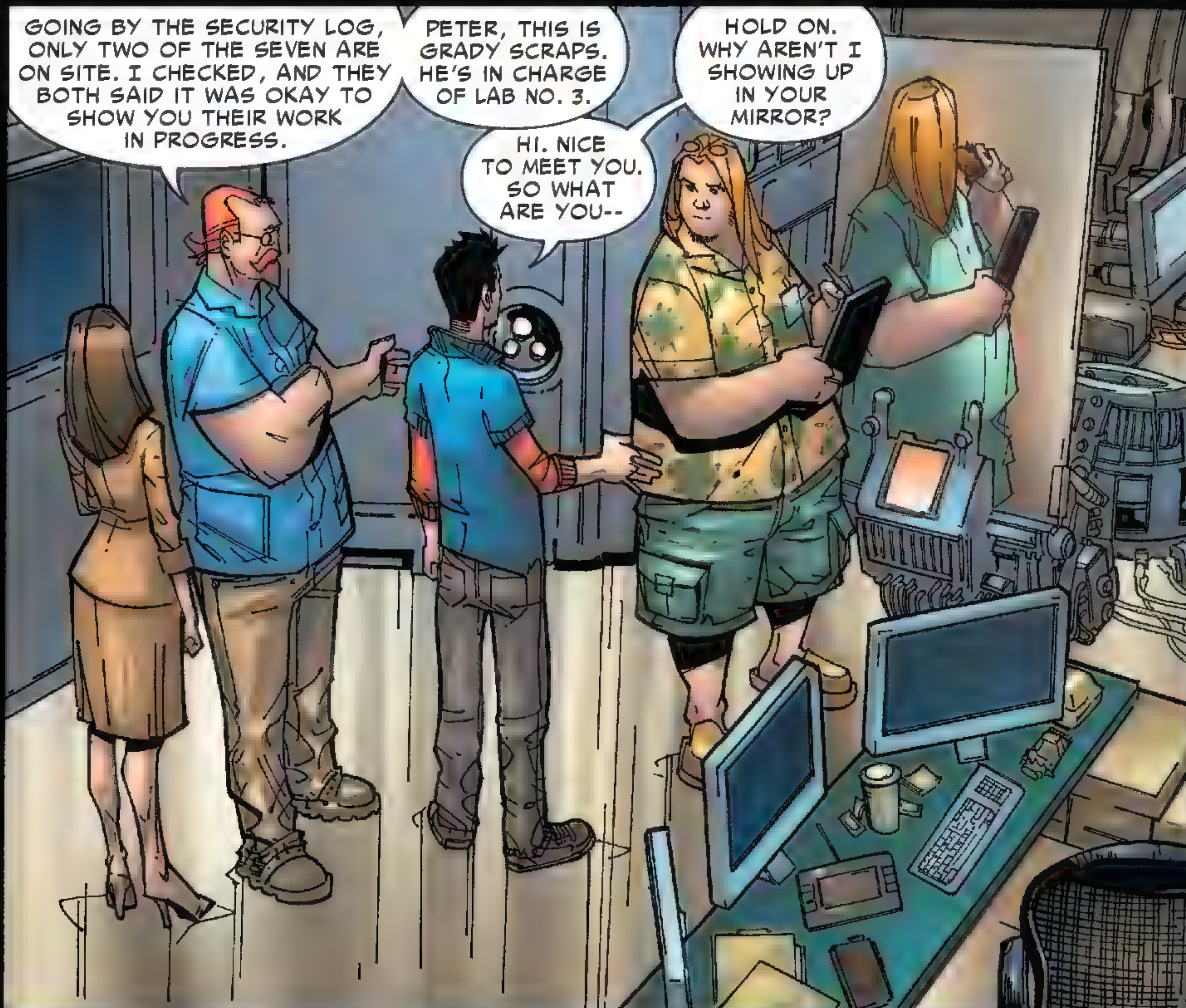
AS LONG AS MY PEOPLE PRODUCE THE NEXT BIG THING BY THE END OF THE QUARTER, THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

GOING BY THE SECURITY LOG, ONLY TWO OF THE SEVEN ARE ON SITE. I CHECKED, AND THEY BOTH SAID IT WAS OKAY TO SHOW YOU THEIR WORK IN PROGRESS.

PETER, THIS IS GRADY SCRAPS. HE'S IN CHARGE OF LAB NO. 3.

HOLD ON. WHY AREN'T I SHOWING UP IN YOUR MIRROR?

HI. NICE TO MEET YOU. SO WHAT ARE YOU--



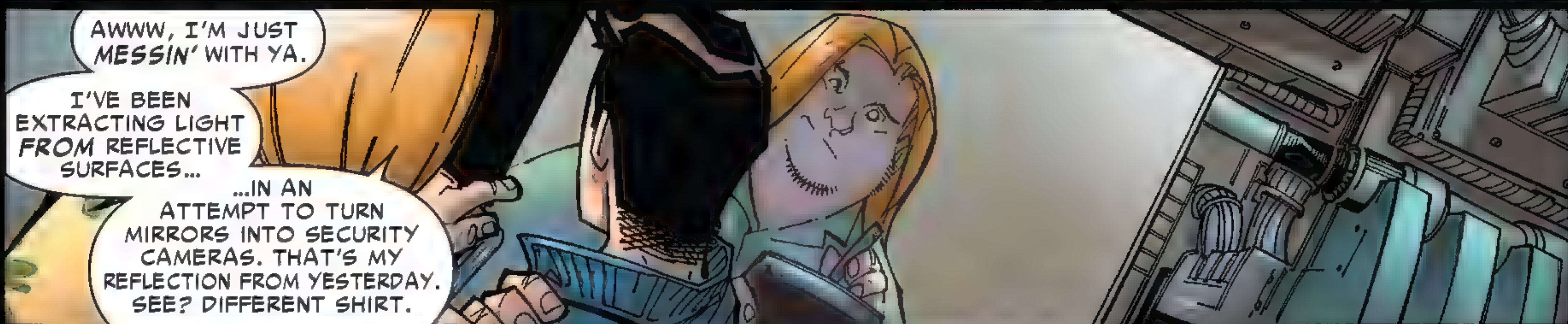
OH, MY GOD! MAX, DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS?! HE'S A VAMPIRE!

I'M NOT A--

HE'S ON TEAM JACOB!



WHA? ISN'T JACOB THE WEREWOLF?



AWWW, I'M JUST MESSIN' WITH YA.

I'VE BEEN EXTRACTING LIGHT FROM REFLECTIVE SURFACES...

...IN AN ATTEMPT TO TURN MIRRORS INTO SECURITY CAMERAS. THAT'S MY REFLECTION FROM YESTERDAY. SEE? DIFFERENT SHIRT.



THAT IS BOTH INSANE-- AND INCREDIBLY COOL!

DUDE, WELCOME TO HORIZON LABS.

YOU THINK THIS'S GOOD, WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHAT SAJANI'S COOKING UP NEXT DOOR.



PETER, SAJANI JAFFREY, OUR RESIDENT XENOLOGIST. SHE'S AN EXPERT IN ALIEN BIOLOGY, CHEMISTRY, AND TECHNOLOGY.

HEY.

IF SHE CAN GET HER CURRENT EXPERIMENT WORKING, IT COULD BE THE MOST LUCRATIVE AND IMPORTANT DISCOVERY OF THE DECADE.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN "IF"?



SORRY, MS. JAFFREY.

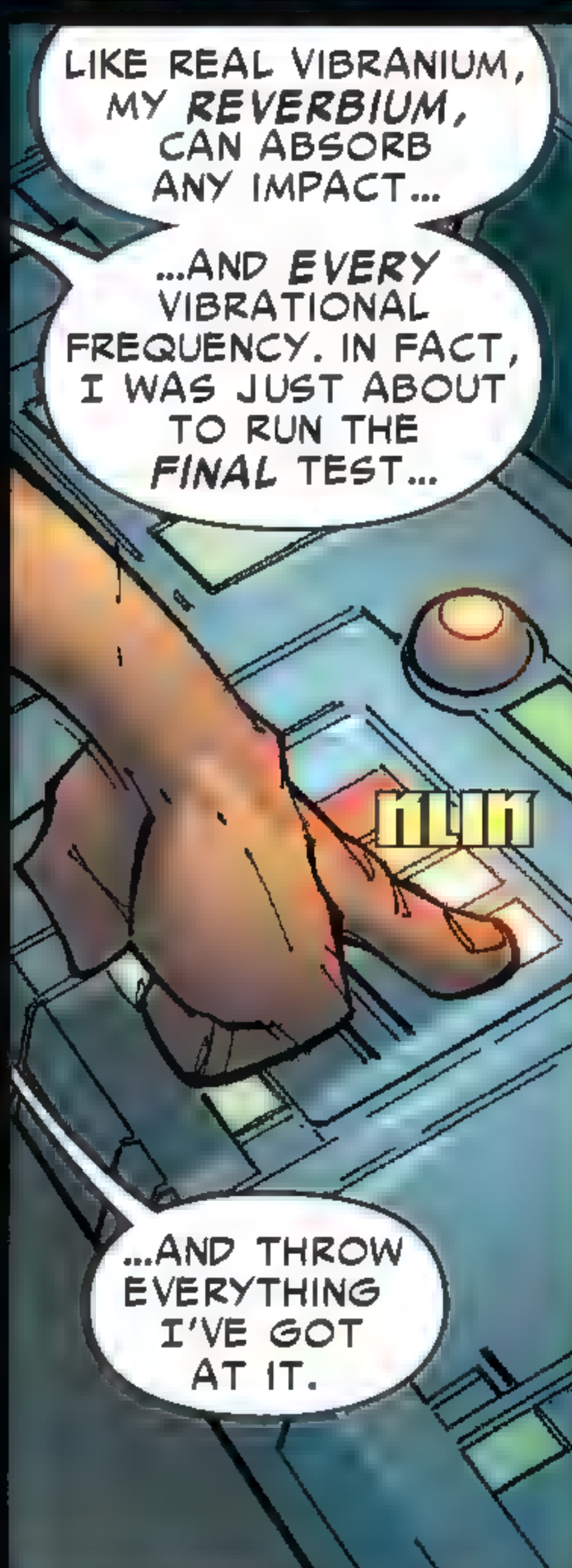
PETER, I'M SURE YOU'VE HEARD THAT PRINCE T'CHALLA RECENTLY ACTIVATED A DEVICE...

...WHICH RENDERED MOST OF THE WORLD'S VIBRANIUM INERT. SAJANI, HERE, IS CLOSE TO CREATING AN ARTIFICIAL VERSION OF THAT REMARKABLE ALIEN METAL.

REALLY? THAT'S HUGE! THAT'D BE UP THERE WITH... TURNING LEAD INTO GOLD!

DONE THAT.

WHAT?



LIKE REAL VIBRANIUM, MY REVERBIUM, CAN ABSORB ANY IMPACT...

...AND EVERY VIBRATIONAL FREQUENCY. IN FACT, I WAS JUST ABOUT TO RUN THE FINAL TEST...

...AND THROW EVERYTHING I'VE GOT AT IT.



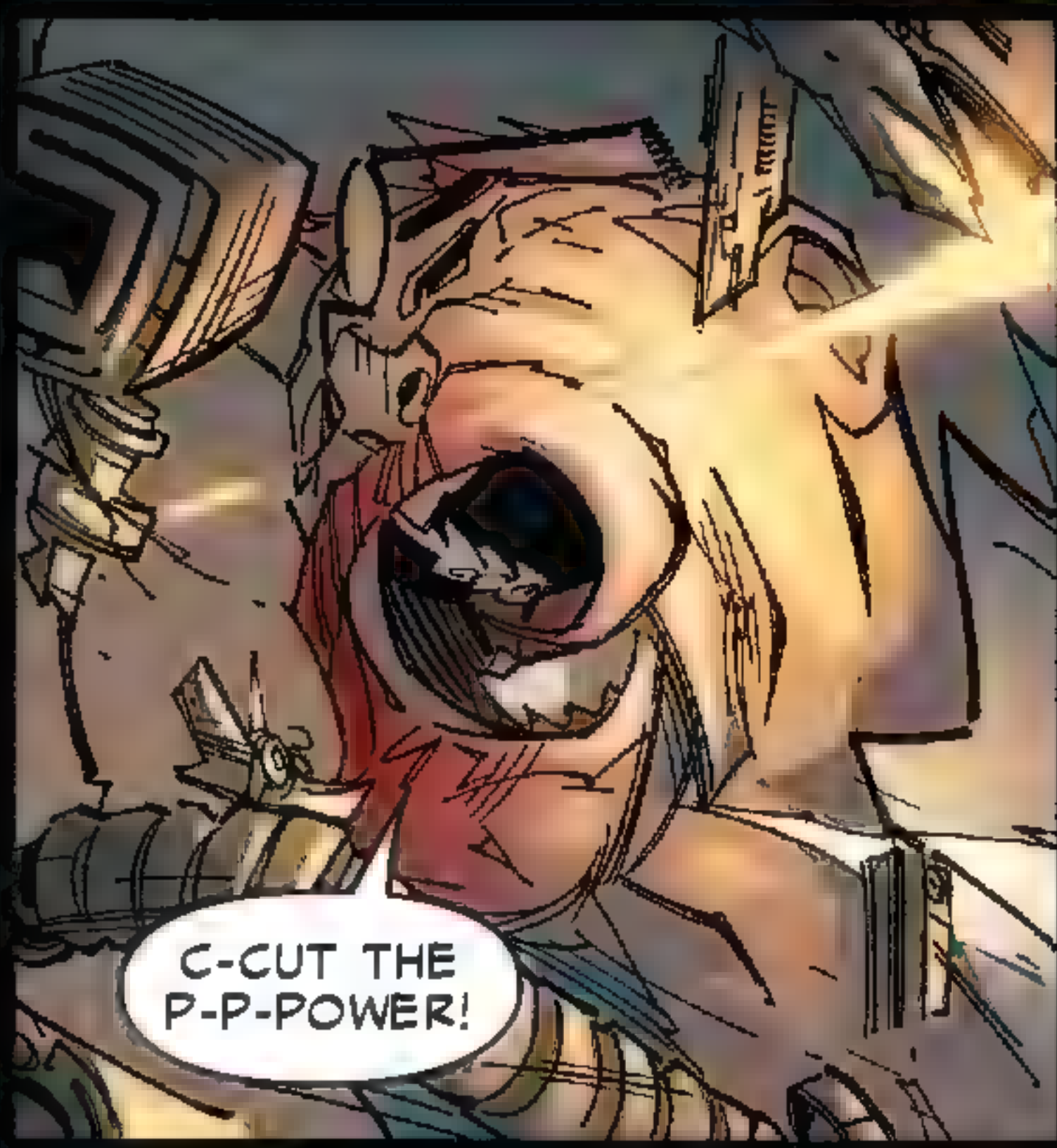
WAIT! DON'T! SOMETHING'S OFF!



WUB-WUB-WUBBZZZ

AHH!

OHH!



C-CUT THE
P-P-POWER!



T-T-TURN
IT-T OFF!



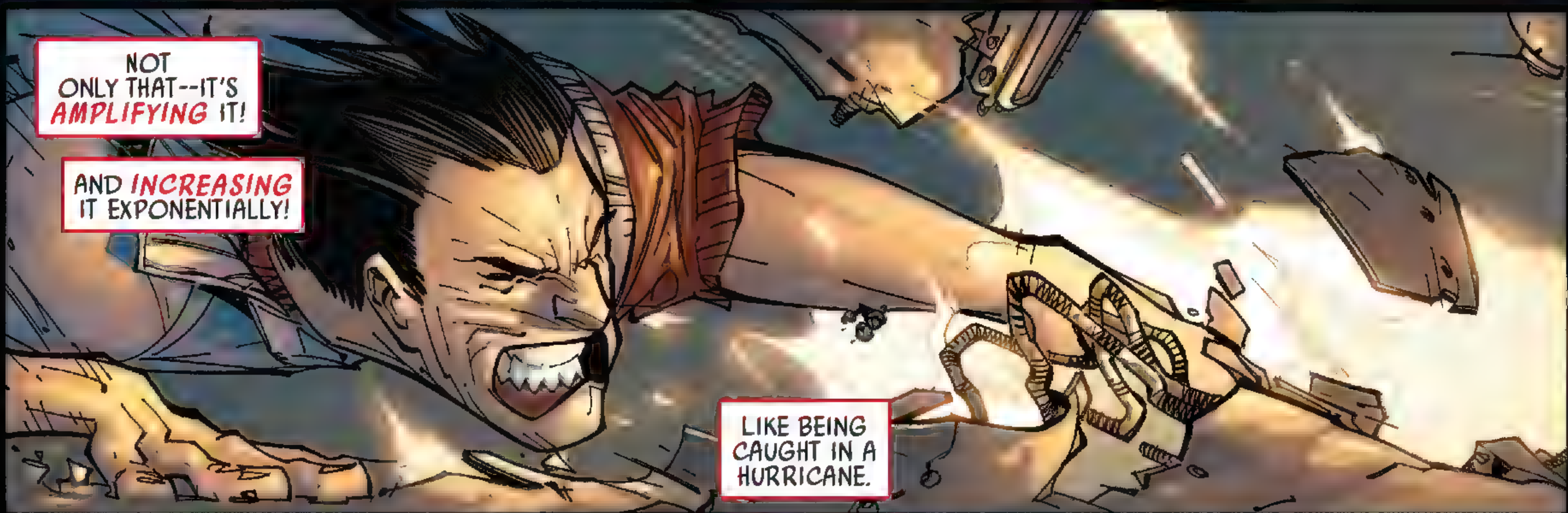
SH-SHOULDN'T
BE D-D-DOING
THIS!



VIBRANIUM'S ONE OF THE
COMPONENTS OF CAP'S
SHIELD. IT'S SUPPOSED
TO **ABSORB** ANY IMPACT--
ANY VIBRATION!

THIS STUFF--THIS
"REVERBIUM"--IT'S
REFLECTING IT.

GNNN!



NOT
ONLY THAT--IT'S
AMPLIFYING IT!

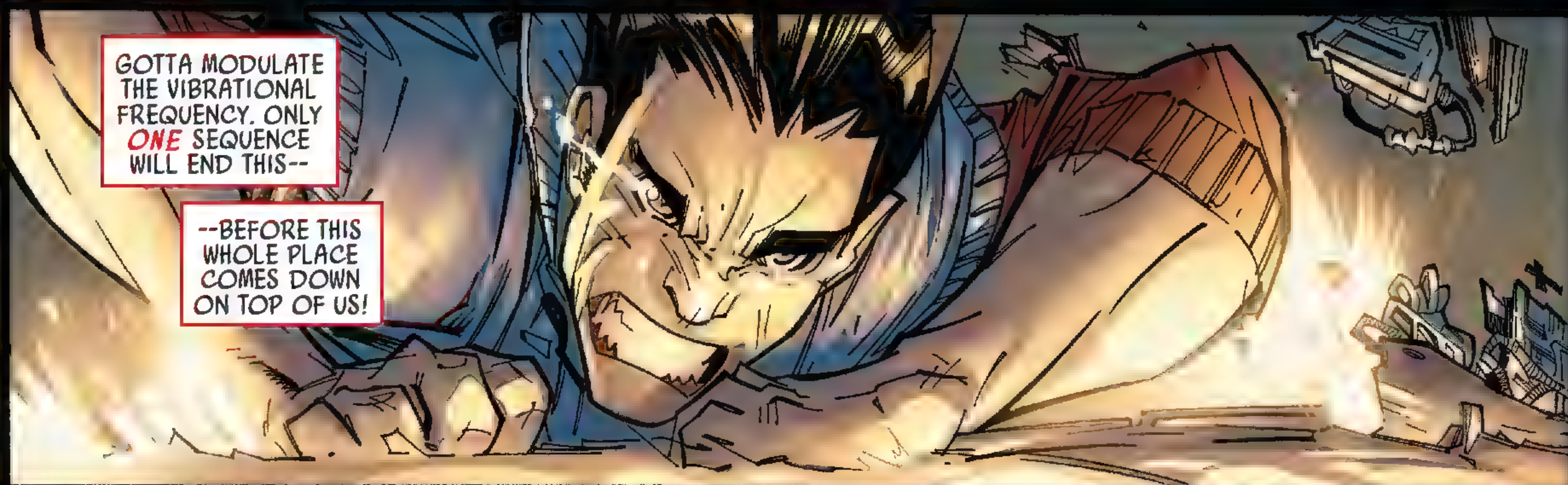
AND **INCREASING**
IT EXPONENTIALLY!

LIKE BEING
CAUGHT IN A
HURRICANE.



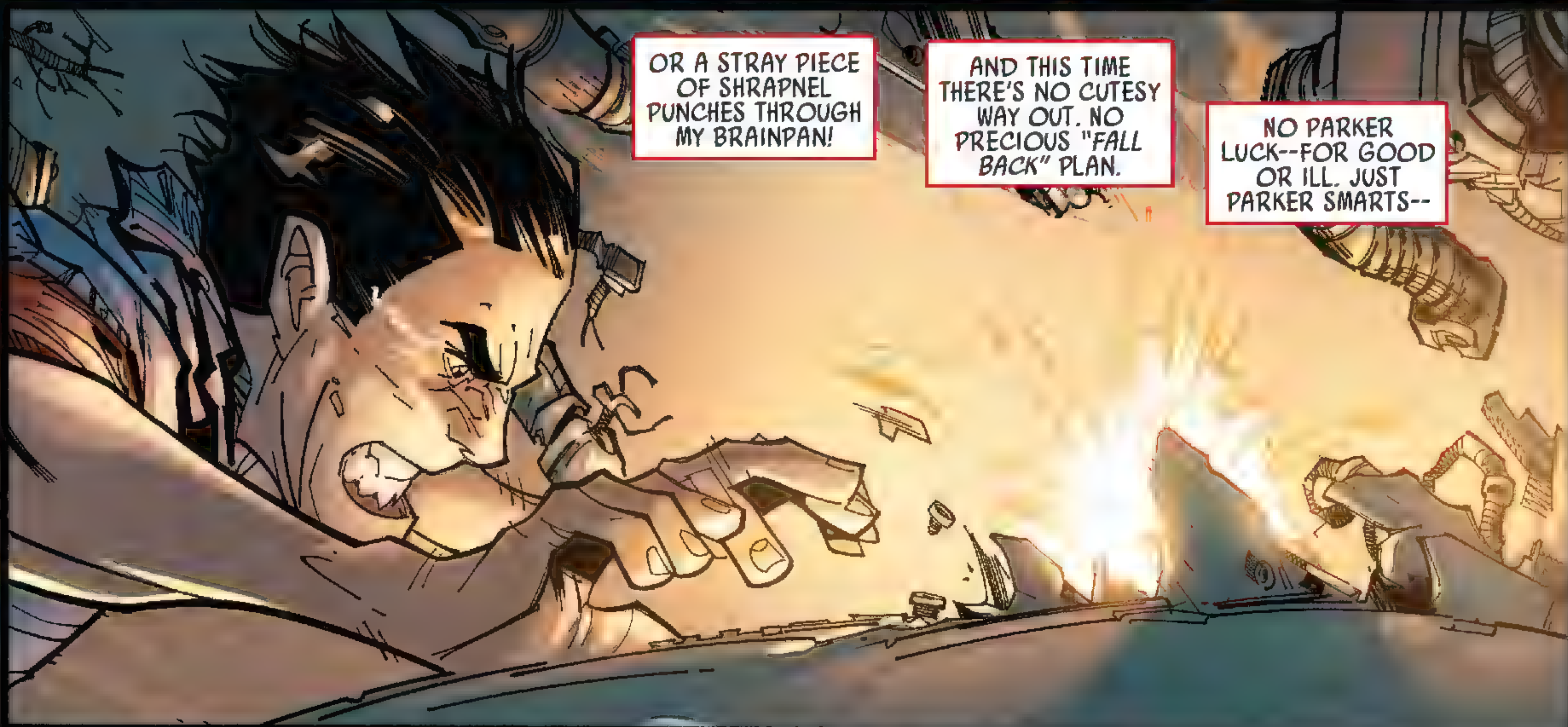
TAKING EVERY
OUNCE OF STRENGTH
TO "WALL-CRAWL"
ALONG THE FLOOR.

MADE IT TO THE
CONTROL PANEL.
WHAT NOW, GENIUS?



GOTTA MODULATE
THE VIBRATIONAL
FREQUENCY. ONLY
ONE SEQUENCE
WILL END THIS--

--BEFORE THIS
WHOLE PLACE
COMES DOWN
ON TOP OF US!



OR A STRAY PIECE
OF SHRAPNEL
PUNCHES THROUGH
MY BRAINPAN!

AND THIS TIME
THERE'S NO CUTESY
WAY OUT. NO
PRECIOUS "FALL
BACK" PLAN.

NO PARKER
LUCK--FOR GOOD
OR ILL. JUST
PARKER SMARTS--



DANG!
WHAT THE
HECK HAPPENED
IN HERE?

IT
STOPPED.

MARLA?
ARE YOU
OKAY?

FINE, MAX.
LOST MY GLASSES
THO. CAN'T SEE A
THING WITHOUT
THEM. WHERE'S
PETER?



OVER HERE.
THE...UH...BLAST
THREW ME TOWARDS
THE WORK-
STATION.

TOWARDS
THE EPICENTER?
THAT DOESN'T
MAKE ANY SENSE.
PETER?





SO? WHAT DO YOU THINK?

HE'S... ACCEPTABLE.

AFTER THE SCIENCE HE JUST LAID DOWN? HE'S GOT MY VOTE. CAN I GIVE HIM A HUG?

NO.



WELL, THAT'S A THIRD OF THE THINK TANK. THAT'S ALL WE NEED.

A THIRD? YOU SAID THERE WERE SEVEN OF THEM?



RIGHT NOW, THERE'S ONLY SIX. WE HAVE AN OPEN SPOT. IF YOU WANT IT.

WELL... YEAH!



DR. J, HERE, SAYS YOU'VE BEEN OUT OF THE SCIENCE GAME FOR A WHILE.

SO WE'RE SETTING YOU UP WITH A HORIZON E-READER.

AND ONE OF OUR NEW SUPER-COMPRESSED FLASHDRIVES.

THAT'S 800 GIGS OF MEMORY. AND FIVE YEARS OF SCIENCE JOURNALS. GET CAUGHT UP.

OOOKAY.



CALL ME OLD-FASHIONED, BUT I'VE ALWAYS PREFERRED THE FEEL OF PAPER. HERE'S YOUR HORIZON MANUAL. STUDY IT. WE'LL SEE YOU IN A WEEK.

A WEEK? Y'KNOW, I COULD START RIGHT NOW.



IT'S ALL RIGHT, MR. PARKER. WE'RE PAYING YOU FOR YOUR STUDY TIME.

THAT'S NOT A BOOKMARK. IT'S YOUR FIRST PAYCHECK.

OH-HO. SOOO MANY ZEROES.

**WOO-
HOO!**

WHAT DO YA KNOW,
SOMETIMES THE UNIVERSE
ALIGNS ITSELF, AND
EVERYTHING FALLS
RIGHT INTO PLACE.

LIKE A **DREAM JOB**.
OR A BOMB THAT'S
ABOUT TO GO OFF AT
THE EXACT MOMENT OF
DAYLIGHT SAVINGS TIME.

OR A RADIOACTIVE
SPIDER THAT, OUT OF
ALL THE PEOPLE IN THE
WORLD, BITES A CERTAIN
LI'L BOY FROM QUEENS.

SO I **DIDN'T** FIND A PLACE TO
LIVE. BIG DEAL. TOMORROW THE
BANKS'LL OPEN, I'LL CASH MY
GINORMOUS CHECK...

...AND MOVE INTO
THE SWANKIEST HOTEL
SUITE I CAN FIND. WHY?
'CAUSE I EARNED IT!

AND IN THE
MEANTIME, ALL I
NEED IS A WEB-
HAMMOCK UNDER
THE STARS...

...AND A BIG OL'
BOOK ABOUT
SCIENCE!

THIS. IS.
PERFECT.
I SWEAR,
RIGHT NOW...

...THERE IS NOT A
THING ON EARTH
THAT COULD
BRING ME DOWN.

SORRY, MR.
FISK, BUT
ACCORDIN' TO
OUR MAN INSIDE
HORIZON...

...THAT
ARTIFICIAL METAL
OF THEIRS IS
DOWNRIGHT SQUIRRELY.
IT AIN'T DOIN' WHAT
IT'S SUPPOSED
TA.

I'VE READ
THE REPORT,
MONTANA. AND WHERE
THE REST OF YOU
SEE **IMPERFECT**
VIBRANIUM...

...I
SEE THE
PERFECT
WEAPON.

SO THE
JOB'S STILL
ON.

OF COURSE.
YOU HIRED THE
MAN I ASKED
FOR?

YEP.
BUT WITH
ALL THE FOLKS
WE GOT IN
SHADOWLAND...

...AND ALL
THE PEOPLE I
COULD GET YA,
YOU SURE YOU
WANT THIS
FELLA?

ABSOLUTELY.
WHEN IT COMES
TO MR.
KINGSLEY...

...I PREFER HIM
EXACTLY WHERE
I HAVE HIM.

UNDER
MY
THUMB.

KINGPIN,
PLEASE, WHEN
I'M "DRESSED"
FOR WORK...

...CALL ME...
HOBGOBLIN



**To Be
Continued...**



The_Spider_Girl: So I TOTALLY helped Spider-Man today!

12 minutes ago



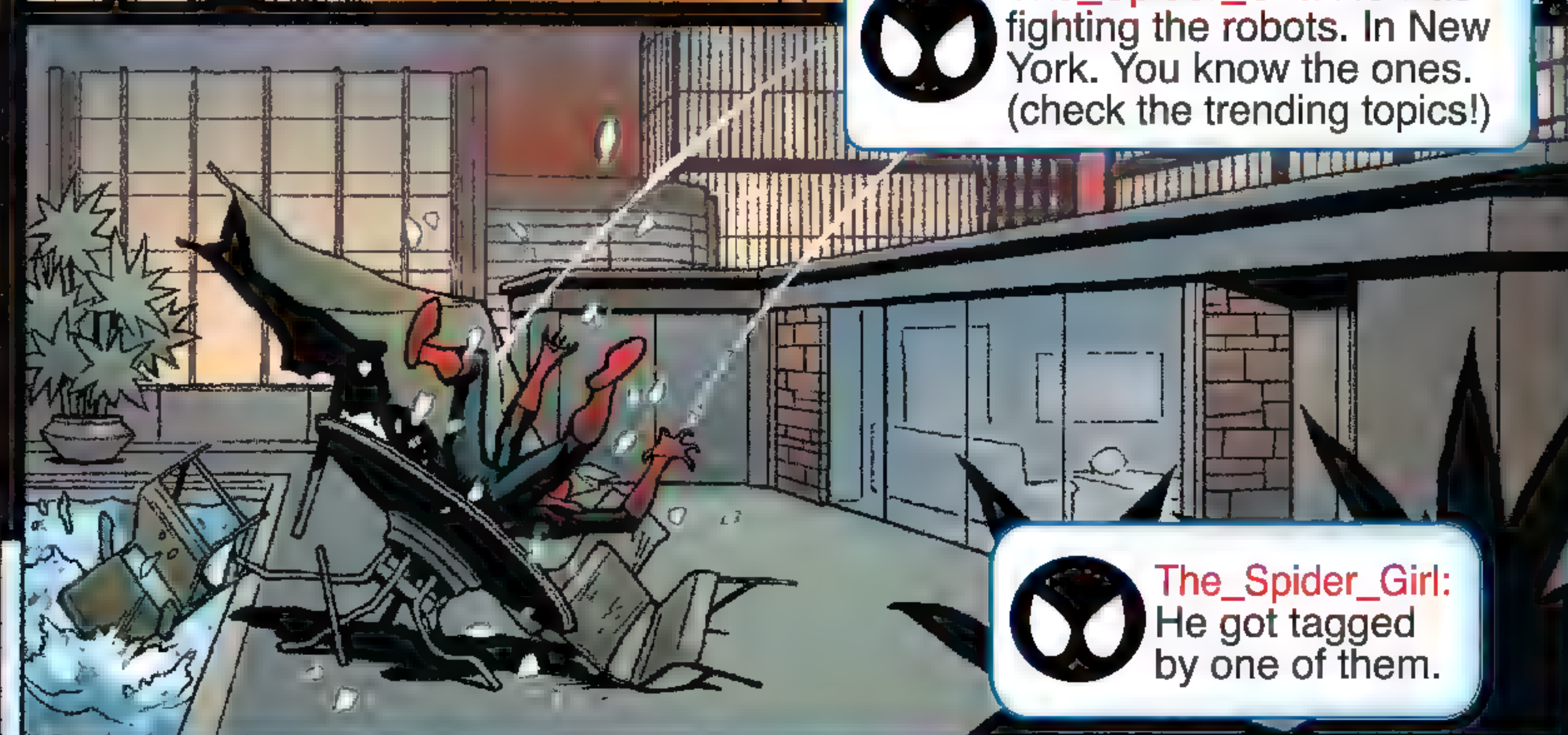
STOP THAT GUY! I THINK HE TOOK MY WALLET!

AH, NEW YORK. DON'T EVER CHANGE.

THE MAYOR'S RIGHT, YOU'RE A MENACE!



The_Spider_Girl: He was fighting the robots. In New York. You know the ones. (check the trending topics!)



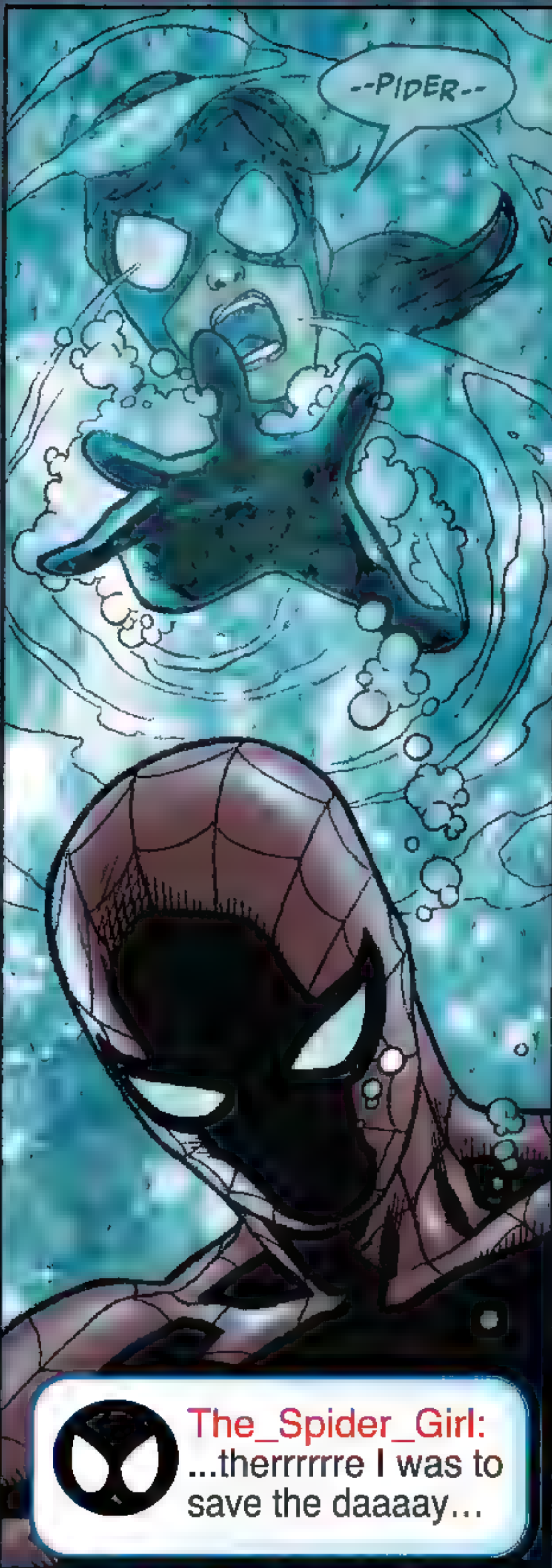
The_Spider_Girl: He got tagged by one of them.



The_Spider_Girl: And Mister Big-Time Avenger took a dive in some rich guy's pool.



The_Spider_Girl:
But have no fear,
Spidey-fans...



--PIDER--



The_Spider_Girl:
...therrrrre I was to
save the daaaay...

**SPIDER-
MAN!
WAKE
UP!**

THERE'S A
SERIOUSLY BIG
TENTACLE
COMING THIS
WAY!



AND, YES,
I JUST SAID
THAT.



HUNHH!

HUFFFFFFF!

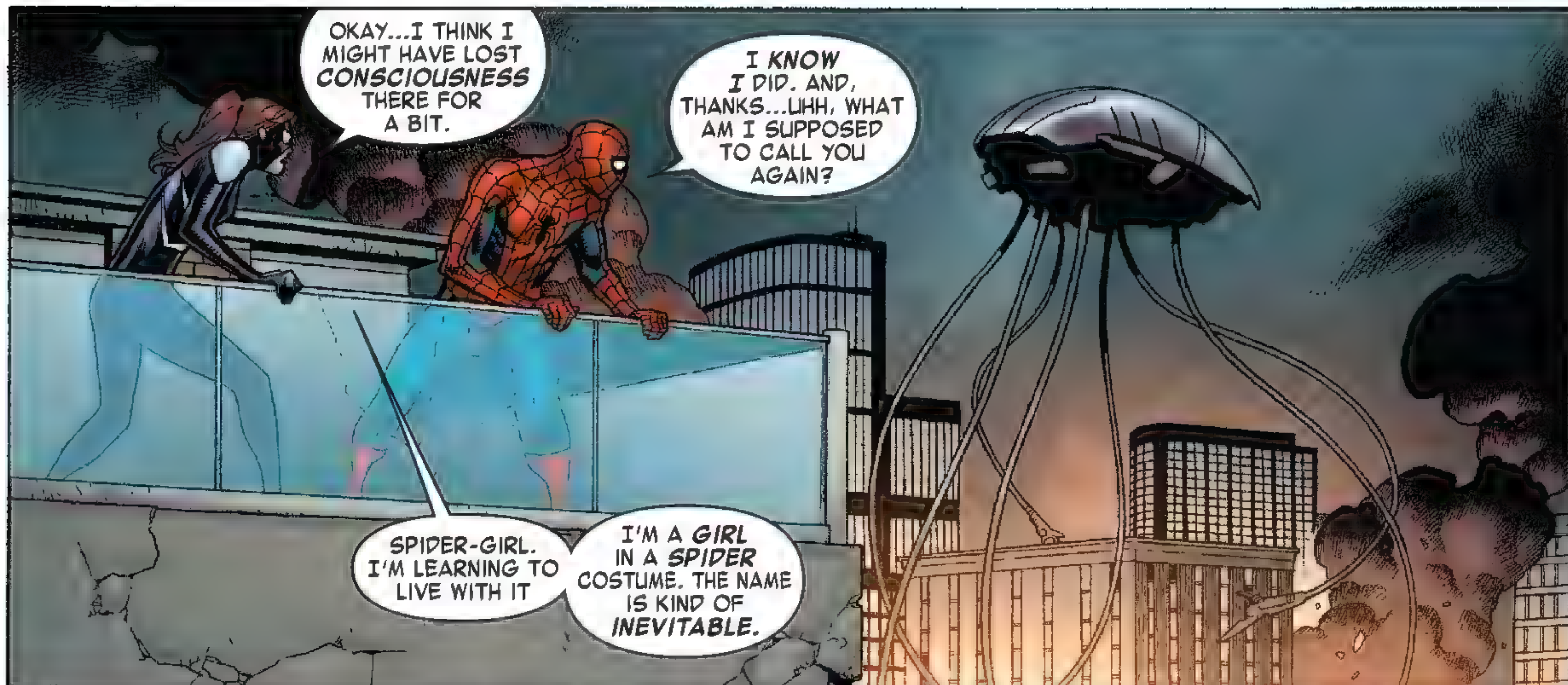
OH,
GEEEEZ!



The_Spider_Girl: And
then HE saved ME from
a tentacle! He moved FAST.
And he felt...umm...let's just
say he must work out.



WHOOOM!



OKAY...I THINK I MIGHT HAVE LOST CONSCIOUSNESS THERE FOR A BIT.

I KNOW I DID. AND, THANKS...UHH, WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO CALL YOU AGAIN?

SPIDER-GIRL. I'M LEARNING TO LIVE WITH IT

I'M A GIRL IN A SPIDER COSTUME. THE NAME IS KIND OF INEVITABLE.



"IT'S WHAT EVERYONE IS CALLING ME. OR SOMETHING CLOSE ANYWAY..."

SPIDER-G--



"I WAS JUST INTRODUCING MYSELF TO SOME LOOTERS WHEN I SAW YOU BEING ATTACKED BY THESE...THESE..."



OCTO-BOTS. ROBOTS CREATED AND CONTROLLED BY DR. OCTOPUS.

UM... ME AND GIANT KILLER ROBOTS DON'T REALLY MIX.

I'M MORE OF A PEOPLE PERSON.



HONESTLY... THIS MIGHT BE TOO BIG FOR ME.

The_Spider_Girl: Spider-Man grunted. It was the same grunt my dad gives right before I get a lecture.

The_Spider_Girl: Maybe I wanted a lecture. You all SAW those robots, right? You think WE don't get scared of them? **#completelyterrified**



LISTEN...
YOU PROBABLY
JUST SAVED ME
FROM HAVING "KILLED
BY TENTACLES IN A
KIDDIE POOL"
CARVED ONTO MY
TOMBSTONE.

LET
ME GIVE
YOU SOME
ADVICE.



THERE IS
AN **ASTONISHING**
AMOUNT OF POWERFUL
PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD,
AND A LOT OF THEM
ARE **FLAT-OUT**
CRAZY.

SO...
TRUST ME...
YOU WILL ALWAYS
BE IN OVER
YOUR HEAD.

ALWAYS.



UNLESS
YOU'RE
THOR.

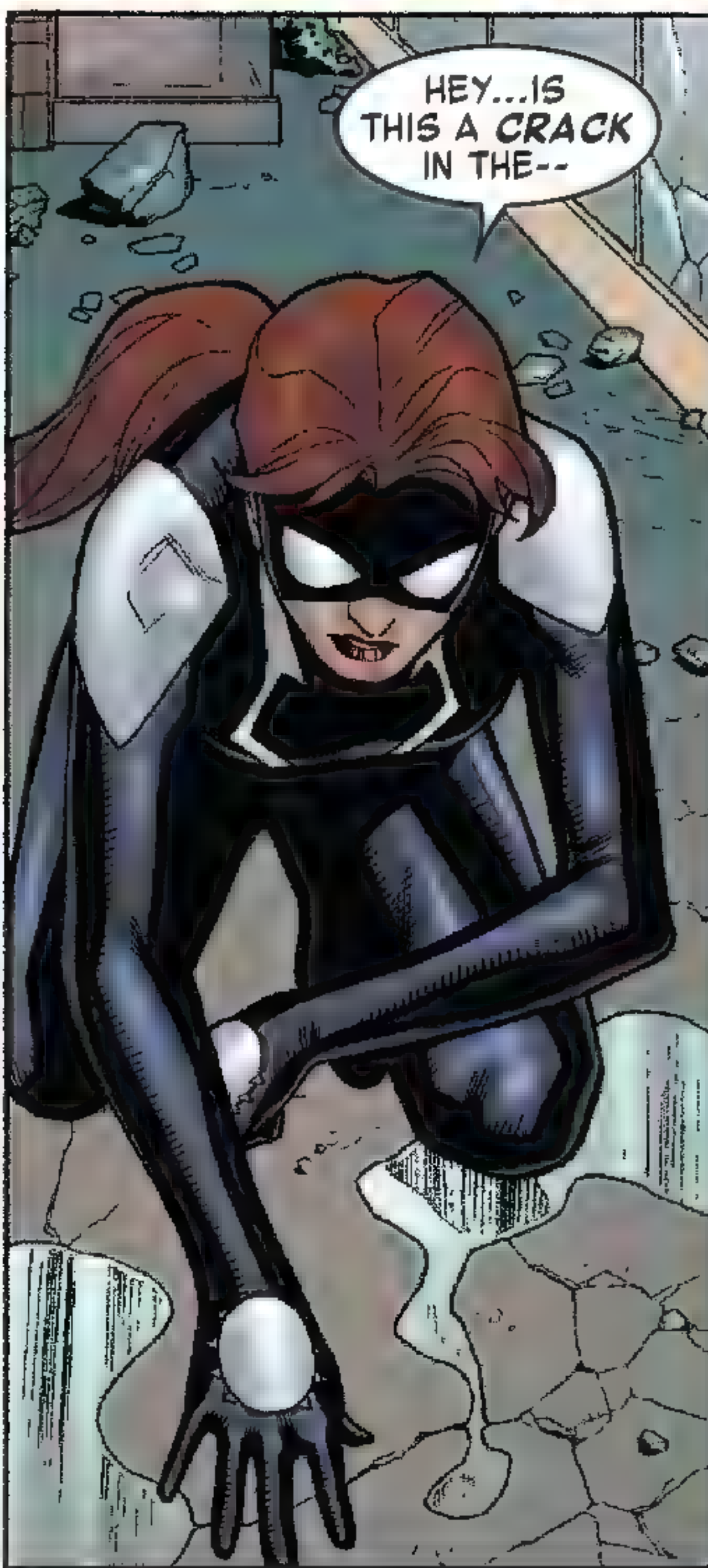
SWEET
HAMMER.



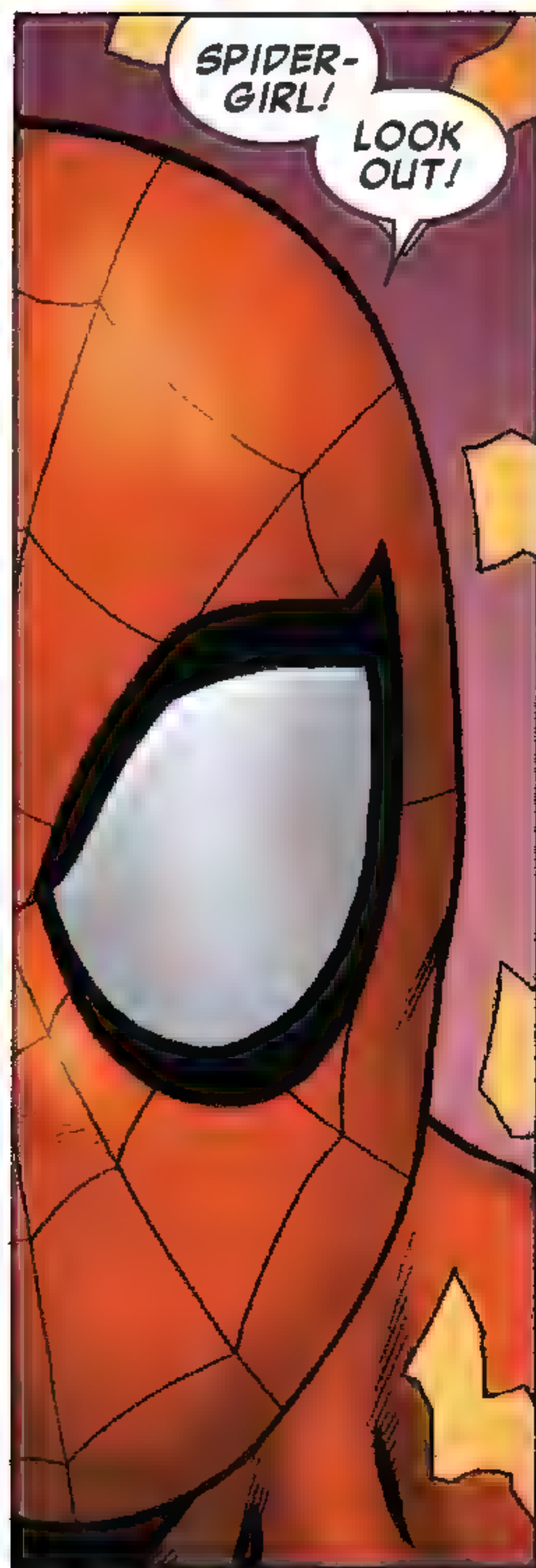
THE WAY
YOU FACED OFF
AGAINST **KRAVEN**
AND HIS **FAMILY** WAS
ABOUT THE **BRAVEST**
THING I'VE EVER
SEEN.

THEY'RE
WAY **CRAZIER**
THAN THESE
ROBOTS.

MAYBE.
BUT I KNEW
WHERE TO
PUNCH
THEM.

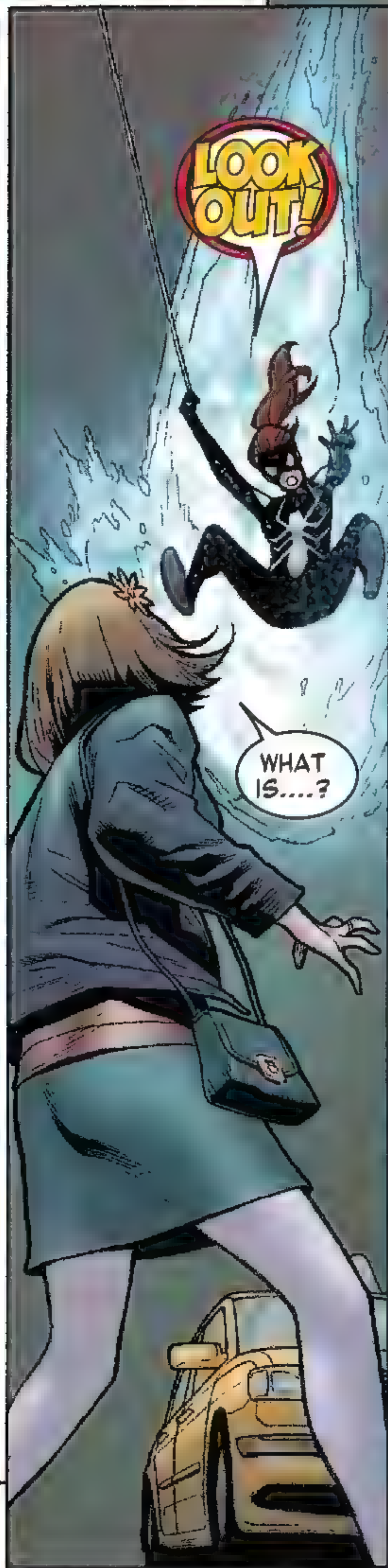
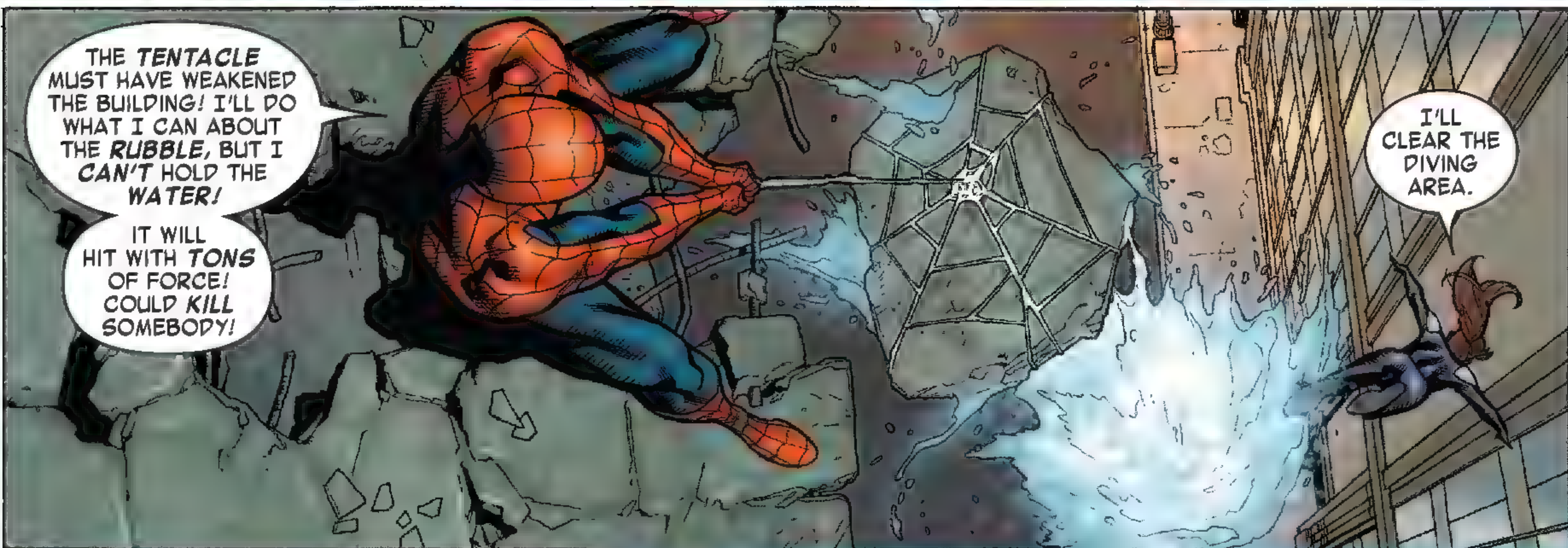


HEY...IS
THIS A **CRACK**
IN THE--



**SPIDER-
GIRL!**

**LOOK
OUT!**





The_Spider_Girl:

I'm like anyone else.
I freak about what dress to wear,
burrito to eat, boy to flirt with, etc.



The_Spider_Girl:

But it's SO much worse
when I do something where I
know one mistake can get me
killed. Or someone else.

WELL, THAT
SORTA, KINDA
WORKED...

OHHH!

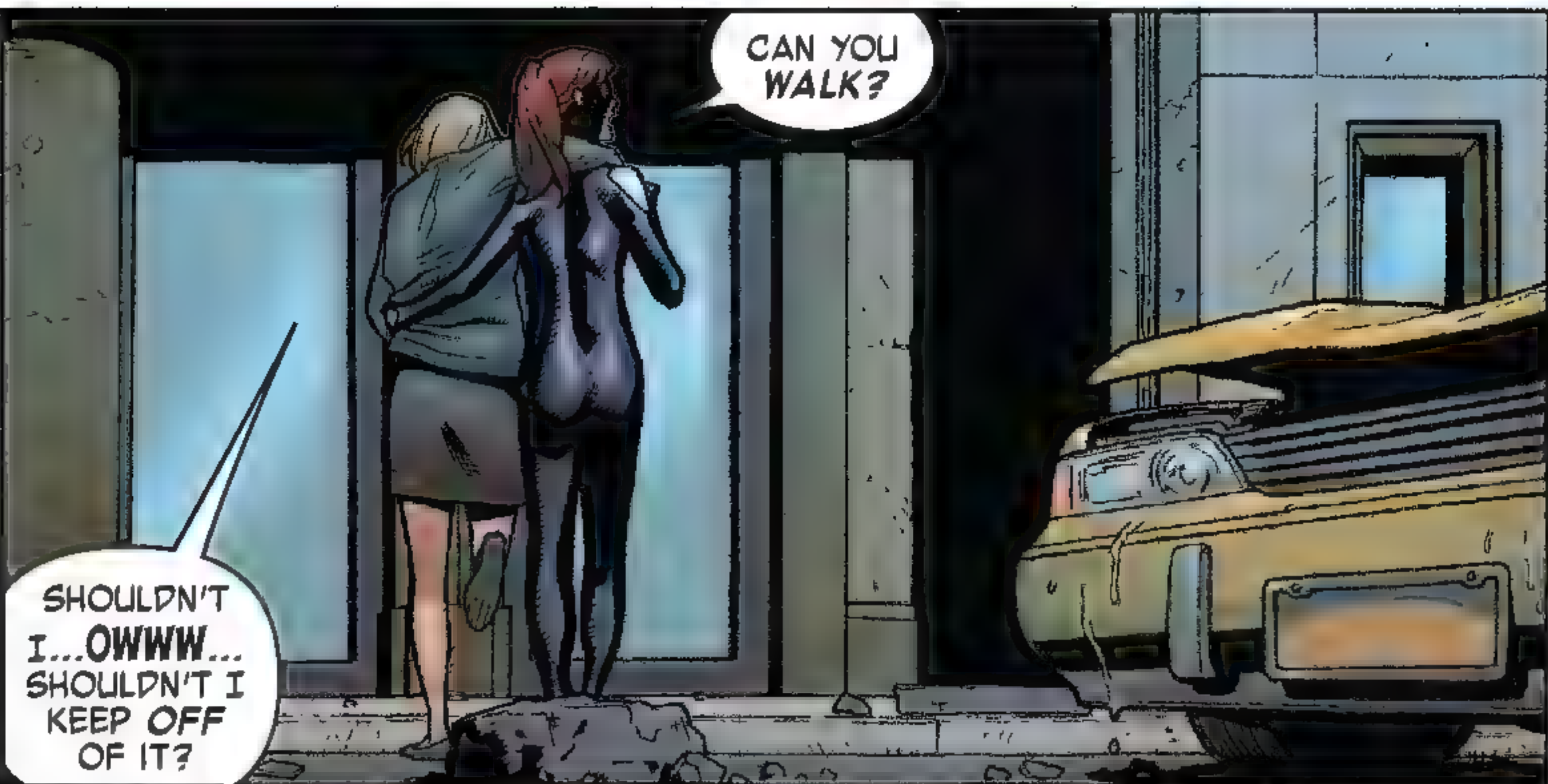
FWUNKKT



ARE YOU...
HUFF...ARE
YOU OKAY?

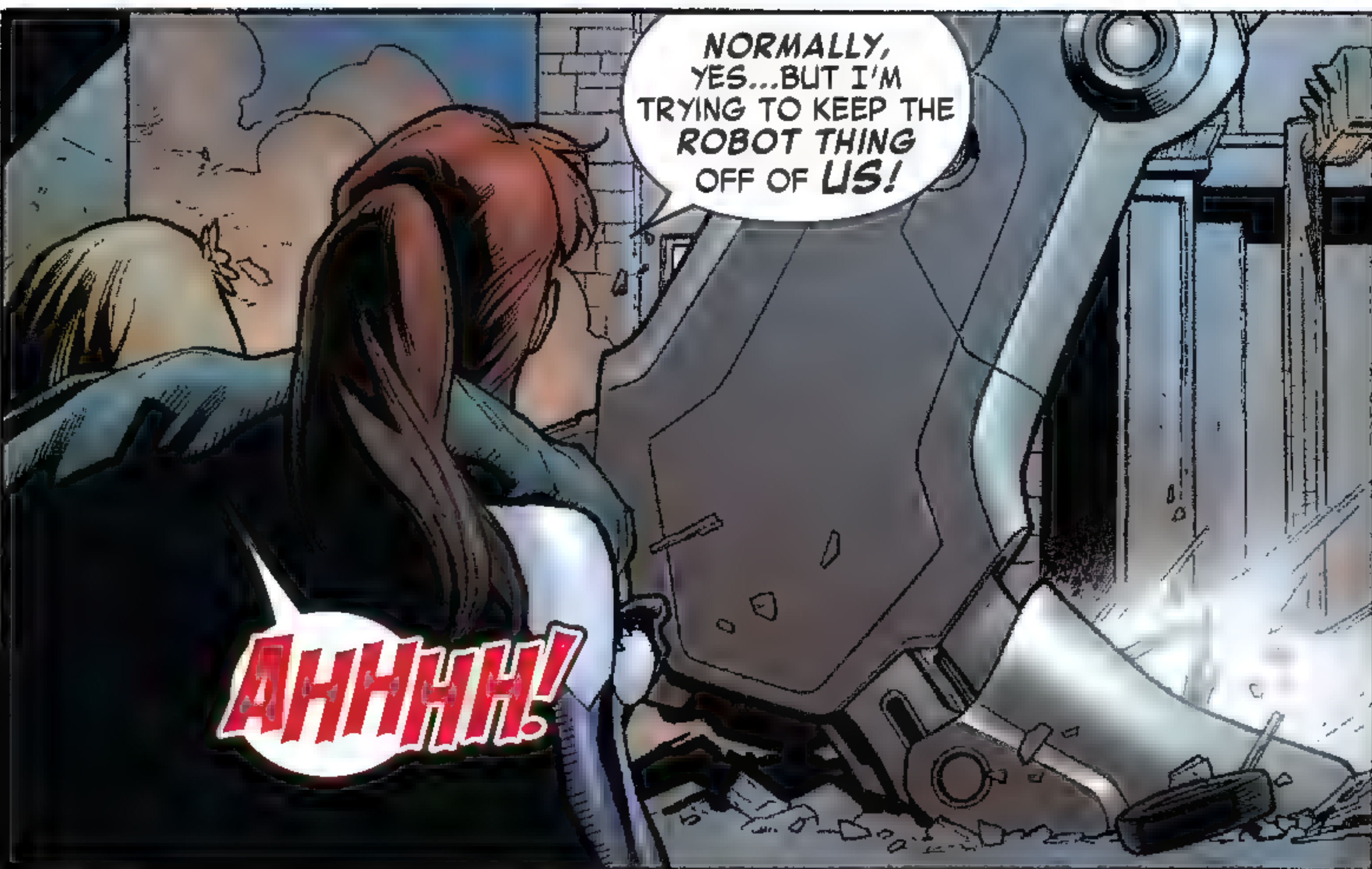
SOMETHING
HAPPENED TO MY
LEG. THINK IT'S
BROKEN, BUT...IT
COULD HAVE BEEN
SO MUCH
WORSE.

THANK
YOU.



CAN YOU
WALK?

SHOULDN'T
I...OWWW...
SHOULDN'T I
KEEP OFF
OF IT?



NORMALLY,
YES...BUT I'M
TRYING TO KEEP THE
ROBOT THING
OFF OF US!

AHHHH!



IS SHE
OKAY?

I
THINK SO.
YES.

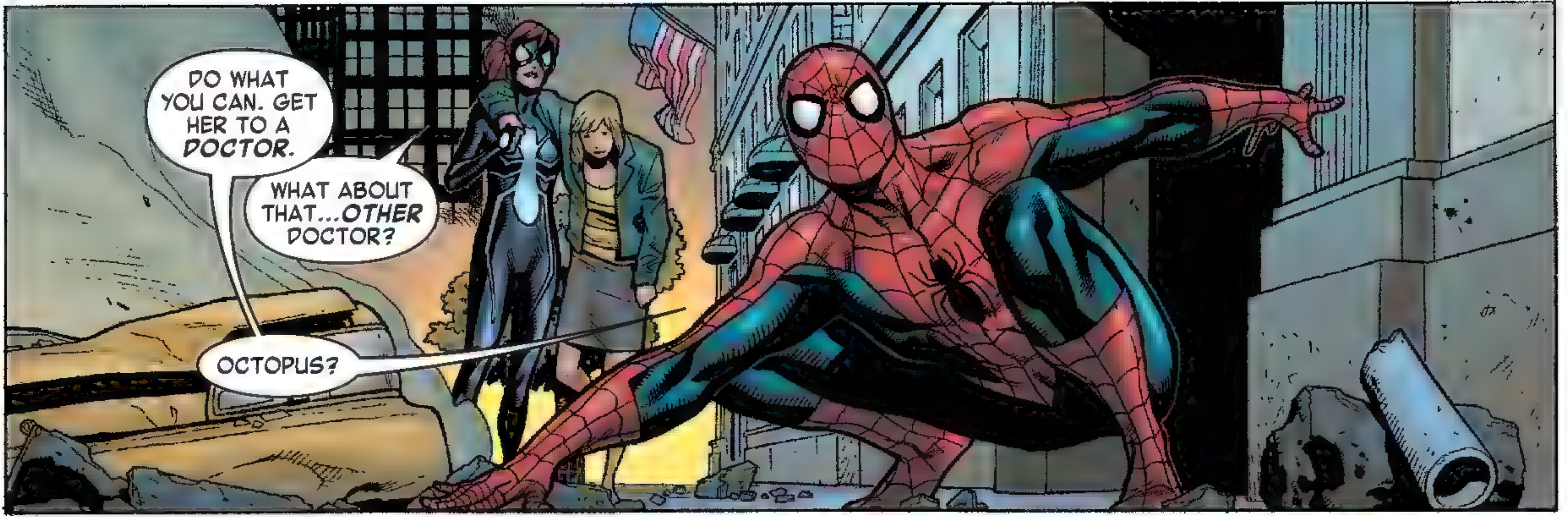
HER LEG
IS...WELL...I'LL
GET HER TO
HELP.

UHH...IS
THAT YOUR
DAD?



The_Spider_Girl:

Dear Everyone;
Spider-Man is NOT
my dad / brother /
boyfriend / evil twin.



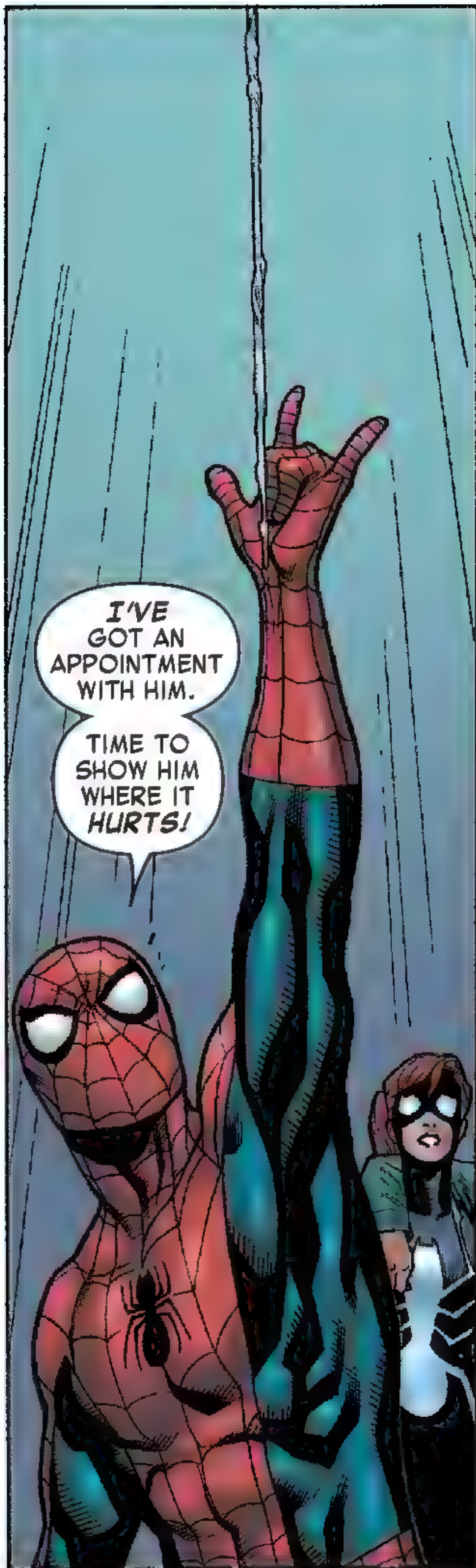
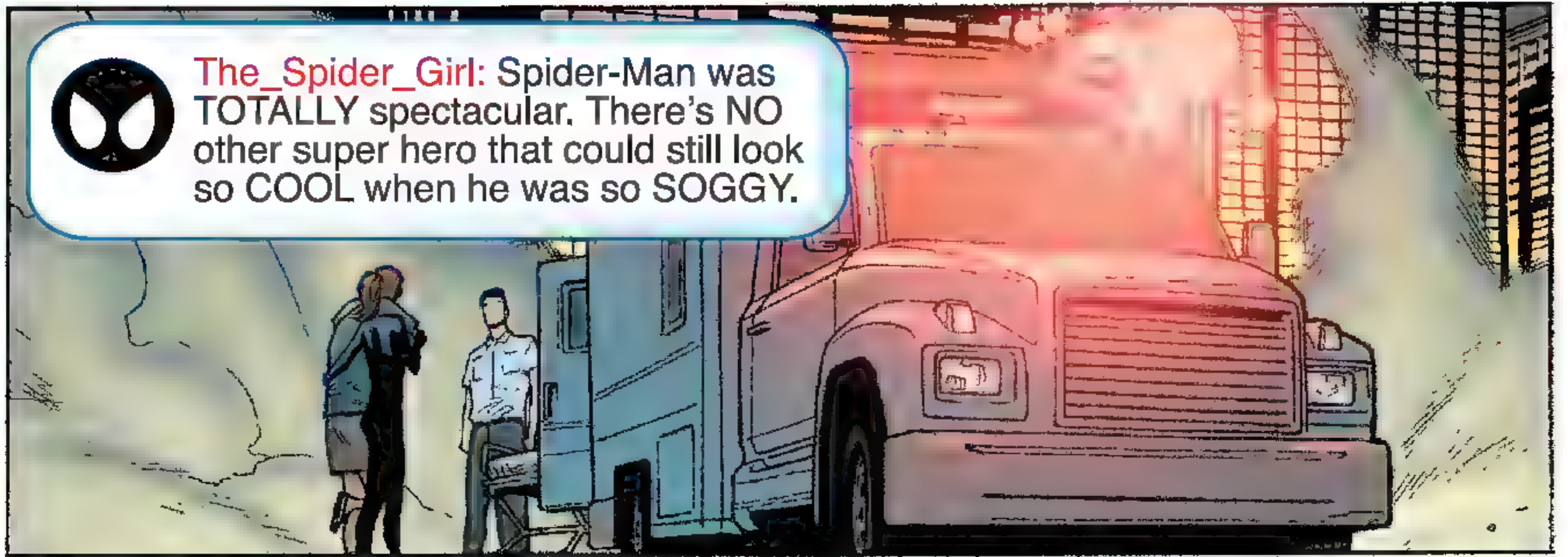
DO WHAT YOU CAN. GET HER TO A DOCTOR.

WHAT ABOUT THAT...OTHER DOCTOR?

OCTOPUS?

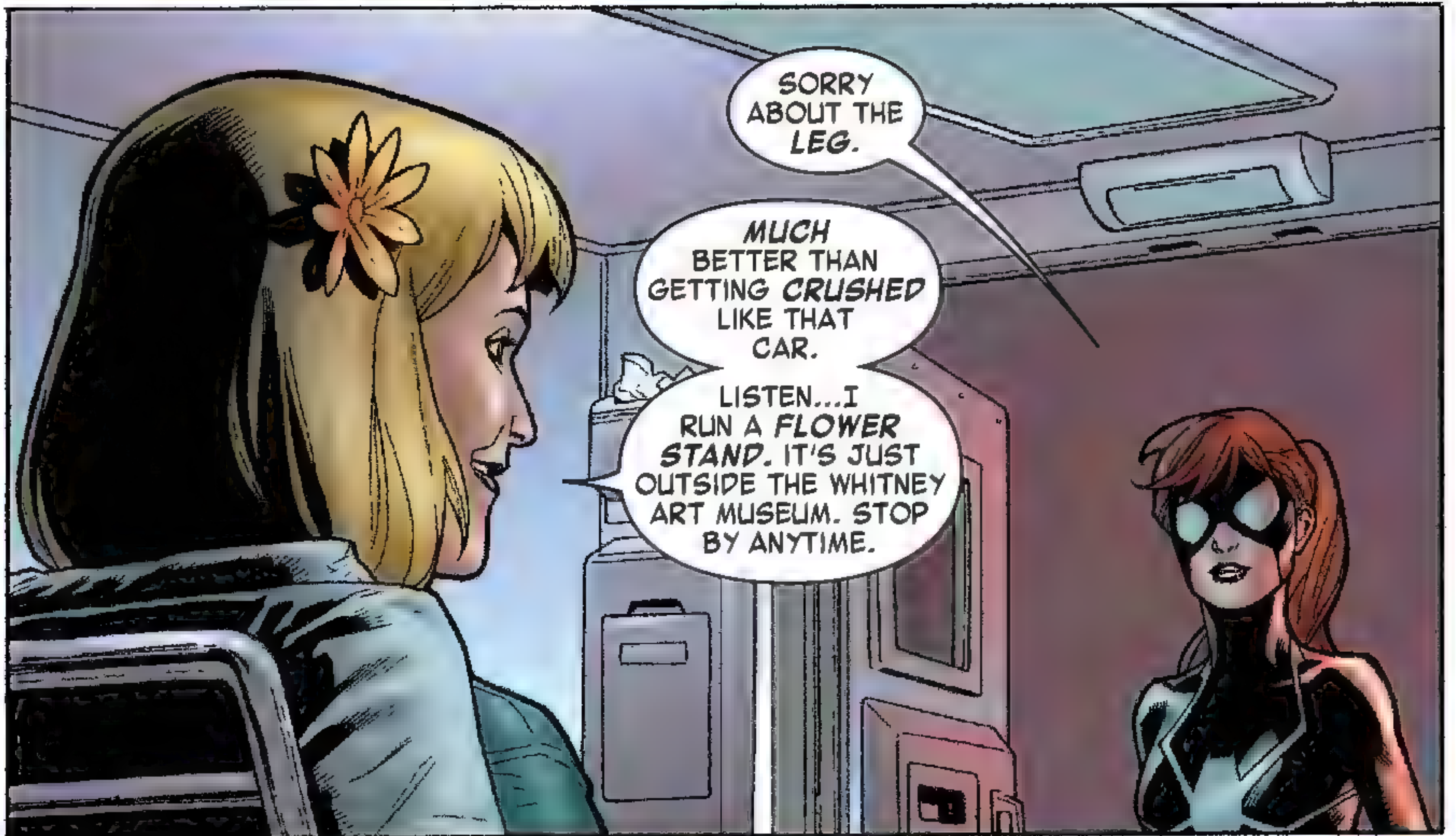


The_Spider_Girl: Spider-Man was TOTALLY spectacular. There's NO other super hero that could still look so COOL when he was so SOGGY.



I'VE GOT AN APPOINTMENT WITH HIM.

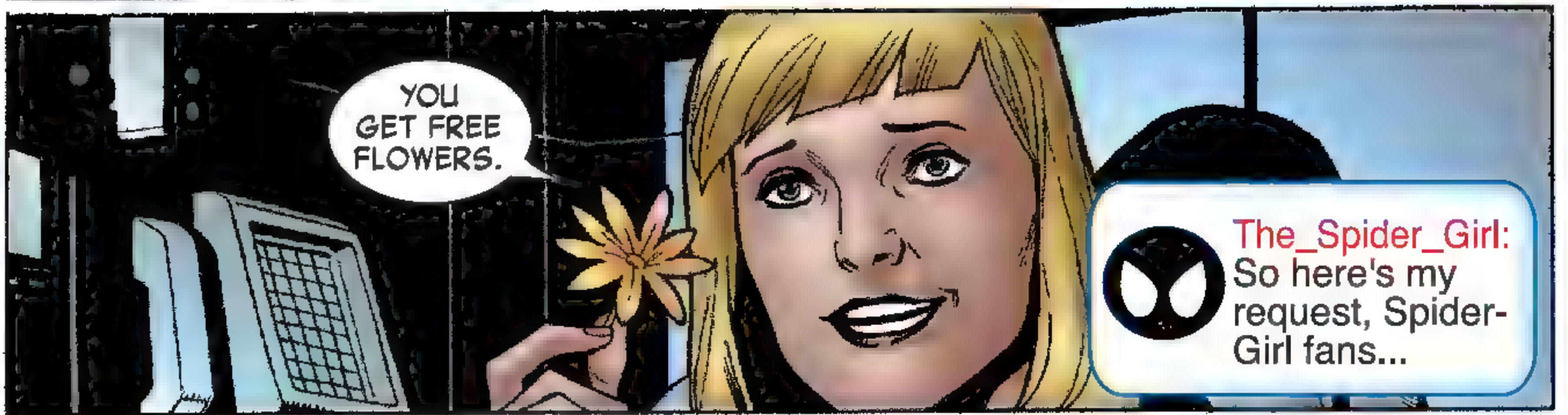
TIME TO SHOW HIM WHERE IT HURTS!



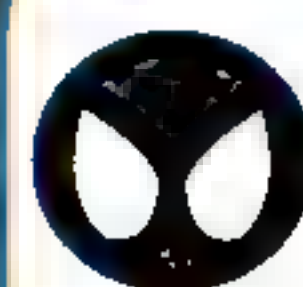
SORRY ABOUT THE LEG.

MUCH BETTER THAN GETTING CRUSHED LIKE THAT CAR.

LISTEN...I RUN A FLOWER STAND. IT'S JUST OUTSIDE THE WHITNEY ART MUSEUM. STOP BY ANYTIME.



YOU GET FREE FLOWERS.



The_Spider_Girl: So here's my request, Spider-Girl fans...



The_Spider_Girl:...help a girl out. There's a woman who sells flowers outside the Whitney. She'll be wearing a cast.





The_Spider_Girl: She'll have medical expenses. Buy some flowers, would you?



The_Spider_Girl: And tell her Spider-Girl says, "Hi!"



C'MON! THE POLICE ARE DEALING WITH ALL THAT ROBOT MONSTER JAZZ! THIS STUFF IS OURS!



ACTUALLY... IT'S NOT.

YOU AGAIN?

YEAH. ME.

SPIDER-GIRL.

I FELT BAD ABOUT LEAVING SO QUICKLY EARLIER.

BECAUSE SOME HEROES TOSS BUILDINGS OR BLAST GIANT ROBOTS WITH LIGHTNING FROM THE SKIES. BUT, ME...?

I'LL ALWAYS BE A PEOPLE PERSON.

WHAM!





RAMOS
delgado

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #649
COVER BY HUMBERTO RAMOS & EDGAR DELGADO

Weeks Ago...

THE SOUTH AMERICAN
DICTATORSHIP OF DELVADIA.

«FASTER,
DAMN YOU! HE'S
RIGHT ON TOP
OF US!»

AAHH!

"TIME AND AGAIN,
MR. KINGSLEY, Y'ALL
HAVE SHOWN OUR
ORGANIZATION...

CHOW

PEHOW

KATTAKAKK

PEHOW

CHOW

"...THAT YOU'RE
THE RIGHT MAN
FOR THE JOB.

BRATTA
BRRATT
BRITTT

THAT'S IT?!
THAT'S THE
BEST YOU'VE
GOT?!

BRATTA
BRRATT
BRITTT

"YOU GET
RESULTS.

AMATEURS.

"YOU SET A
FAIR PRICE.

"AND YOU'RE THOROUGH. GOTTA GIVE YOU THAT."

BOOM

"YOU ARE EXCEEDINGLY THOROUGH."

BRRT
BRRT
BRATT

"THEY SAY YOU SHOT UP YOUR TARGET, PRESIDENTE VASQUEZ, OUR RIVAL DRUG LORD IN THEM PARTS..."

"...AT LEAST TWO DOZEN TIMES AFTER HE WAS INCINERATED."

"WELL, WHEN ALL YOU'VE GOT IS YOUR WORK..."

"...YOU BETTER ENJOY WHAT YOU DO."

FAIR ENOUGH. HERE YOU GO. PAYMENT UPON COMPLETION. NOW IN THE FUTURE...

...IF YOU WANT, WE CAN WIRE THE MONEY TO YOUR ACCOUNT--

NO BANKS. LAST BANK I TRUSTED DISAPPEARED. WITH MY ENTIRE FORTUNE.

I KNOW OSBORN WAS BEHIND IT. SO WHAT CAN I DO? BESIDES SIT HERE ON THE BACK END OF THE WORLD AND TAKE IT LIKE A--

HA. GUESS NEWS HASN'T TRAVELED DOWN HERE YET. DON'T YOU KNOW? OSBORN'S OUT.

WHAT?!

YOU WANNA COME BACK STATESIDE, YOU COULD BE TOP GOBLIN AGAIN. IN FACT...

"...IF YOU'RE WILLING TO SHOW THE KINGPIN YOU KNOW YOUR PLACE IN HIS WORLD..."

"...THERE COULD BE A SPOT FOR YOU IN THE ORGANIZATION. A TOP SPOT. WHAT DO YOU SAY? YOU WANT ANOTHER SHOT AT THE BIG TIME?"

SO?
WHAT'S
THE
JOB?

Tonight. THE FISK BUILDING, A LEGITIMATE HOLDING OF WILSON FISK, THE KINGPIN OF CRIME.

NOT SO FAST, KINGSLEY. YOU'VE VEXED ME IN THE PAST. I RECOGNIZE THAT. ON SOME LEVEL, I ADMIRE IT. TO A POINT.

IF YOU'RE GOING TO TRAIPISE AROUND THIS CITY LIKE A HOBGOBLIN--A SOURCE OF MISCHIEF AND DESTRUCTION...

...IT SHALL BE AS MY HOBGOBLIN. IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?

SURE.

SAY IT.

I'M YOUR HOBGOBLIN.

MONTANA, THE DOSSIER.

EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT YOUR FIRST GIG. CONSIDER IT A TEST. NOW...

"...ANYTHING YOU NEED TO GET 'ER DONE, YOU JUST GIVE A HOLLER."

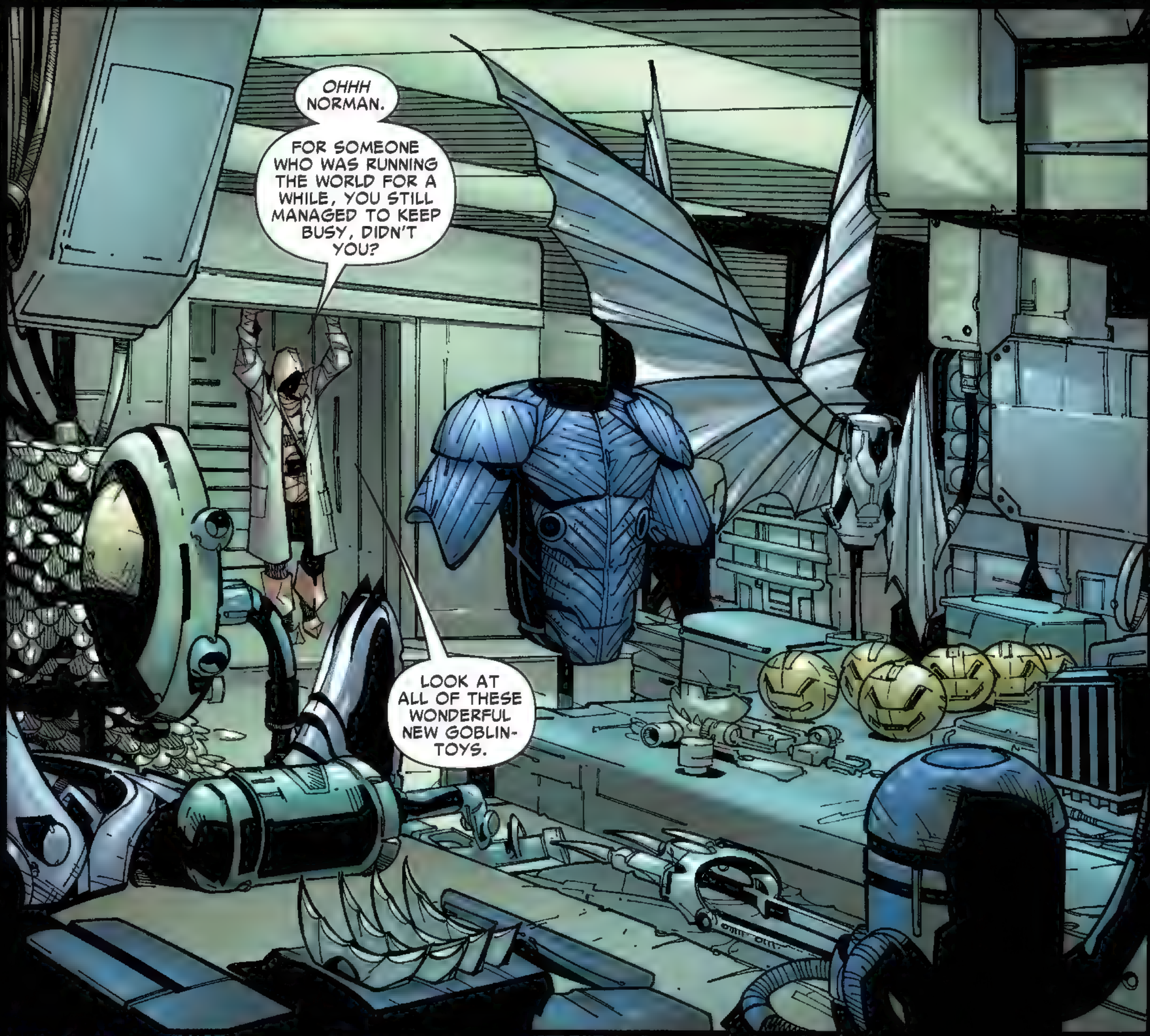
"THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY."

"I ALREADY HAVE A PLACE..."

KLICK

"...FOR MY ONE-STOP SHOPPING."

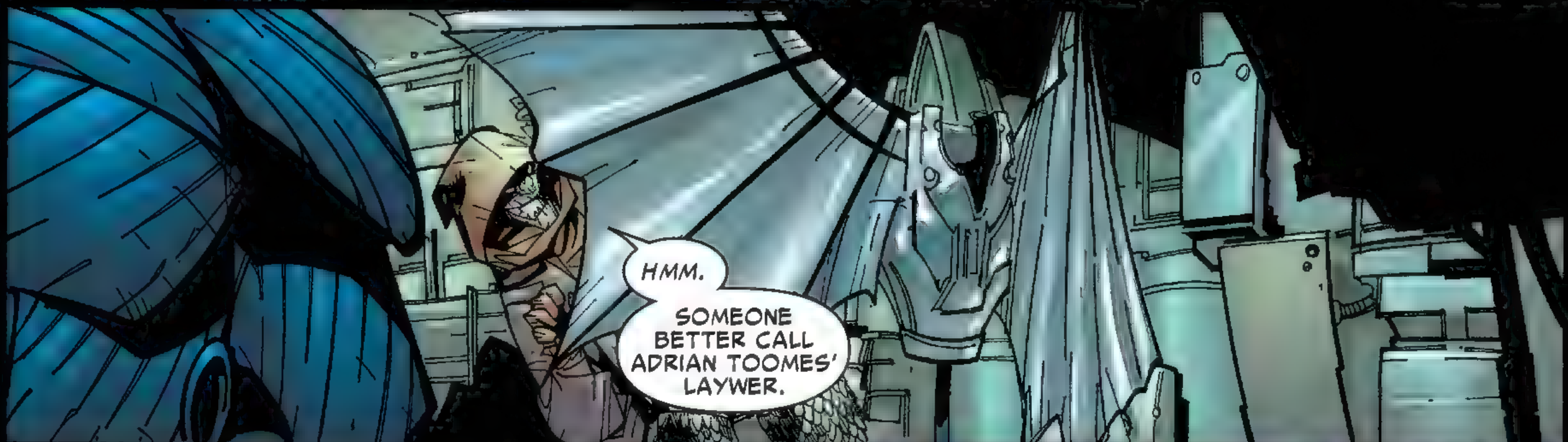
I'M
BA-A-ACK.



OHhh
NORMAN.

FOR SOMEONE
WHO WAS RUNNING
THE WORLD FOR A
WHILE, YOU STILL
MANAGED TO KEEP
BUSY, DIDN'T
YOU?

LOOK AT
ALL OF THESE
WONDERFUL
NEW GOBLIN-
TOYS.



HMM.

SOMEONE
BETTER CALL
ADRIAN TOOMES'
LAWYER.



WHAT
HAVE WE
HERE?



OOH.



NOT
BAD.



REALLY,
OSBORN? YOU
HAVE GOT TO
BE KIDDING
ME.



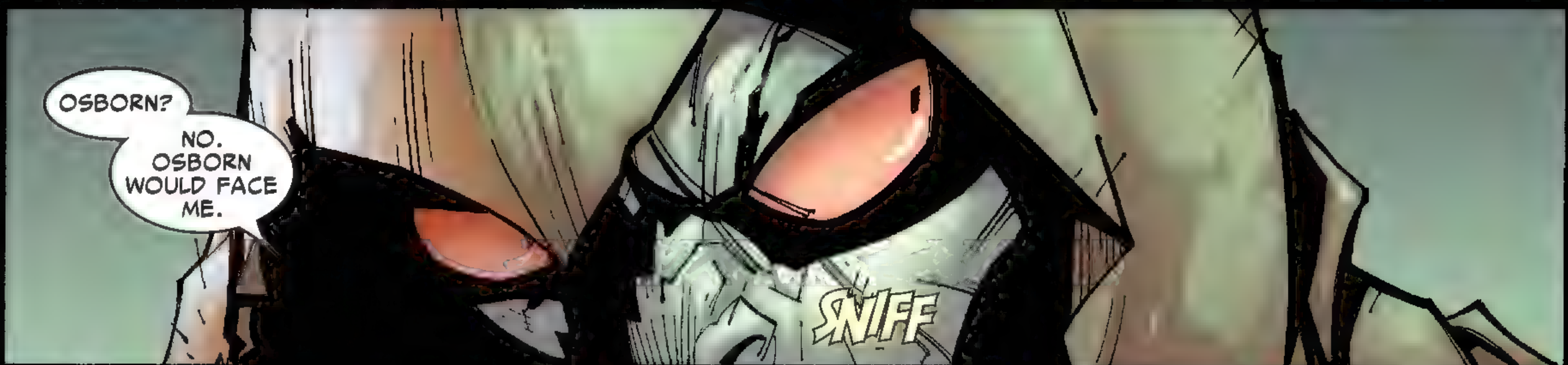
BOOTS
WITH GRAPPLING
CLAWS?

LOOKS
LIKE SOMEONE
HAS A CASE OF
WALL-CRAWLING
ENVY.



SO?
WHAT'S NEXT
ON THE TOUR?
MAYBE A--

FRESHLY
BREWED CUP OF
COFFEE?



OSBORN?
NO.
OSBORN
WOULD FACE
ME.

SNIFF



WHOEVER
YOU ARE--

--SHOW
YOURSELF!

KRRENG

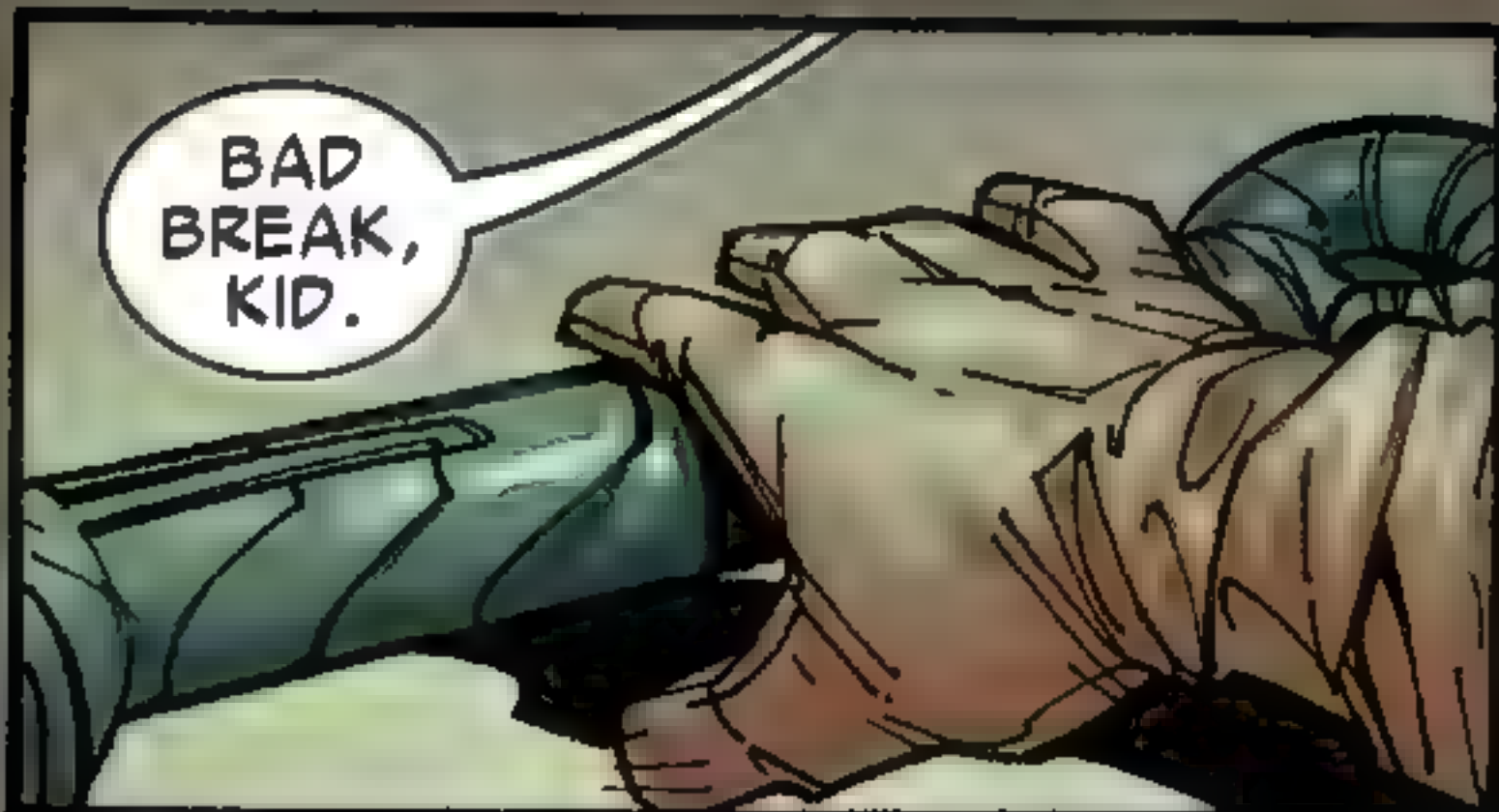


WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE?!

OH GOD!
PLEASE!

I...I'M
PHIL URICH...
TH-THERE'S THIS
GIRL I LIKE. SHE'S
INTO GREEN
GOBLIN STUFF.

I JUST
WANTED--I WAS
GONNA SHOW
HER SOME--



CAN'T HAVE OTHER PEOPLE KNOWING ABOUT THIS WEAPONS CACHE. I'M JUST GETTING STARTED AGAIN--

--AND I CAN'T HAVE SOME SECOND-RATE, WANNABE GOBLIN COMPLICATING THINGS.

WAIT!

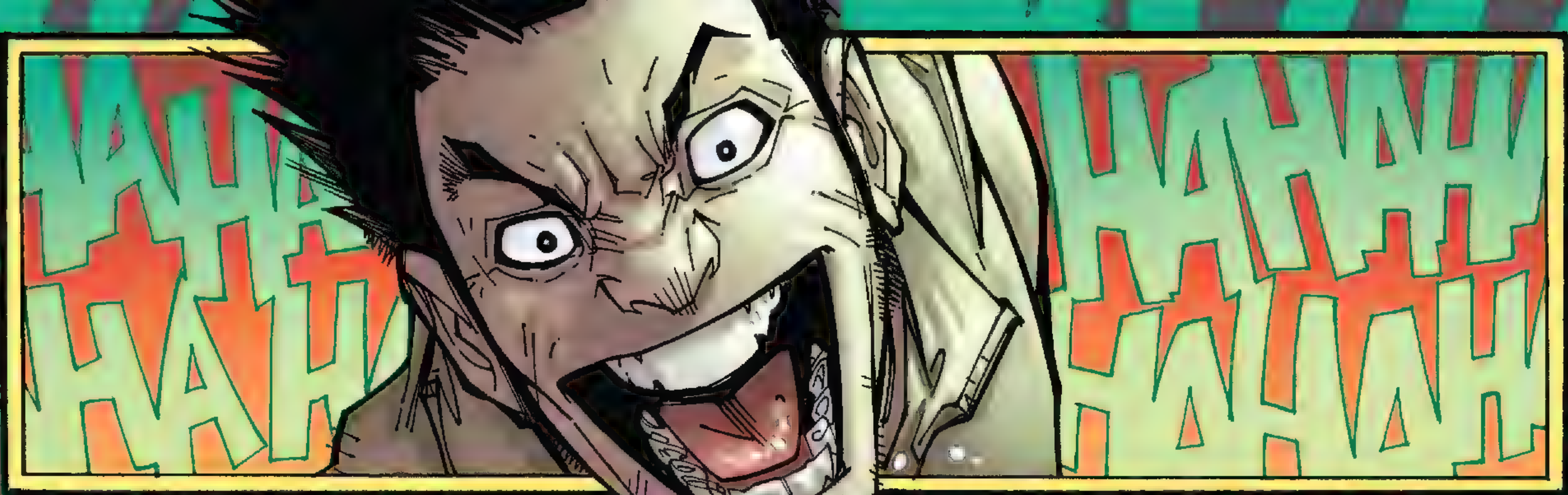


YOU'RE GONNA KILL ME BECAUSE I'M A WANNABE GOBLIN? YOU?!

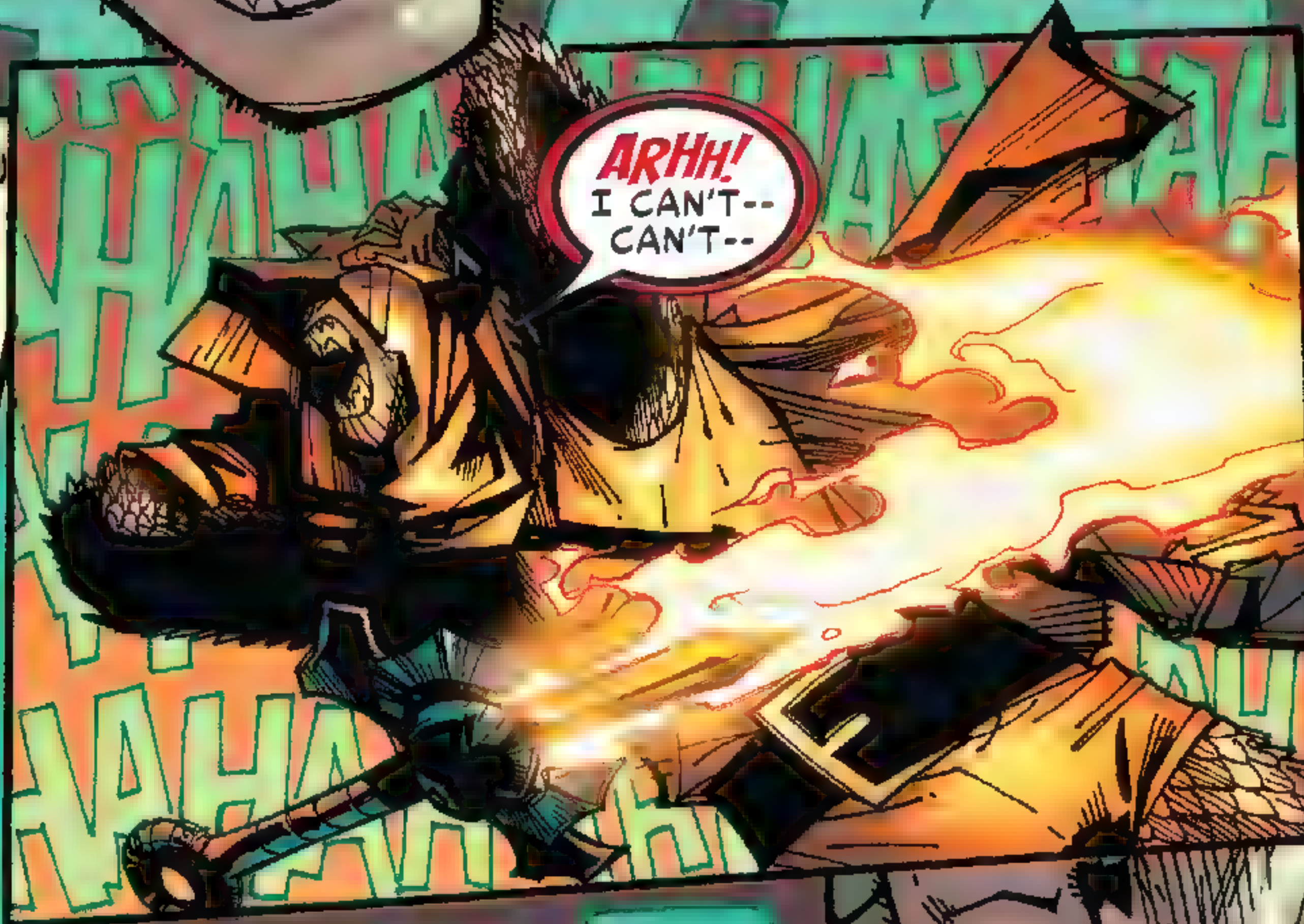
MY LIFE'S A JOKE, AND THAT'S THE PUNCH LINE I'M GOING OUT ON?

KINDA-- HEH--FUNNY WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT. HEH. A REAL SCREAM, ACTUALLY.

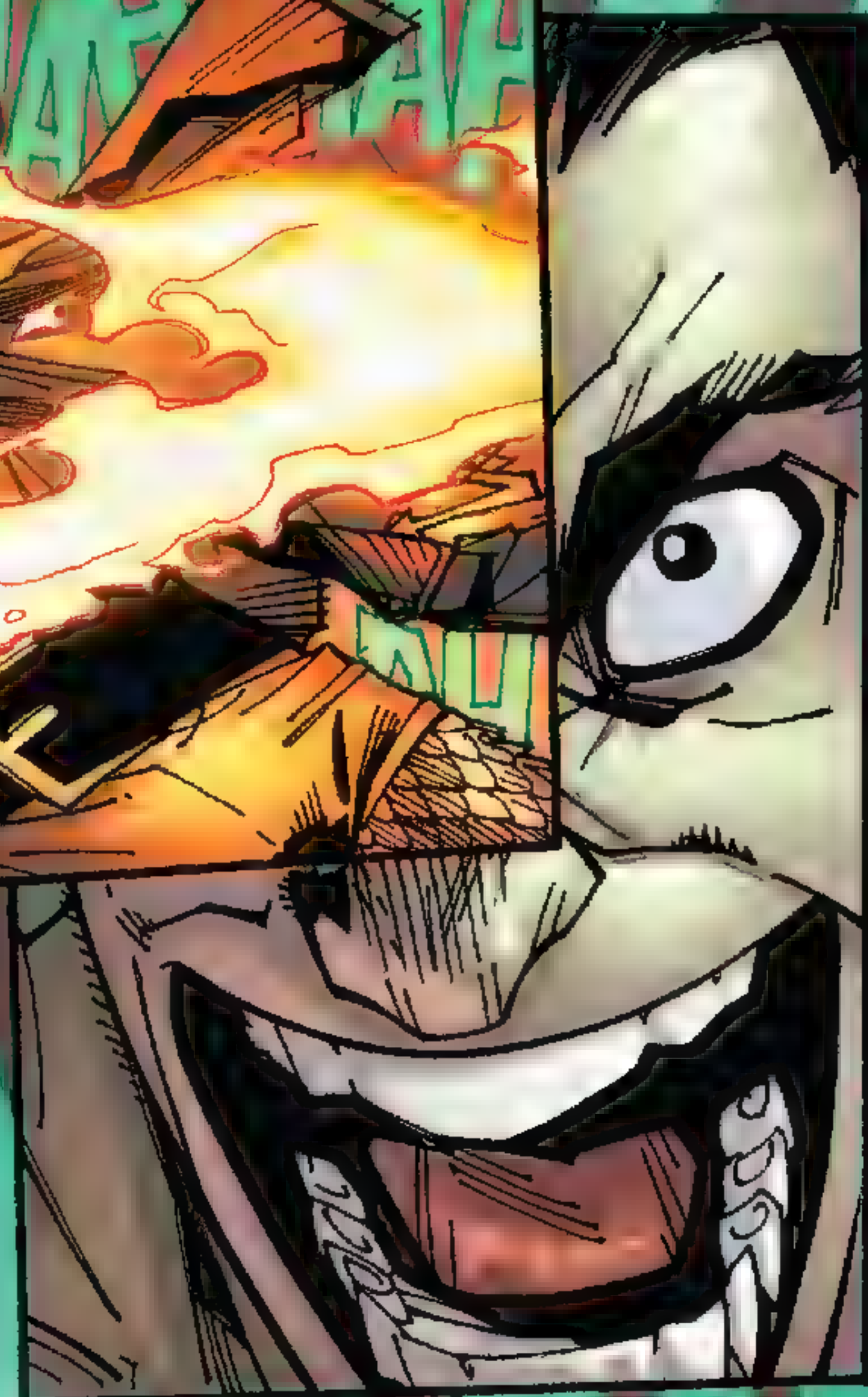
HEH HEH!



GNNH!
WHAT ARE
YOU--?



ARHH!
I CAN'T--
CAN'T--



GWRRAHH!



MY SONIC
SCREAM.

THE
GOBLIN LAUGH.
OUT OF ALL
THE GOBLINS, THAT
WAS SOMETHING
ONLY I COULD
DO.

KNOW
WHAT ELSE
MAKES ME
SPECIAL?

**I'M
THE GOBLIN
WHO ISN'T
DEAD!**

**HA HA
HA!**

BAD BREAK,
PAL! WRONG
PLACE, WRONG
TIME!

SLASHHH

'CAUSE
NOW,
YOU--

--YOU DON'T
GET TO BE ONE
OF THE GOBLINS
WHO COMES
BACK.

S'ALRIGHT?

S'ALRIGHT.

HA HA HA!
I'M KEEPIN'
YOU AS A
PAPERWEIGHT.

While attending a demonstration in radiology, high school student Peter Parker was bitten by a spider which had accidentally been exposed to radioactive rays. Through a miracle of science, Peter soon found that he had gained the Spider's powers... and had, in effect, become a human spider! From that day on he was...

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

KILL TO BE YOU

DAN SLOTT

writer

HUMBERTO RAMOS

pencils

CARLOS CUEVAS

inks

EDGAR DELGADO

colors

UC'S JOE CARAMAGNA

letters

TOM BRENNAN

associate editor

STEPHEN WACKER

senior editor

TOM BREVOORT

executive editor

JOE QUESADA

editor in chief

DAN BUCKLEY

publisher

ALAN FINE

executive producer

PREVIOUSLY...

After leading the Avengers to save New York from Doctor Octopus's Octobots, Peter Parker went home to discover he'd lost his lease and needed a new place to live.

Marla Jameson, First Lady of New York and stepdaughter-in-law to Peter's Aunt May, put him in contact with Horizon Labs, a think tank for offbeat technowizards like Peter.

With a new job and a new girlfriend, CSI Sleuth Carlie Cooper, Pete may have finally hit the Big Time...

Brooklyn.
A BIKER BAR NEAR
THE EAST RIVER.

NOW DON'T
GET ME WRONG.
YOU'VE GOT A SWEET
RIDE. AWESOME TATS.
AND PURPLE AND
GREEN?

TOTALLY
YOUR COLORS.
THEY BRING OUT
YOUR EYES. BUT
WHAT I DON'T
GET IS--

WHY ALL
THE LOVE FOR
NORMAN OSBORN?
WHERE DOES
THAT COME
FROM?

'CAUSE
THE OZ
GOT IT RIGHT.
DUDE KEPT
EVERYBODY
IN LINE.

AND HE
DIDN'T PUT UP
WITH FOREIGNERS,
LIKE THOSE
ASGARDIANS,
HANGING OUT
ON AMERICAN
SOIL!

HELL
BROOKLYN

AMERICA'S
FOR
AMERICANS!

WHITE
AMERICANS!

WAIT. YOU WANT
AMERICA FOR
WHITES...

...SO YOU WANT TO
KICK OUT ALL THE
BLOND HAIR, BLUE
EYED VIKING
GODS?

UM...
THAT'S A
GOOD POINT.
SHE'S
SMART.

MAYBE
TOO
SMART.

WHOA!
HANDS
OFF!

LOOK AT THIS! SHE'S
RECORDING EVERYTHING.
YOU A COP?!

NO! I'M
A REPORTER FOR
THE DAILY BUGLE. I'M
JUST TRYING TO DO A
STORY ON GOBLIN
CULTURE. WHO YOU
GUYS ARE, AND WHY
YOU DO WHAT
YOU--

YOU WANNA LEARN
HOW GOBLINS
ROLL? I'LL
SHOW YOU!

AAAND
THAT'S
MY CUE.

THWIP

WE GOT
A SPECIAL
RITUAL FOR HOW
WE TREAT PRETTY,
LITTLE BLONDE
THINGS.

AAAAH

OOH.
SOMEBODY'S
GONNA
GET IT.



Boo!

GEEZ,
WEBS...

I KNOW
SAVING ME
IS TURNING INTO
A REGULAR
GIG FOR
YOU...

...BUT DID
YOU HAVE
TO BRING A
DATE?

IT'S
NOT A DATE,
NORAH. IT'S
A SIDEKICK-
THING.



OH, HE WISHES IT WERE A DATE. DON'T YOU, SPIDER?

Y'KNOW WHAT I WISH, CAT? THAT FOR ONCE...

...JUST ONCE, I COULD FIGURE OUT WHY THERE'RE IDIOTS OUT THERE...

...WHO STILL LOOK UP TO NORMAN OSBORN!

UGKK!



SERIOUSLY, THIS IS HOW CAPTAIN AMERICA MUST FEEL WHEN HE FIGHTS NEO-NAZIS!

DON'T YOU GUYS GET IT? YOU BACKED THE WRONG HORSE! YOUR GUY LOST!

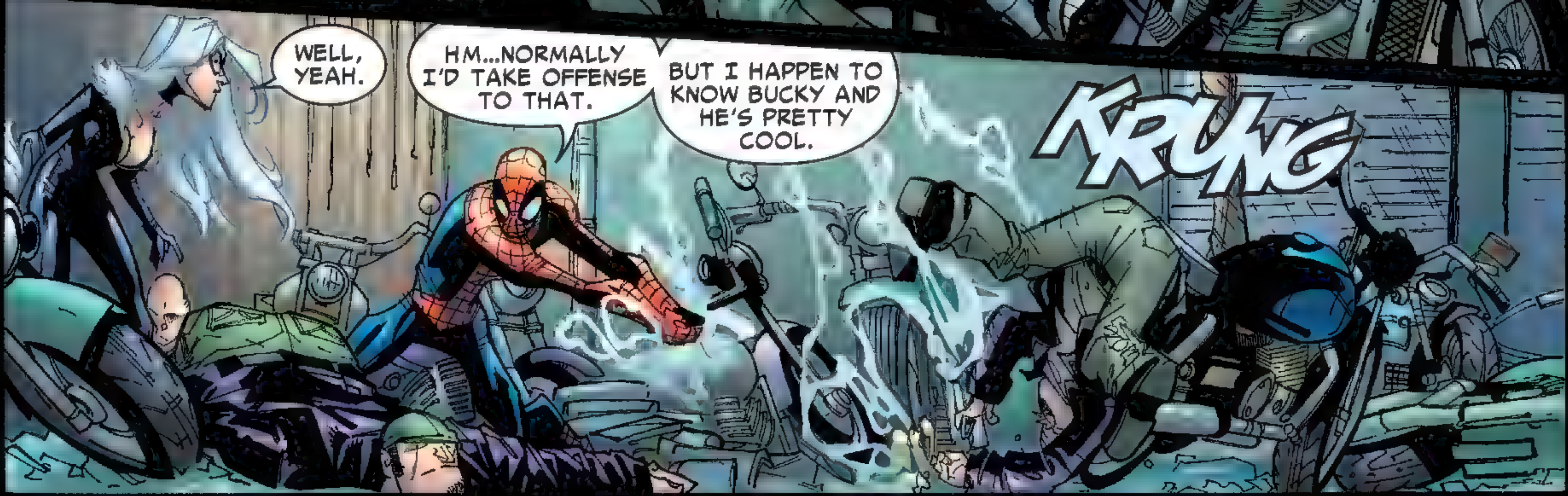
WAKK



HEY, WHY ARE YOU CAP IN THIS SCENARIO?

HOLD ON. YOU THINK I'M THE SIDEKICK? I'M THE "BUCKY"? ME?

THWAP



WELL, YEAH.

HM...NORMALLY I'D TAKE OFFENSE TO THAT.

BUT I HAPPEN TO KNOW BUCKY AND HE'S PRETTY COOL.

KRUNG

I SHOULD CHARGE FOR THIS.

THERE ARE PEOPLE ON THE BLACK CAT WEB FORUMS THAT'D PAY GOOD MONEY FOR WHAT YOU'RE GETTING HERE FOR FREE.

SO, CAT, MY FOLLOWERS WOULD LIKE TO KNOW...

...IS THIS OFFICIAL? ARE YOU AND SPIDER-MAN A HERO-SLASH-SIDEKICK TEAM NOW?

YEAH. WE'RE GONNA DOUBLE UP FOR A WHILE.

THE HOPE IS THAT SOME OF SPIDEY'S AVENGERS CRED WILL RUB OFF ON MOI.

AND THAT'S THE ONLY THING SPIDEY'LL RUB OFF ON YOU?

HEY!

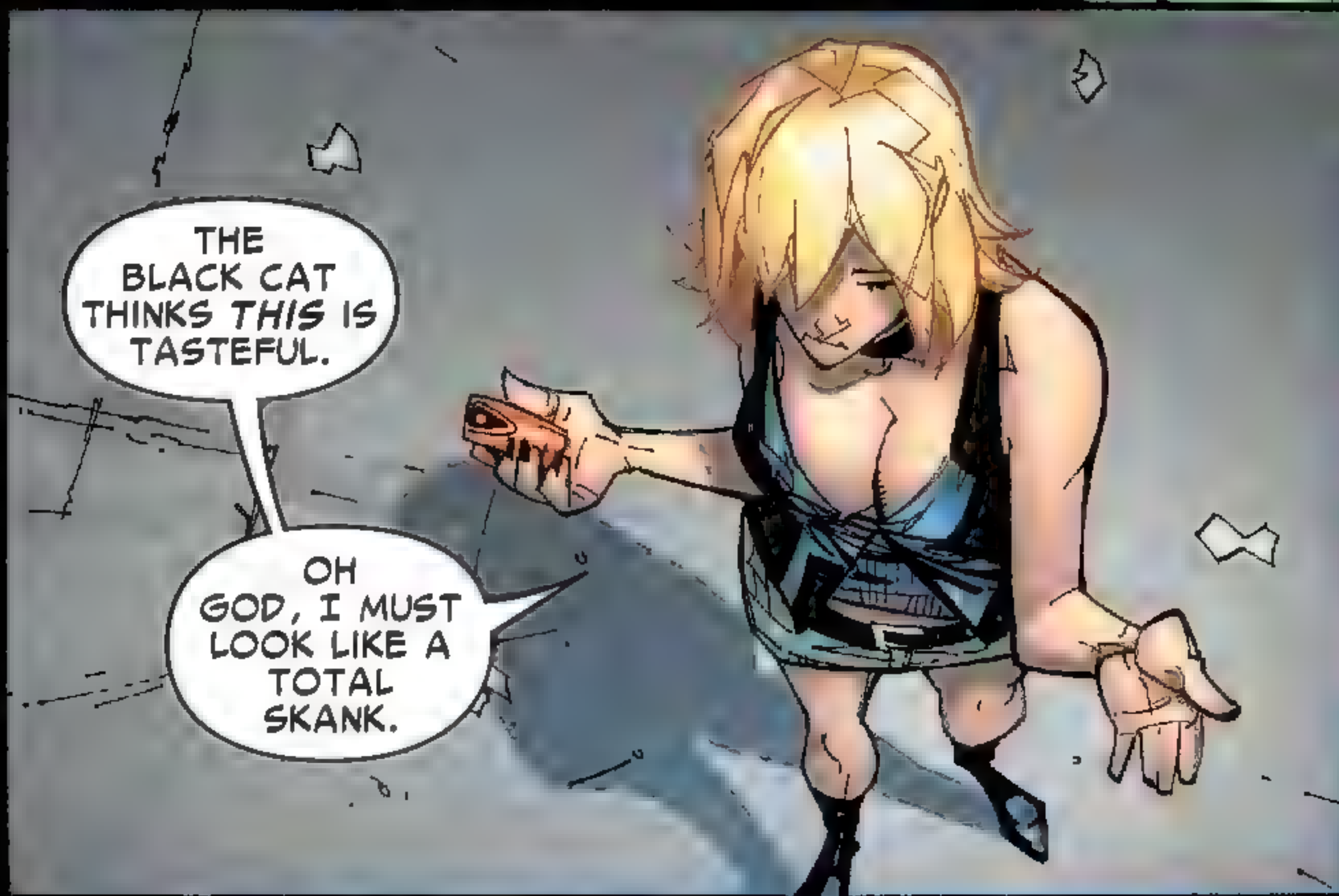
THIS IS STRICTLY PROFESSIONAL. BESIDES...

...I THINK SPIDER'S ALREADY HOOKED UP WITH SOMEBODY.

REALLY?

GIRLS!

CAN WE NOT TALK ABOUT MY LOVE LIFE WHILE I'M BEATING UP THE GANG BANGERS? PLEASE?!



Midtown.

PETER PARKER'S PARK AVENUE HOTEL SUITE.

HOME,
SWEET HIGH-
PRICED
HOME.

HARD TO BELIEVE
FOR ONCE I'M
LIVING THE HIGH LIFE--
AND ON MY OWN DIME.

NOW WHETHER
I CAN **KEEP**
PAYING FOR IT IS
ANOTHER STORY.

THAT ALL DEPENDS
IF I CAN PULL OFF
THIS DREAM JOB AT
HORIZON LABS...

**KNOCK
KNOCK**

HUH?
WHO COULD
THAT BE?

WOW.

THE
ROOM SERVICE
HERE IS
INCREDIBLE!

I WAS JUST
ABOUT TO ORDER
SOME CARLIE
COOPER.

HEY, PETE. I WAS
IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD
AND--WELL--WITH
HOW CRAZY OUR
SCHEDULES
HAVE BEEN...

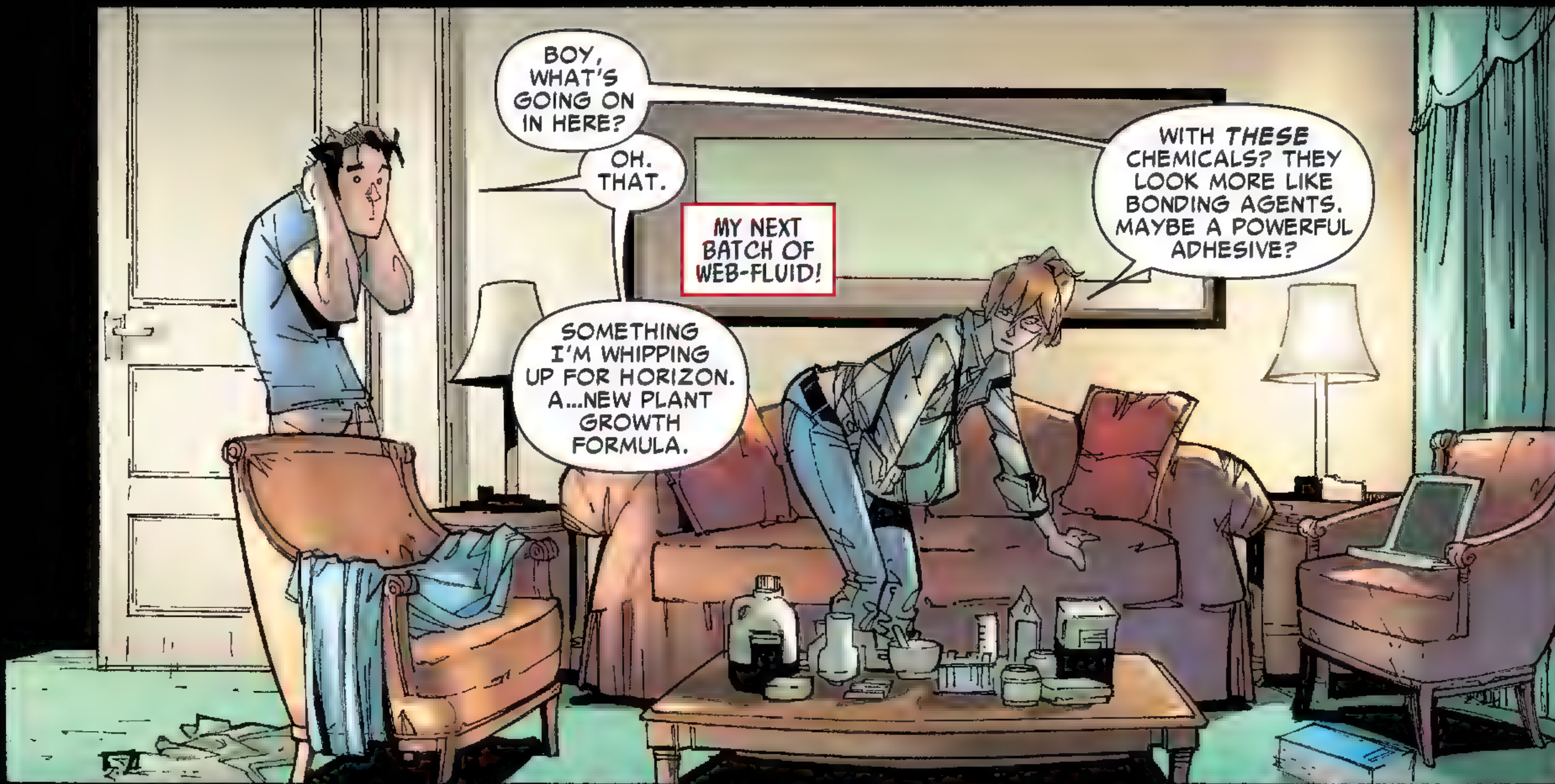
ME
WORKING ON
CASES, YOU
GETTING READY
FOR YOUR
NEW JOB...

...WE'VE
BARELY HAD
A MOMENT. HOPE
YOU DON'T MIND.
I BROUGHT
NETFLIX.

SOUNDS
GREAT.

YOU
SURE?

YEAH.
I LOVE
SURPRISES.



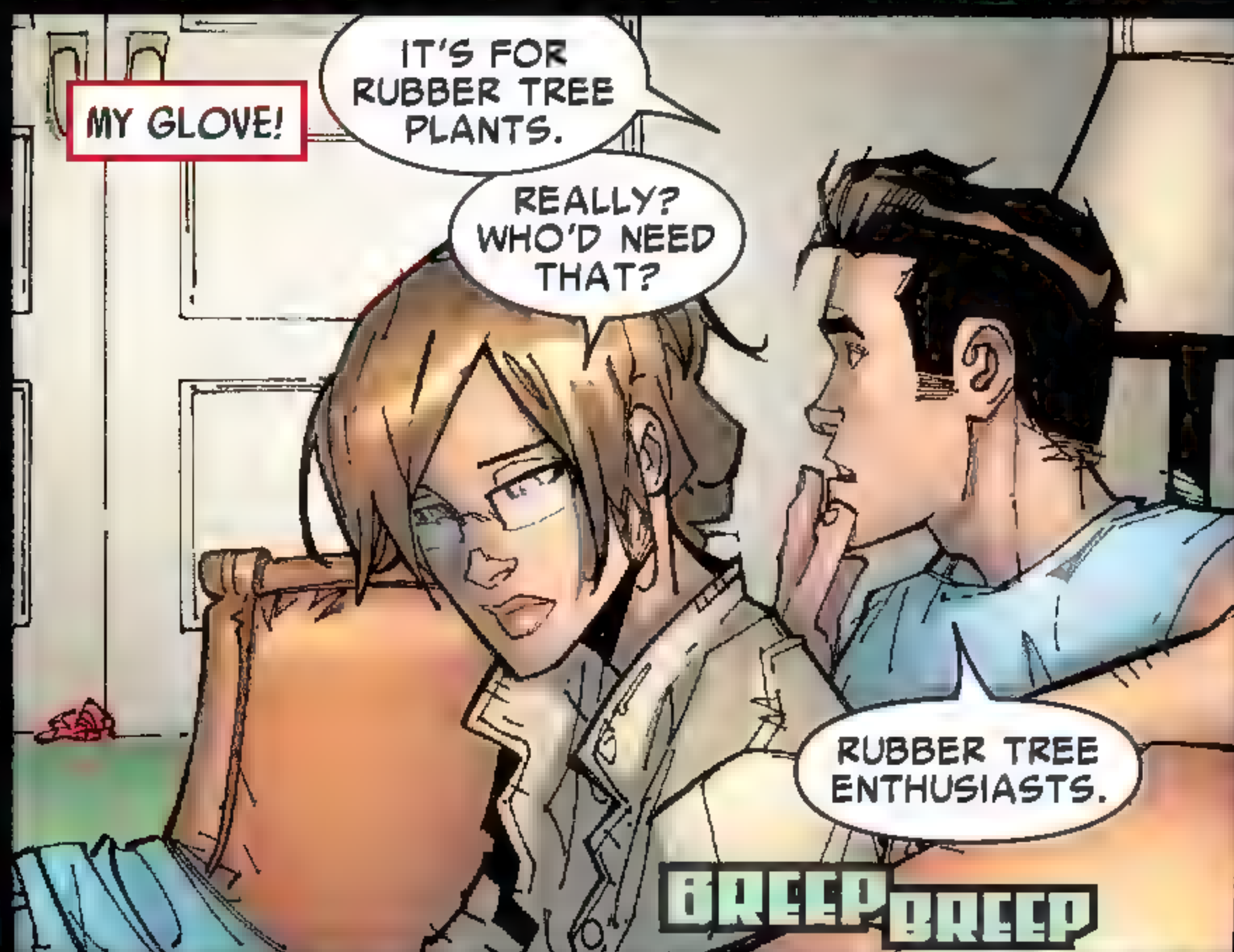
BOY, WHAT'S GOING ON IN HERE?

OH. THAT.

MY NEXT BATCH OF WEB-FLUID!

SOMETHING I'M WHIPPING UP FOR HORIZON. A...NEW PLANT GROWTH FORMULA.

WITH *THESE* CHEMICALS? THEY LOOK MORE LIKE BONDING AGENTS. MAYBE A POWERFUL ADHESIVE?



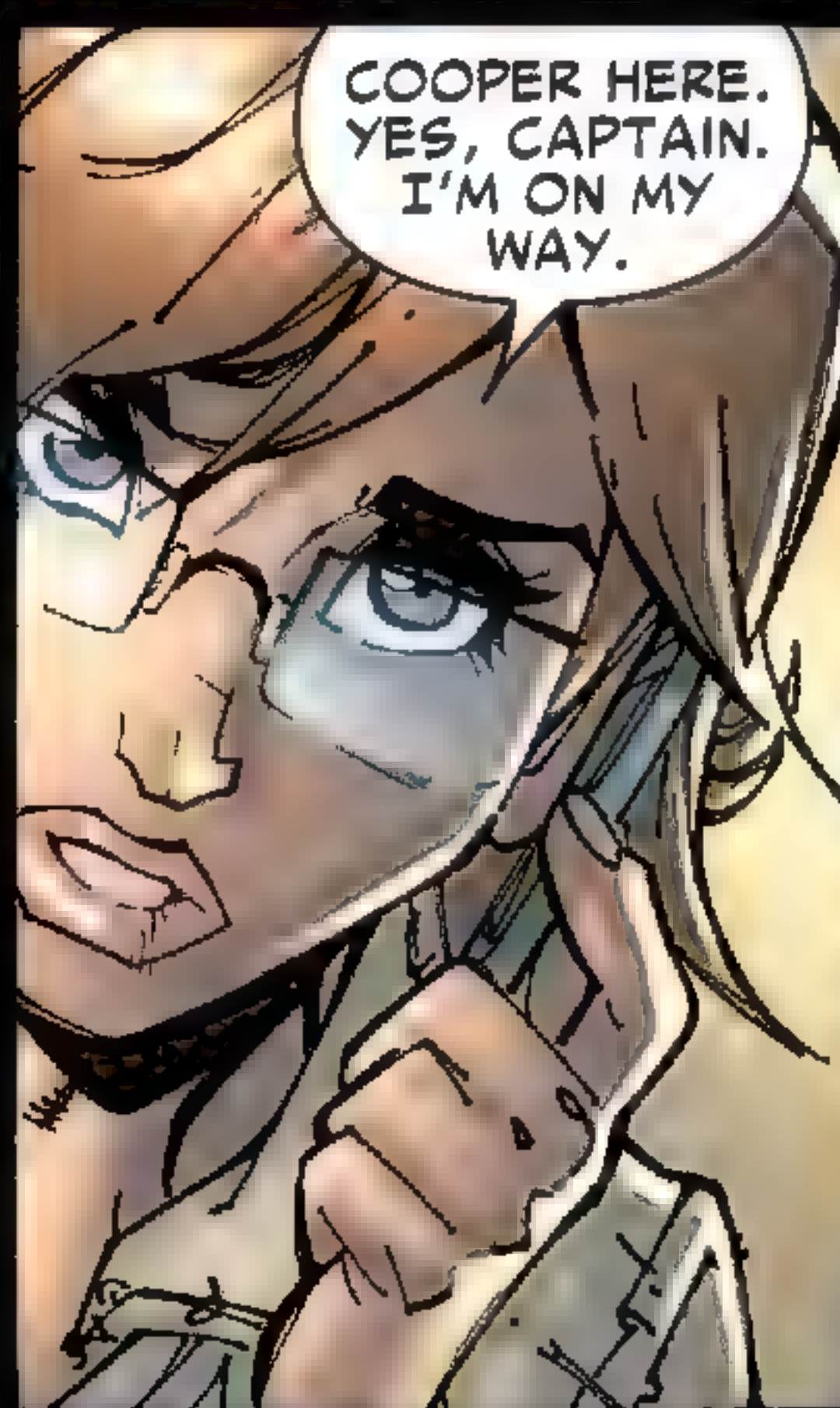
MY GLOVE!

IT'S FOR RUBBER TREE PLANTS.

REALLY? WHO'D NEED THAT?

RUBBER TREE ENTHUSIASTS.

BREEP BREEP



COOPER HERE. YES, CAPTAIN. I'M ON MY WAY.



I'M SORRY, PETE. I GOTTA GO.

SO SOON?



APPARENTLY SPIDER-MAN AND THE BLACK CAT TOOK OUT SOME BIKER GANG.

IT'S A SUPERHUMAN CRIME SCENE, SO I'VE GOTTA CHECK IT OUT.

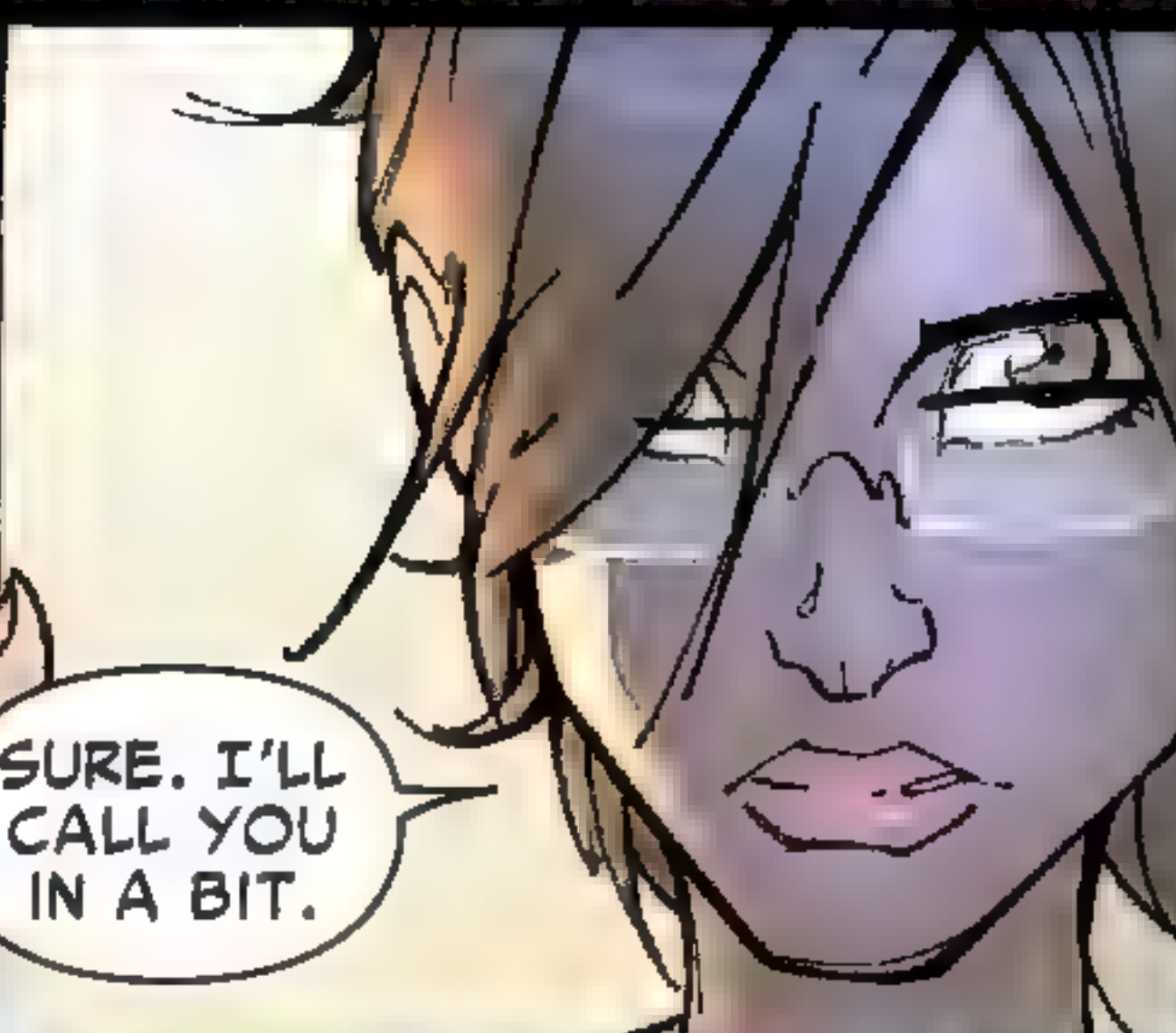
Y'KNOW, YOU'RE ALWAYS DOING THIS TO ME. SOME SUPER HERO DOES SOMETHING...

...AND YOU RUN OUT ON ME.

SORRY, PETE.



HEY, I UNDERSTAND. ANOTHER TIME?



SURE. I'LL CALL YOU IN A BIT.



THAT WAS *CLOSE!* DATING A FORENSIC SCIENTIST? WHAT WAS I THINKING?!

HOW CAN I *BE* SPIDEY *AND* KEEP SEEING A C.S.I. INVESTIGATOR?

HOW IN THE WORLD AM I GOING TO PULL THIS OFF?

Midtown.

THE BRAND NEW OFFICES
OF THE DAILY BUGLE

HERE WE
GO, PEOPLE. WE
ARE ONE KEYSTROKE
AWAY FROM GOING
LIVE. REMEMBER,
WE MAY BE
SMALL...

...THAT
JUST MEANS
WE'RE NIMBLE.
WE'RE LEAN. WE'RE
GREEN. WE'RE
AGGRESSIVELY
DIGITAL!

BUT MOST
OF ALL--WE ARE
HISTORY! WE ARE
LEGACY! WE ARE
THE BUGLE!

WE'RE THE
REVEILLE THAT
WAKES THIS CITY
UP! WHO ARE
WE?!

We
are the
Bugle!

WE'RE THE
CLARION CALL
THAT DRIVES MEN
TO ACTION! WHO
ARE WE?!

WE...
ARE THE
BUGLE!

...MR.
ROBERTSON,
SIR.

ALL
RIGHT, LET'S
DO THIS!

DAILY

BUGLE

UM...HEY,
NORAH.

OH. PHIL.
DIDN'T SEE YOU
THERE. LOOK, THIS
ISN'T A GOOD
TIME.

BUT THERE'S
SOMETHING I
HAVE TO--ALL
THIS GOBLIN STUFF
YOU'RE LOOKING
INTO--I
JUST--

I TOOK
DOWN THE
HOBGOBLIN! ME,
PHIL URICH! AND I
FOUND OSBORN'S
SECRET LAIR!

AND I DID
IT 'CAUSE OF
YOU. ALL BECAUSE
I WANTED YOU
TO THINK
I WAS...

I...I WAS WONDERING
IF YOU NEEDED
ANY MORE STUFF
MOVED.

NOPE. WE'RE
ALL MOVED IN.
WE'RE GOOD. THANKS
FOR THAT. GOTTA
WORK NOW. BYE.



BEN, YOU KNOW THAT GOBLIN PIECE, I THINK IT'S A BUST.

JUST A BUNCH OF POSERS. SPIDER-MAN BEAT THE SNOT OUT OF 'EM. END OF STORY.

YOU SURE, NORAH? YOU WERE SO EXCITED ABOUT IT.

WHAT CAN I TELL YOU? THIS STORY JUST DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH "GOBLIN JUICE."



SO DAD, HOW'D THE OL' KNUTE ROCKNE SPEECH GO?

NOT BAD AT ALL. IT'LL SOUND BETTER IN THE MOVIE WHEN THEY GET DENZEL.

WHAT BRINGS YOU AROUND, RANDY? AS IF I DIDN'T KNOW.



YEAH, YEAH. I'M HERE TO SEE NORAH. BUT THERE'S ALWAYS TIME FOR THE OLD MAN.

STILL DATING THE BOSS' SON? AND HERE I THOUGHT YOU WERE SMART, WINTERS.

I'M NOT THAT KINDA GIRL, BEN. IT'S WAY MORE ABOUT HIS WASHBOARD ABS AND HIS ENORMOUS...



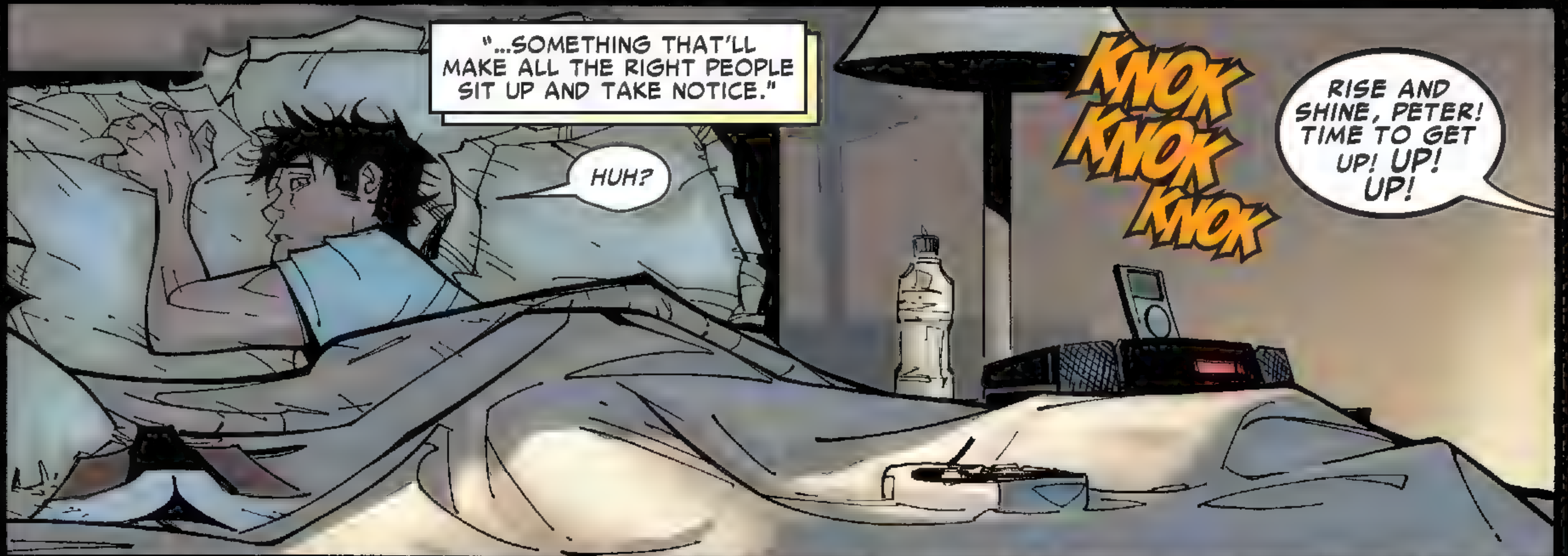
PHIL! SORRY, DIDN'T SEE YOU THERE. HOW'S MY FAVORITE NEPHEW?

FINE, UNCLE BEN.



I'VE BEEN MEANING TO ASK YOU, ARE YOU STILL LOOKING FOR WORK? WE COULD ALWAYS USE SOME GOFERS AROUND HERE.

ACTUALLY, I'VE GOT A LINE ON A PRETTY SWEET GIG...

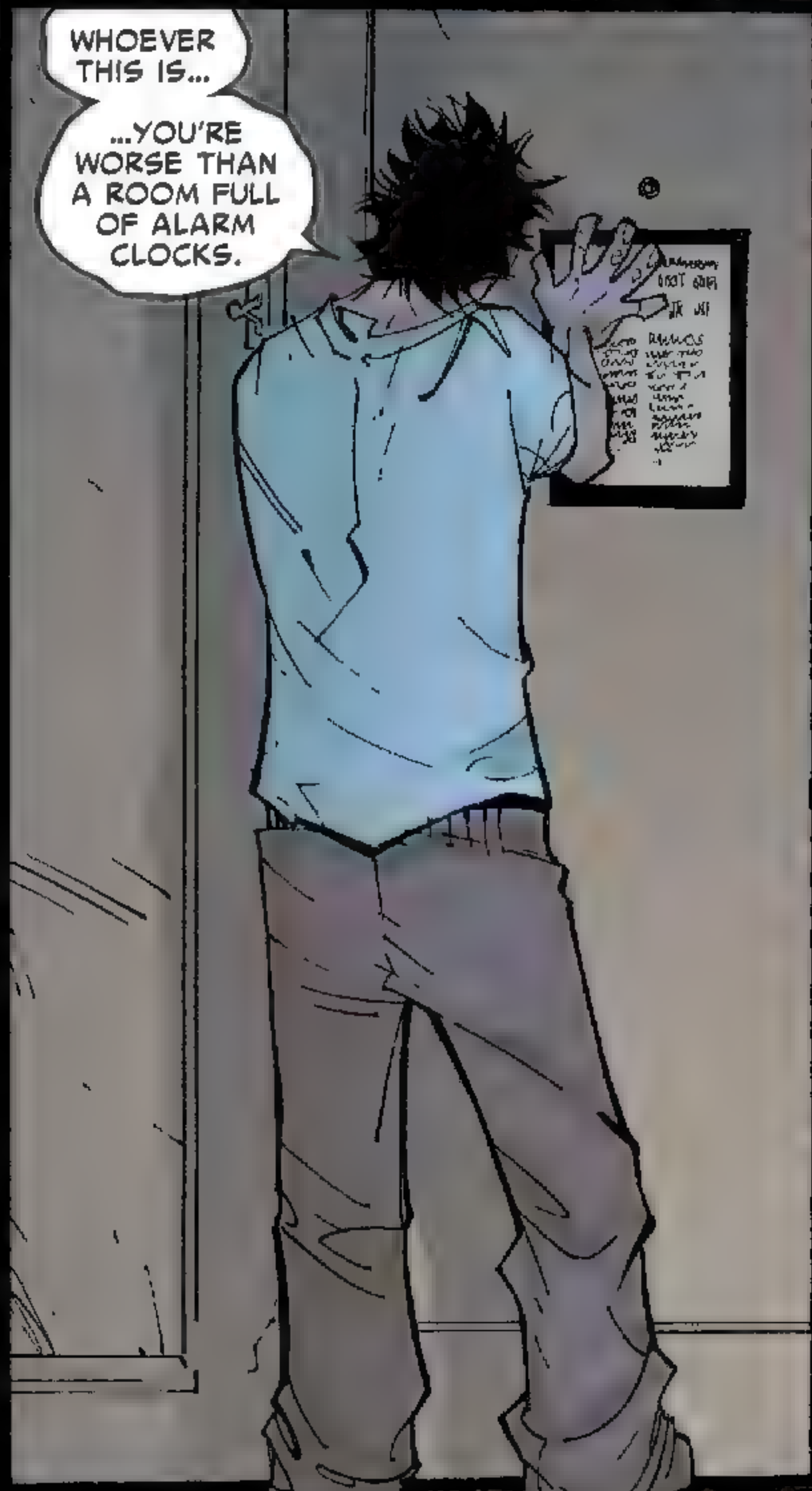


"...SOMETHING THAT'LL MAKE ALL THE RIGHT PEOPLE SIT UP AND TAKE NOTICE."

HUH?

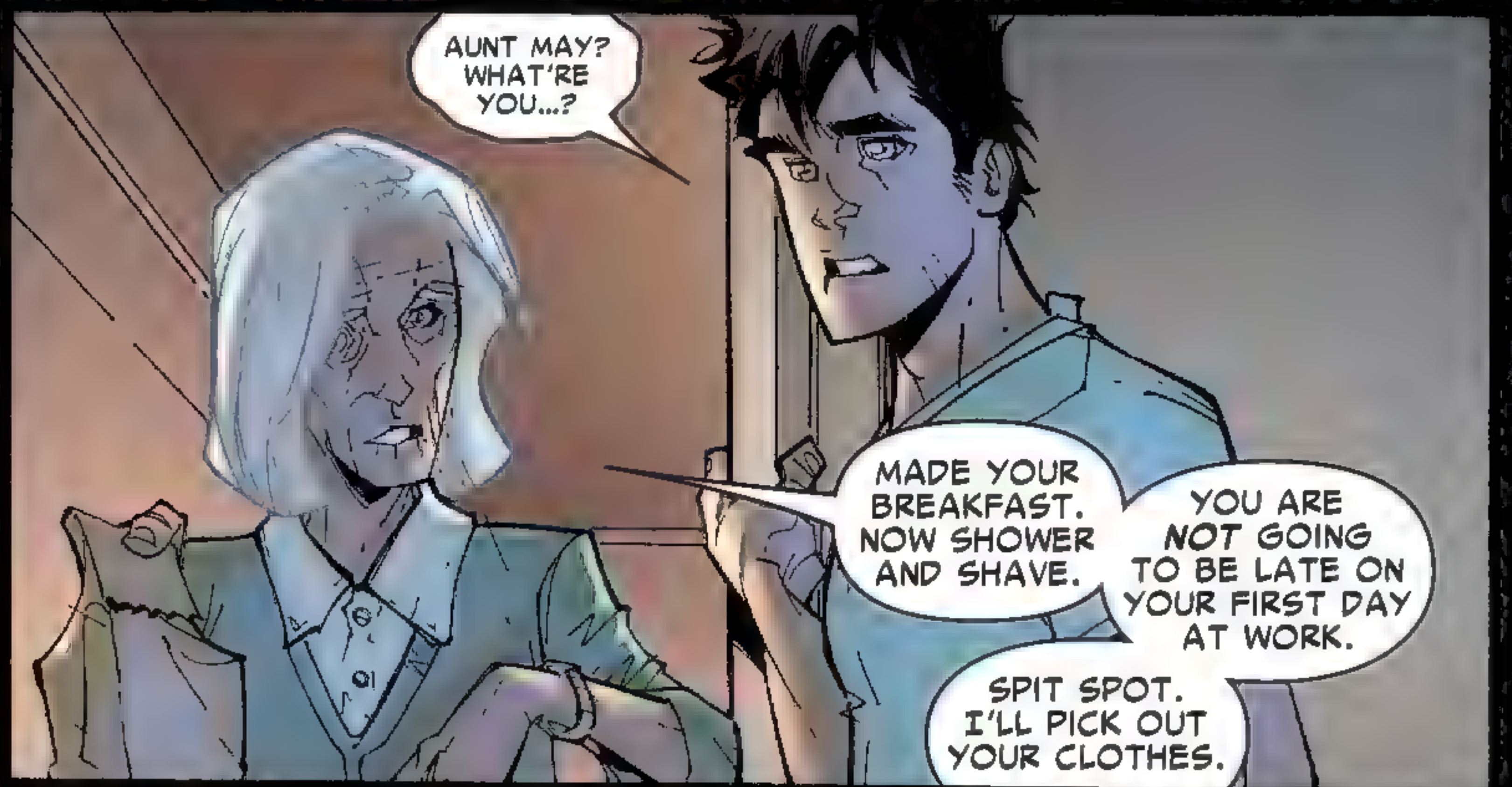
**KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK**

RISE AND SHINE, PETER! TIME TO GET UP! UP! UP!



WHOEVER THIS IS...

...YOU'RE WORSE THAN A ROOM FULL OF ALARM CLOCKS.



AUNT MAY? WHAT'RE YOU...?

MADE YOUR BREAKFAST. NOW SHOWER AND SHAVE.

YOU ARE NOT GOING TO BE LATE ON YOUR FIRST DAY AT WORK.

SPIT SPOT. I'LL PICK OUT YOUR CLOTHES.



WHAT?! NO! I CAN PICK MY OWN CLOTHES!

SHOWER. SHAVE. NOW!

STAY OUT OF MY CLOSET!

OH, DEAR. IT'S THE PORNOGRAPHY, ISN'T IT?

YES! IT'S PORN! MOUNTAINS OF PORN!

I'LL BE OUTSIDE.



SHOOT ME. NOW.

IT'S MY NEPHEW'S FIRST DAY. HE'S GOING TO WORK AT HORIZON LABS.

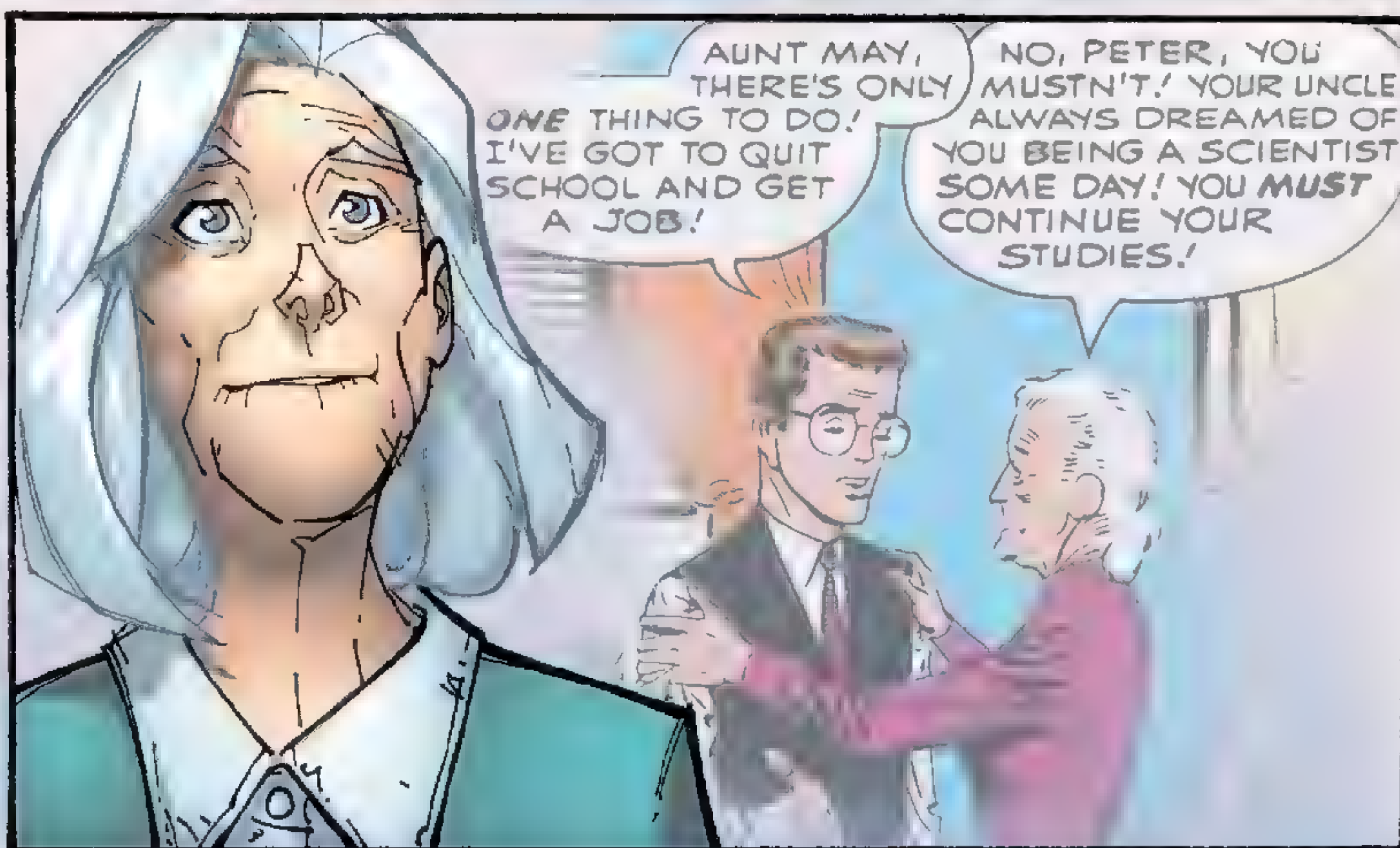
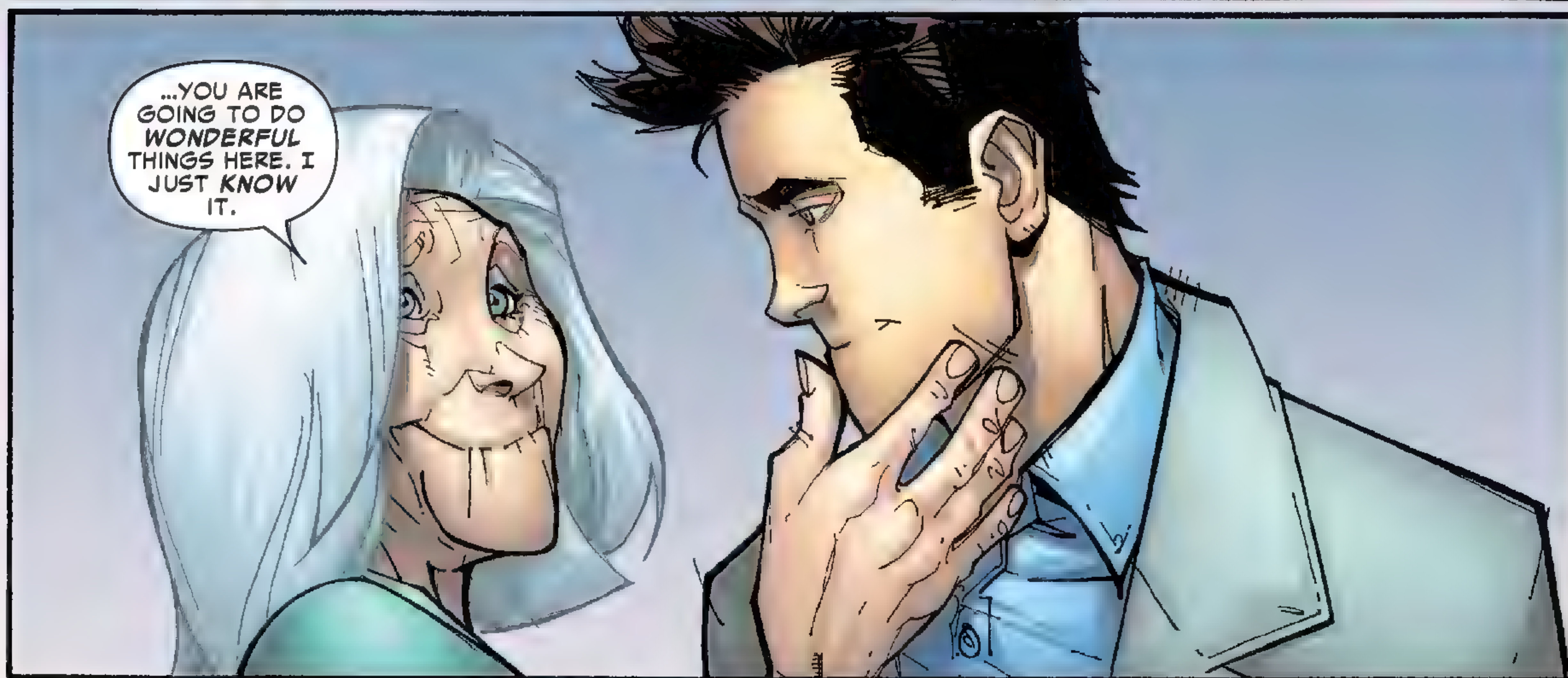
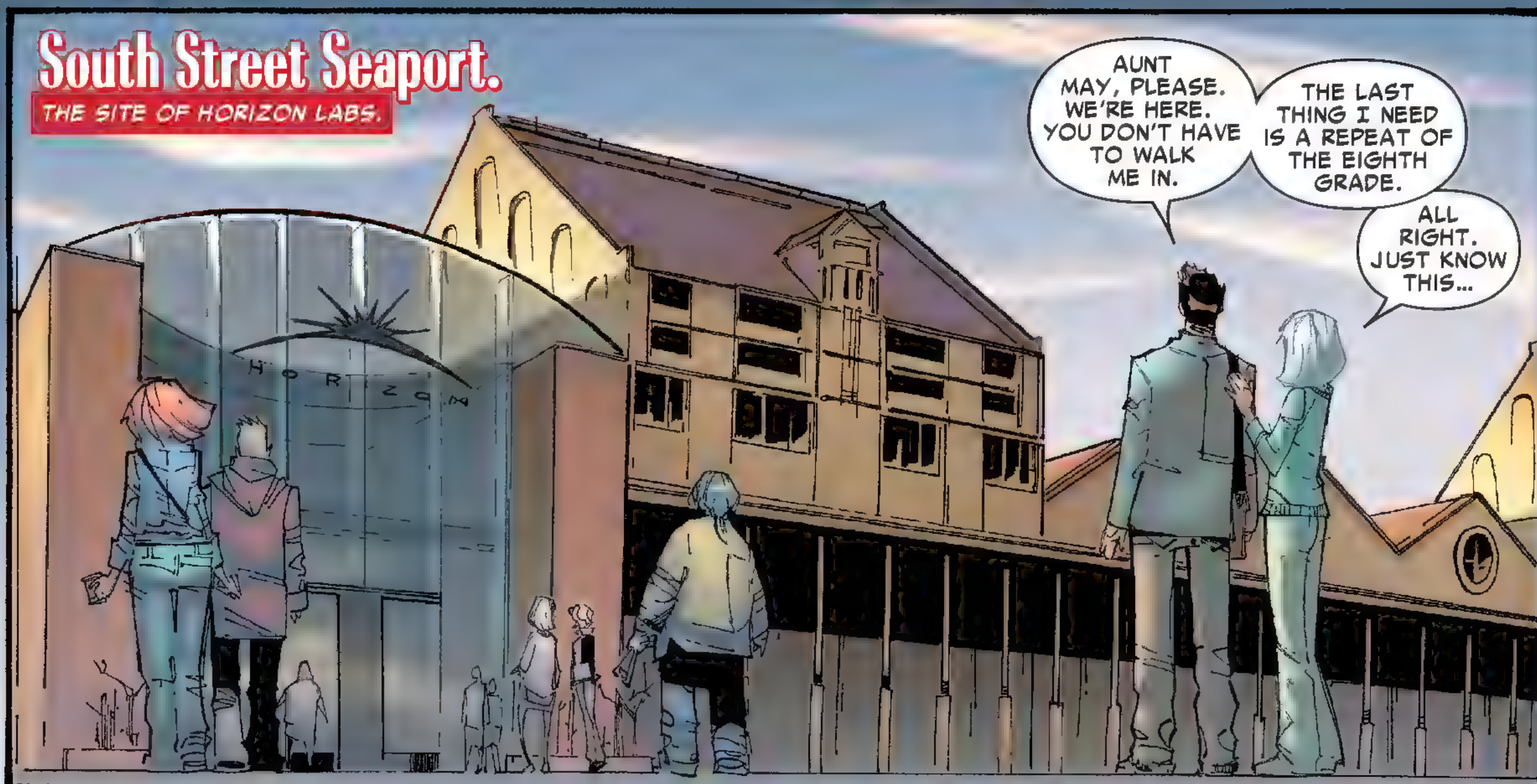
OH, YES. HE'S GOING TO INVENT ALL KINDS OF E-PADS AND E-PHONES AND E-MAILS.

IMPRESSIVE.

IS HE SEEING ANYONE?

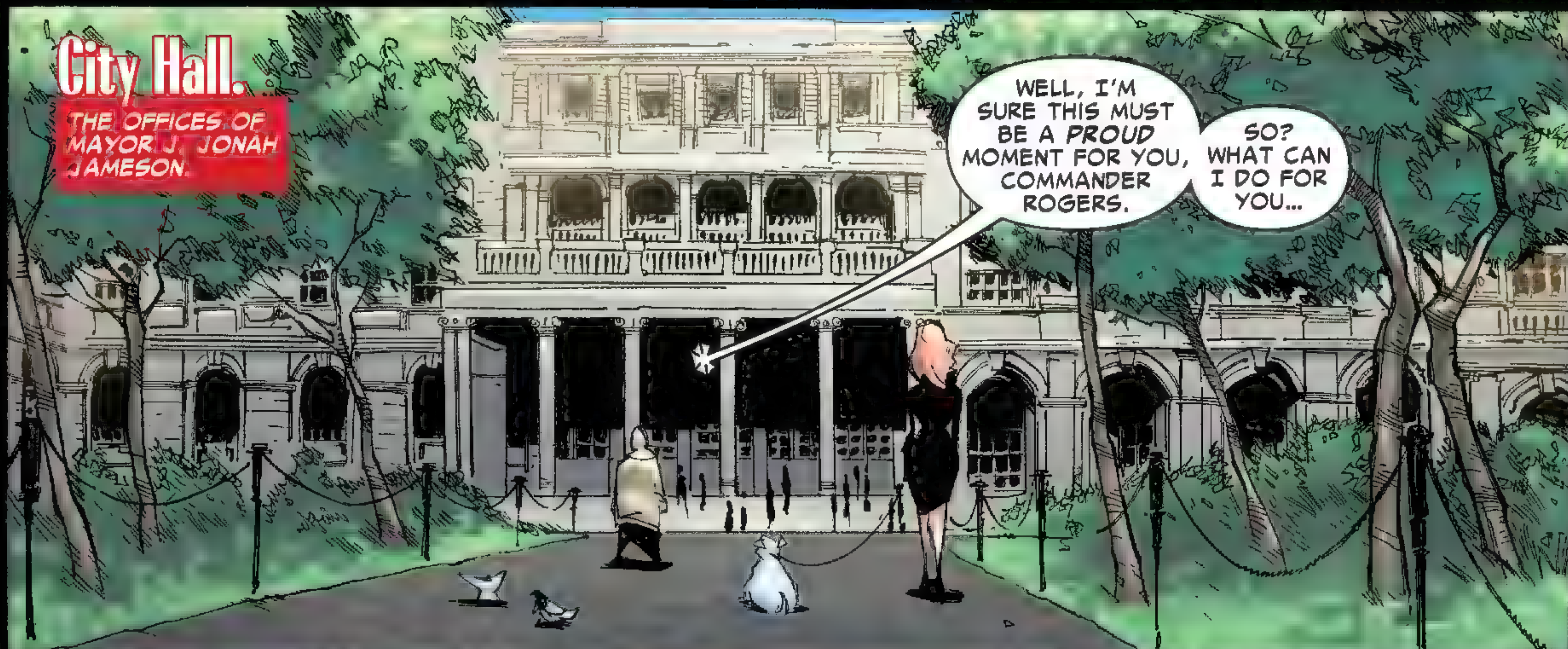
South Street Seaport.

THE SITE OF HORIZON LABS.



City Hall.

THE OFFICES OF
MAYOR J. JONAH
JAMESON.



WELL, I'M SURE THIS MUST BE A PROUD MOMENT FOR YOU, COMMANDER ROGERS.

SO? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU...

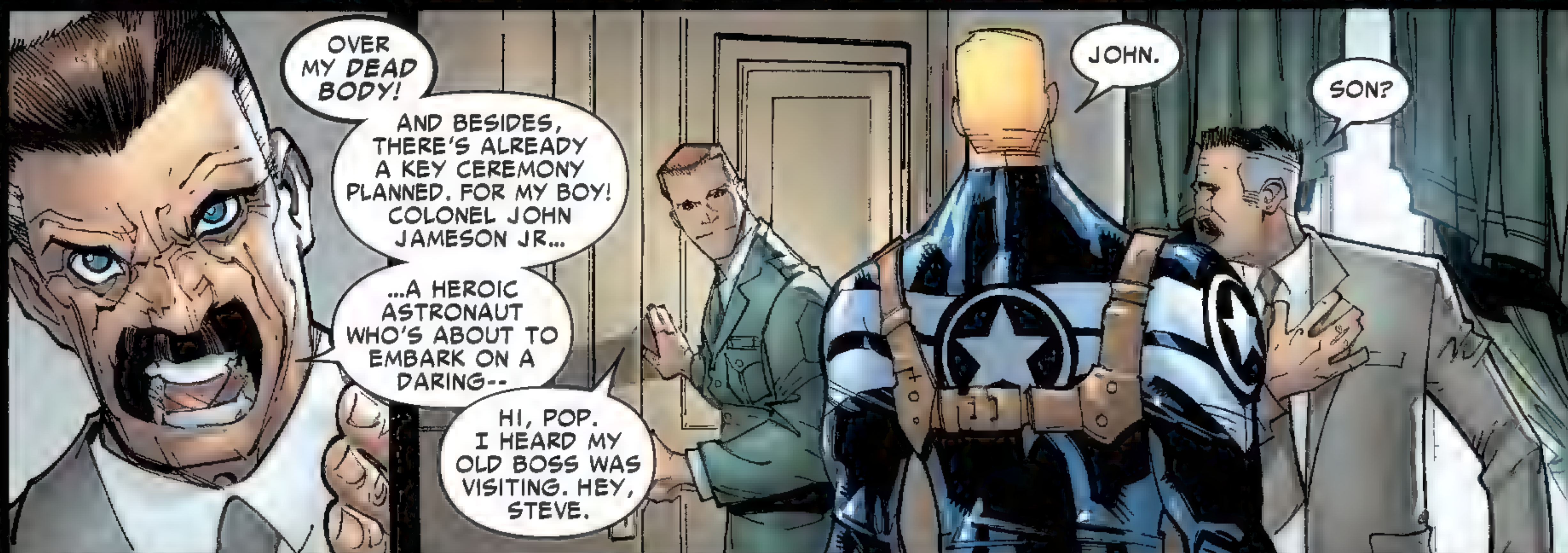


...GET YOU AN AUTOGRAPH?

ACTUALLY, YOUR HONOR, I'M HERE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THE EVENTS OF LAST WEEK, DOCTOR OCTOPUS' ATTACK ON MANHATTAN.

I'M NOT SURE IF YOU'RE AWARE OF THIS, BUT IT WASN'T THE FANTASTIC FOUR OR THE AVENGERS WHO SAVED THE DAY. IT WAS ALL SPIDER-MAN.

THAT'S WHY I'M HERE TO REQUEST THAT HE BE GIVEN THE KEY TO THE CITY. PRESENTED TO HIM BY YOU, THE MAYOR.



OVER MY DEAD BODY!

AND BESIDES, THERE'S ALREADY A KEY CEREMONY PLANNED. FOR MY BOY! COLONEL JOHN JAMESON JR...

...A HEROIC ASTRONAUT WHO'S ABOUT TO EMBARK ON A DARING--

HI, POP. I HEARD MY OLD BOSS WAS VISITING. HEY, STEVE.

JOHN.

SON?



GOOD TO SEE YOU ALIVE AND ABOUT, COMMANDER.

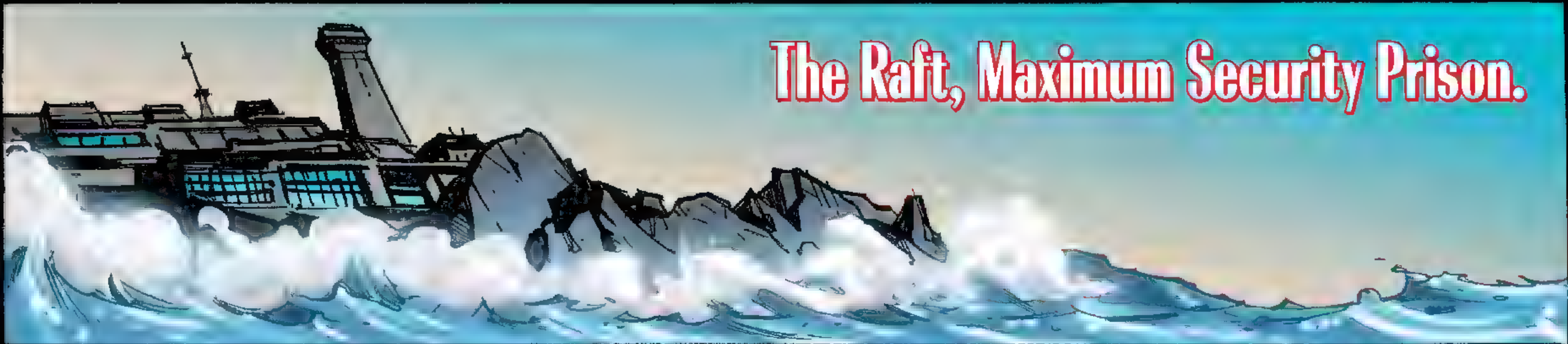
YOU TOO, COLONEL.

SORRY, DAD. COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING...

...BUT IF IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH YOU, I'M MORE THAN HAPPY TO GIVE UP MY DAY FOR SPIDEY.

THAT'S VERY GENEROUS OF YOU, JOHN.

LEAST I CAN DO AFTER ALL THE WEB-SLINGER'S DONE FOR ME.



The Raft, Maximum Security Prison.

The Infirmary.

INMATE MAC GARGAN, FORMERLY KNOWN AS VENOM.



THE PATIENT IS IN AGONIZING, DEBILITATING PAIN, DOCTOR. ALL HIS VITAL ORGANS ARE FAILING. IS THERE NOTHING WE CAN DO?

I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS.

SOME-OF OUR ON SITE SUPER HEROES, THE THUNDERBOLTS, SAID THEY MIGHT BE ABLE TO SHED SOME LIGHT ON GARGAN'S CONDITION.



DR. COLEMAN. DR. NICHOLS. HOW'S HE DOING?

NOT WELL, MACH-5.

HE'S BEEN LIKE THIS EVER SINCE THE ALIEN SYMBIOTE, THAT THING THAT TRANSFORMED HIM INTO VENOM, WAS REMOVED FROM HIS SYSTEM.

WITHOUT IT, HIS HUMAN BODY IS RAPIDLY DETERIORATING. YOU SAY YOU HAVE A PAST HISTORY WITH THIS MAN? THAT YOU SERVED TOGETHER?



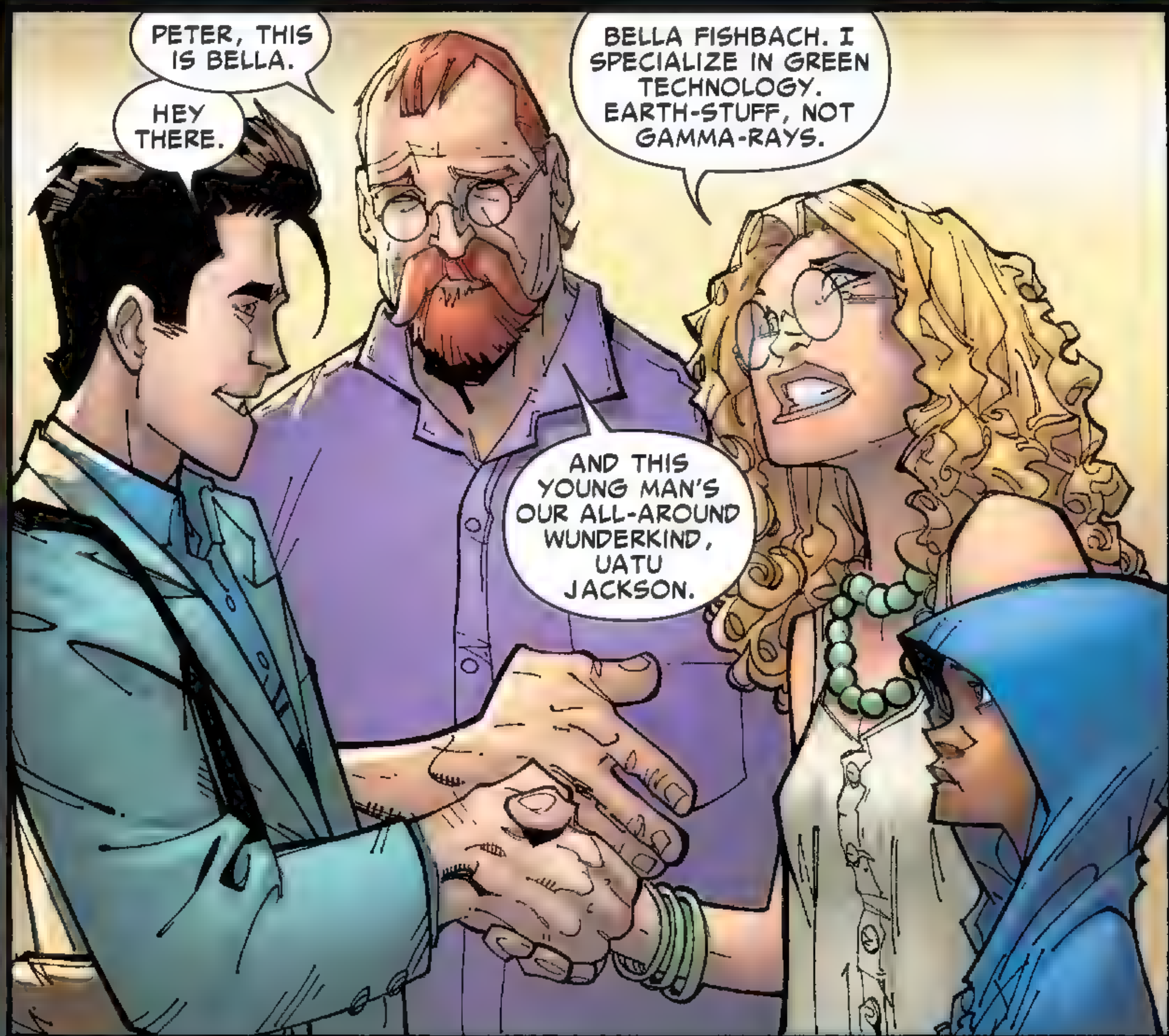
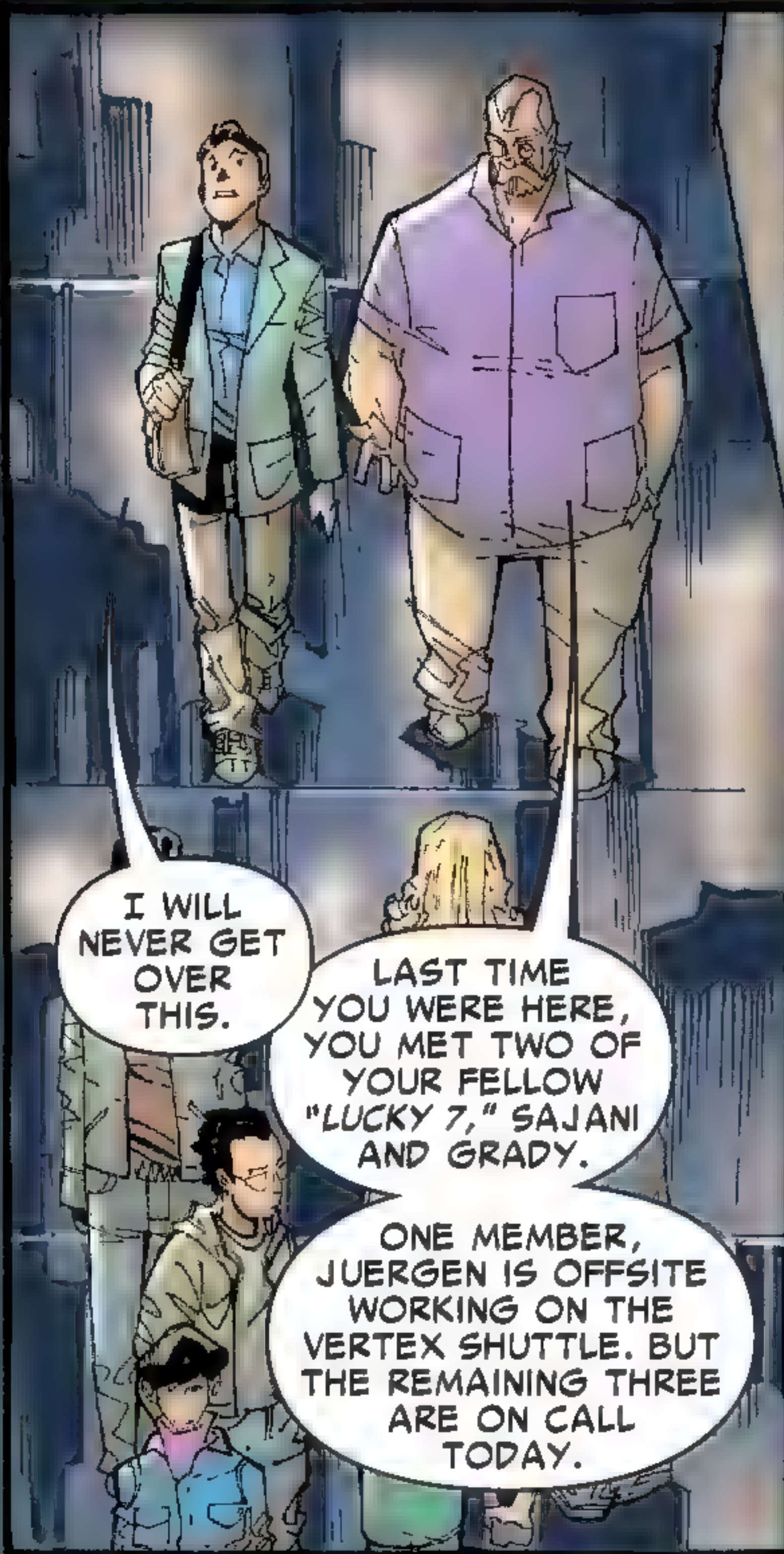
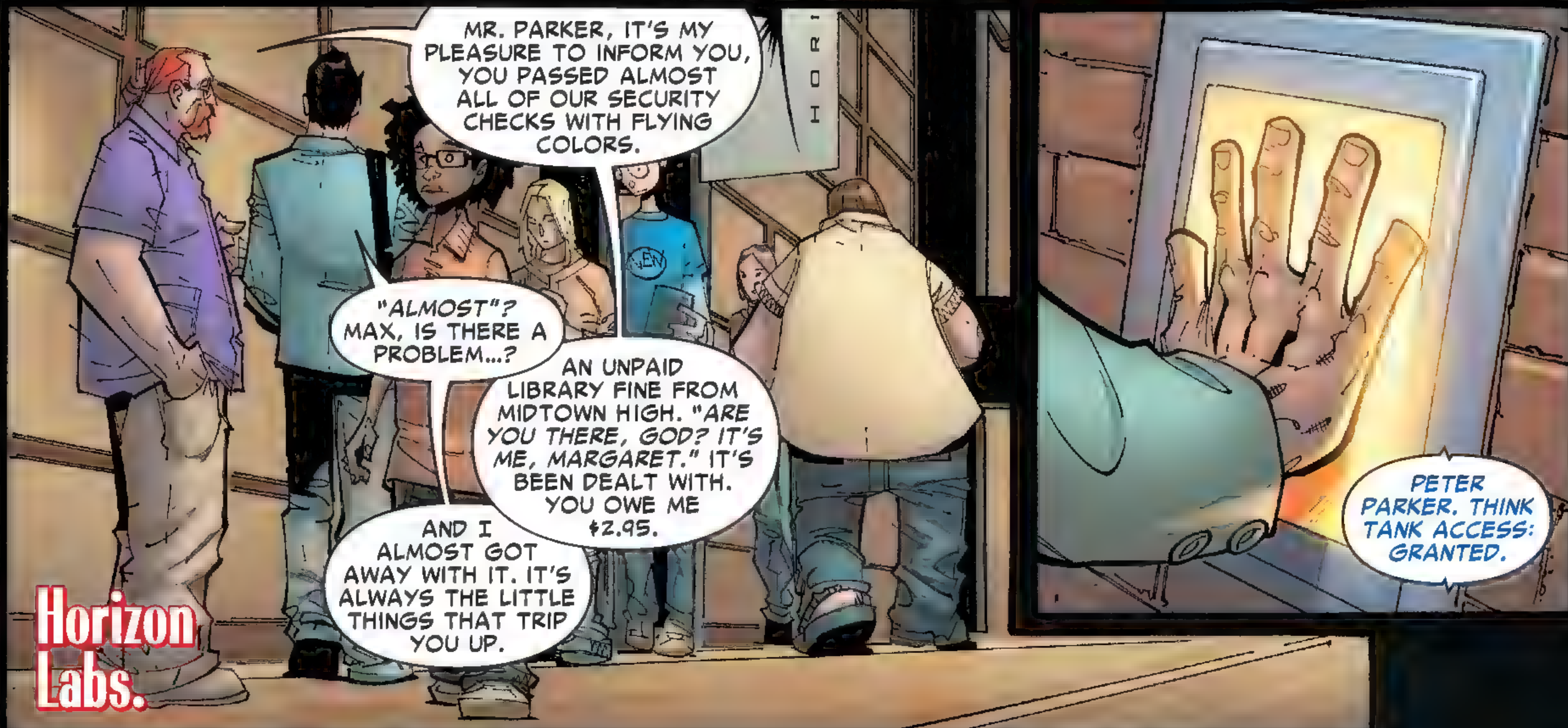
BACK WHEN I WAS THE BEETLE AND MAC WAS THE SCORPION, WE WERE BOTH MEMBERS OF THE MASTERS OF EVIL.

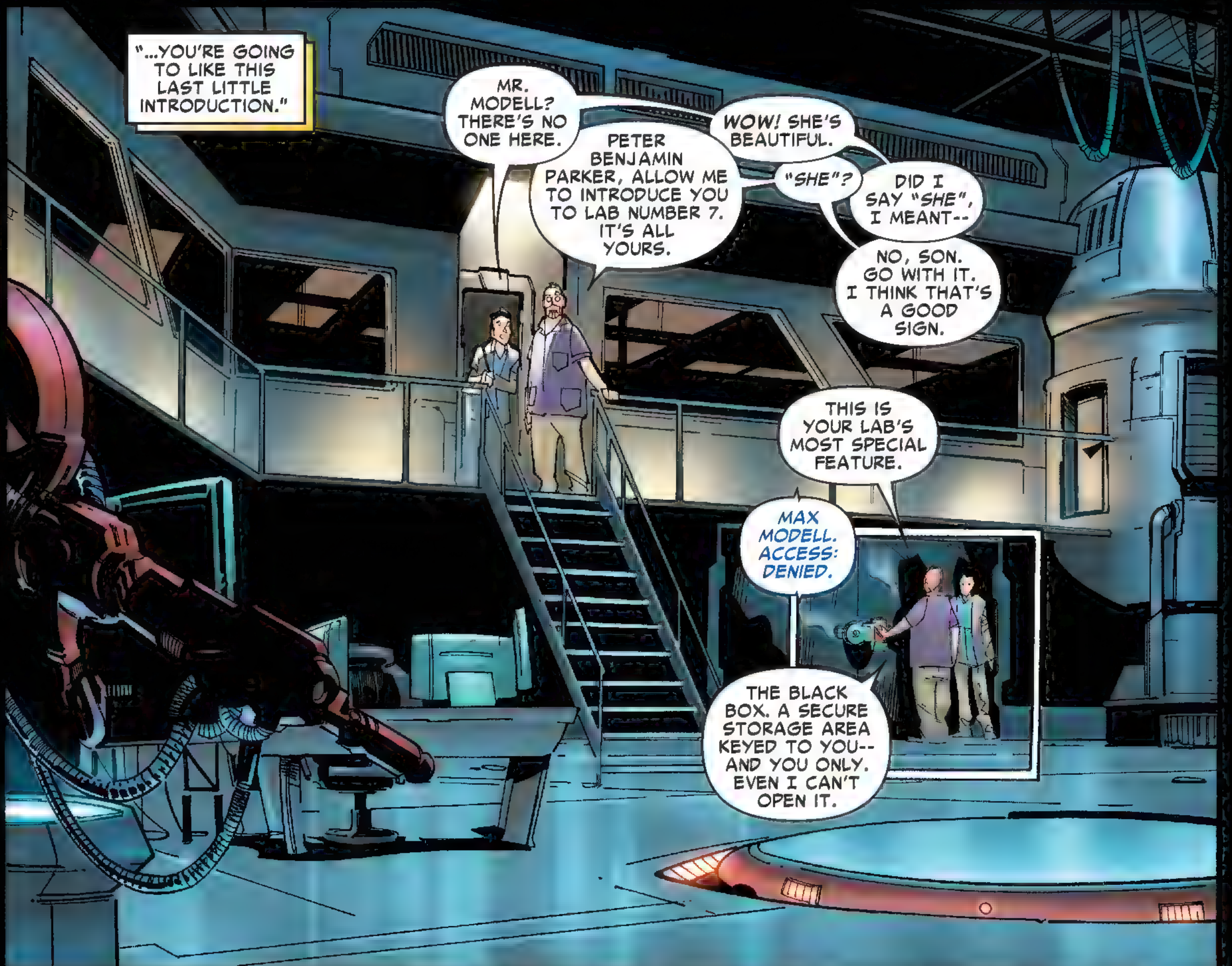
BUT WHERE MY SUIT OF ARMOR WAS SOMETHING I COULD TAKE OFF AT WILL, SCORPION'S WAS BONDED TO EVERY PART OF HIM. IT WAS HIS CURSE.



WITHOUT IT, OR A SUBSTITUTE LIKE THAT SYMBIOTE, THIS MAN WILL DIE.

WE NEED TO FIND A SPECIALIST RIGHT AWAY. SOMEONE WITH THE HI-TECH KNOW-HOW TO FIX THIS.





"...YOU'RE GOING TO LIKE THIS LAST LITTLE INTRODUCTION."

MR. MODELL? THERE'S NO ONE HERE.

PETER BENJAMIN PARKER, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE YOU TO LAB NUMBER 7. IT'S ALL YOURS.

WOW! SHE'S BEAUTIFUL.

"SHE"?

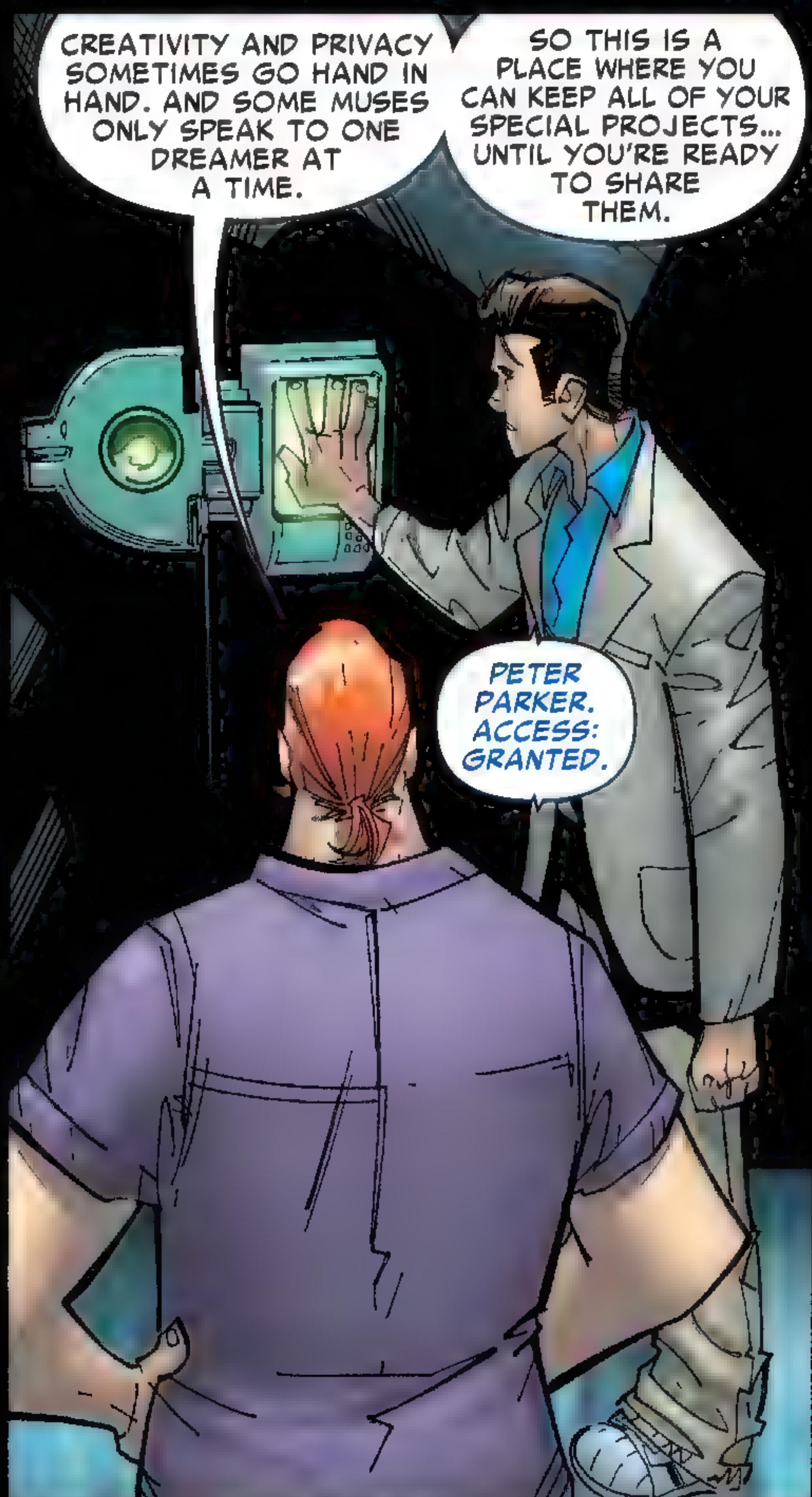
DID I SAY "SHE", I MEANT--

NO, SON. GO WITH IT. I THINK THAT'S A GOOD SIGN.

THIS IS YOUR LAB'S MOST SPECIAL FEATURE.

MAX MODELL. ACCESS: DENIED.

THE BLACK BOX. A SECURE STORAGE AREA KEYED TO YOU-- AND YOU ONLY. EVEN I CAN'T OPEN IT.



CREATIVITY AND PRIVACY SOMETIMES GO HAND IN HAND. AND SOME MUSES ONLY SPEAK TO ONE DREAMER AT A TIME.

SO THIS IS A PLACE WHERE YOU CAN KEEP ALL OF YOUR SPECIAL PROJECTS... UNTIL YOU'RE READY TO SHARE THEM.

PETER PARKER. ACCESS: GRANTED.

OR, SOMEWHERE I CAN STASH MY SPIDER-GEAR...

...**FAR** AWAY FROM MY SUPER-SLEUTH GIRLFRIEND. THIS COULDN'T **BE** MORE PERFECT!



THIS IS A GREAT TRUST I'M PLACING WITH YOU, PETER.

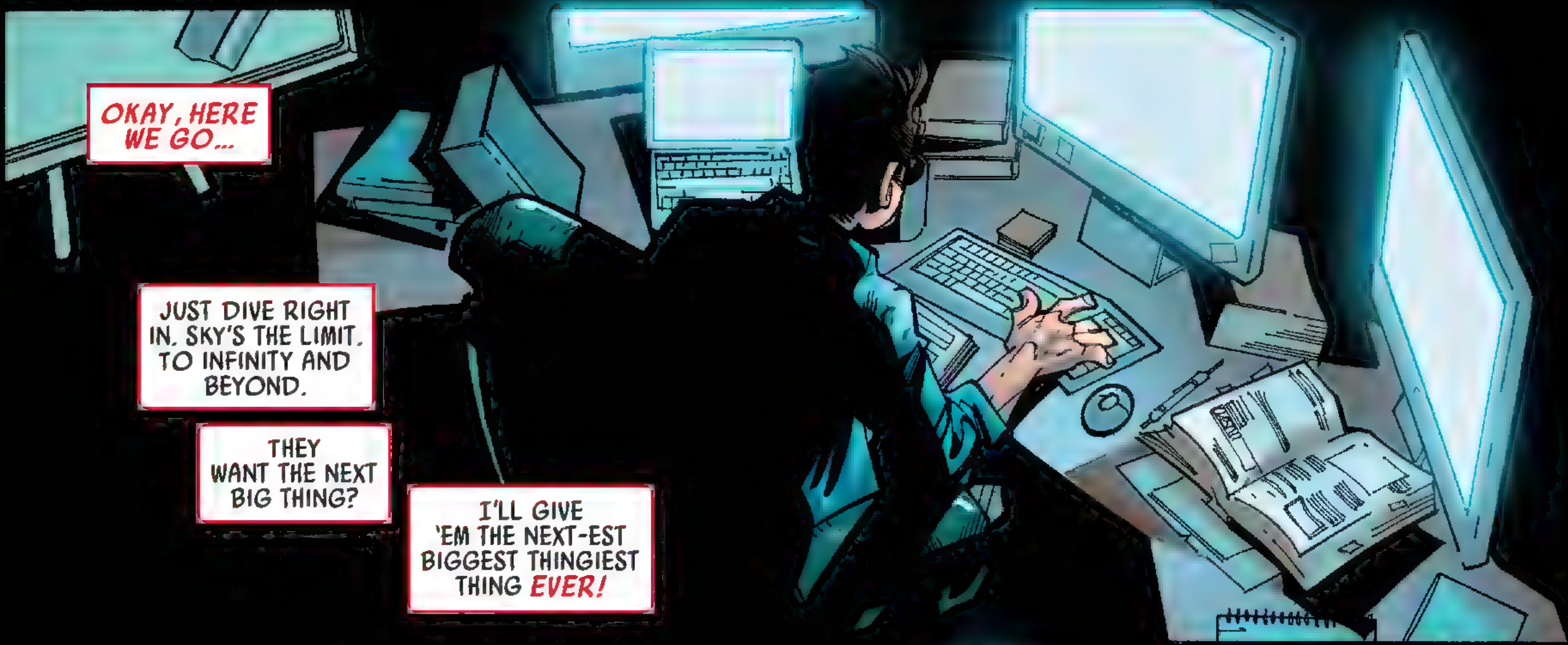
AND WITH IT COMES GREAT RESPONSIBILITY.

I WANT YOUR WORD, PETER, THAT YOU WILL **NEVER** DO ANYTHING HERE IN SECRET...

...THAT COULD JEOPARDIZE THE SAFETY OR GOOD WORK OF ANYONE HERE AT HORIZON. CAN YOU **PROMISE** ME THAT?

OF COURSE! AND I PROMISE YOU, SIR, YOU ARE GOING TO GET MY **BEST** WORK.

WAIT AND SEE! THIS'S MY TIME TO FLY!

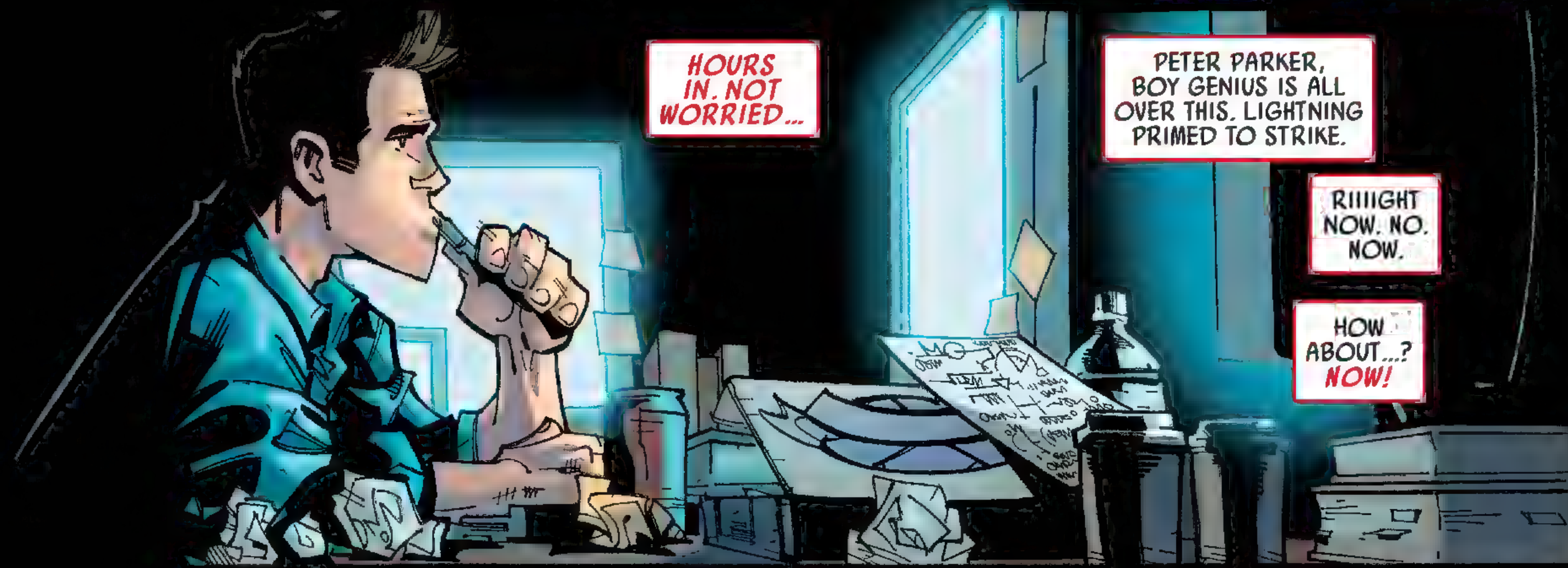


OKAY, HERE WE GO...

JUST DIVE RIGHT IN. SKY'S THE LIMIT. TO INFINITY AND BEYOND.

THEY WANT THE NEXT BIG THING?

I'LL GIVE 'EM THE NEXT-EST BIGGEST THINGIEST THING **EVER!**



HOURS IN. NOT WORRIED...

PETER PARKER, BOY GENIUS IS ALL OVER THIS. LIGHTNING PRIMED TO STRIKE.

RIIIIGHT NOW. NO. NOW.

HOW ABOUT...? **NOW!**



A WHOLE DAY, AND WHAT HAVE I GOT...?

ZIP, PLUS ZERO, CARRY THE BUPKIS.

I BLAME SPIDER-MAN. IT'S BECAUSE I'M--

NO. THAT'S NOT IT. IN FACT...



...IF IT WEREN'T FOR MY SPIDEY-LIFE, I WOULDN'T HAVE INVENTED **HALF** OF MY GIZMOS AND DOODADS.



MAN, WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR A SPIDEY-PROBLEM RIGHT ABOUT NOW--

AH! I TAKE IT BACK!





HOLD ON. I'M A' COMIN'!

BLACK BOX: LOCKED AND SECURE.



LOOK OUT! HIS SWORD'S A HIGH-ENERGY PLASMA CONSTRUCT!

WINGS ARE PRODUCING STRONG MAGNETIC FIELDS.

HA! NERDS!

UPLOADED HIS PHOTO. NO SUPERHUMAN MATCHES ON OUR DATABASE.

EVERYONE, STAY CALM. MR. PHILLIPS?

WE'RE ON IT, MR. MODELL. MEN, FAN OUT.

DON'T WORRY. OUR SECURITY IS ARMED WITH OUR MOST CUTTING EDGE TECHNOLOGY.



OH, I GOT
YOUR "CUTTING
EDGE" RIGHT
HERE,
FATSO!

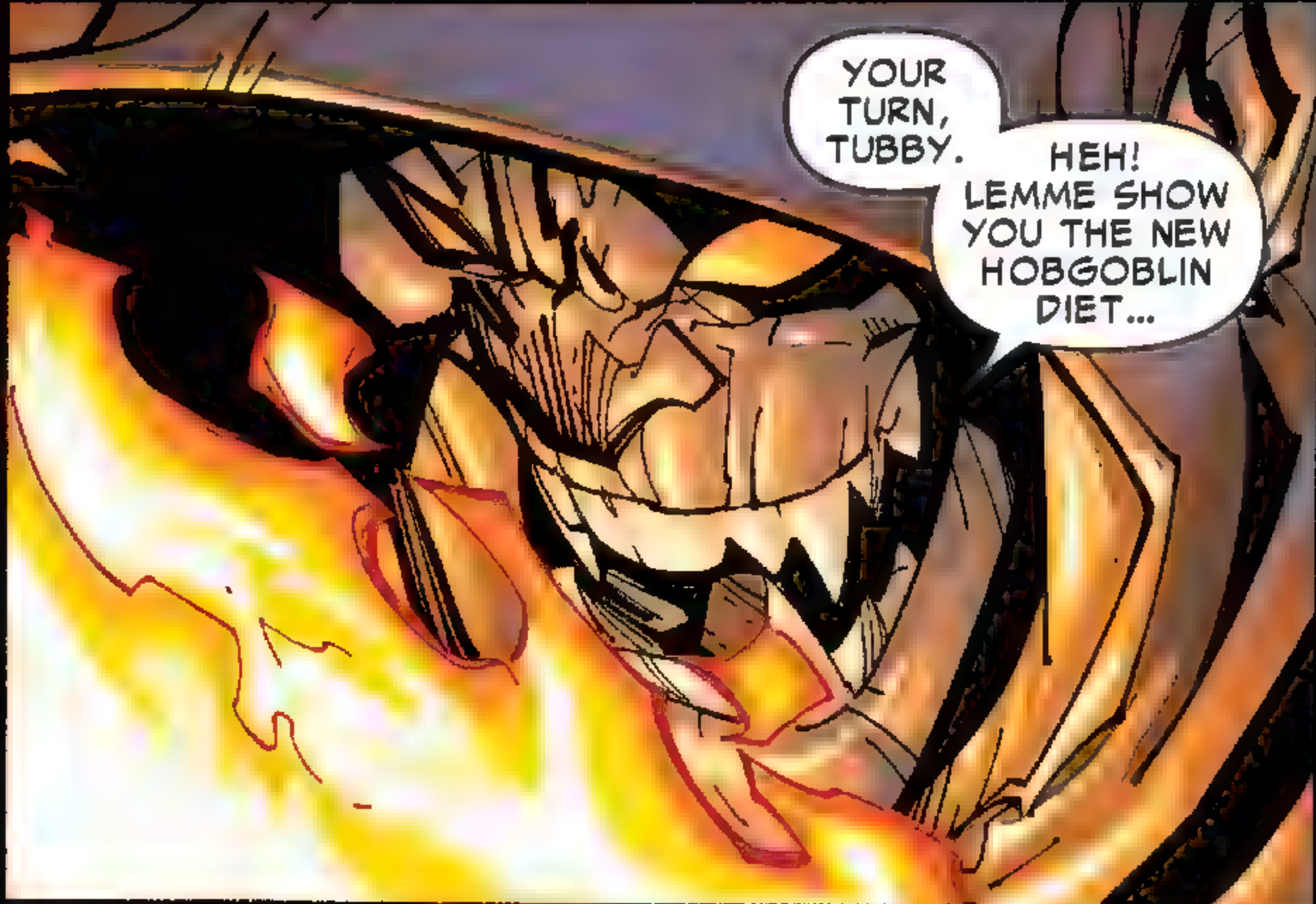


OH
MY!

GYAH!

ZIK
SLIK

SISH



YOUR
TURN,
TUBBY.

HEH!
LEMME SHOW
YOU THE NEW
HOBGOBLIN
DIET...



...IT'S THE
QUICK N' EASY
WAY TO SHAVE
OFF A FEW
POUNDS!

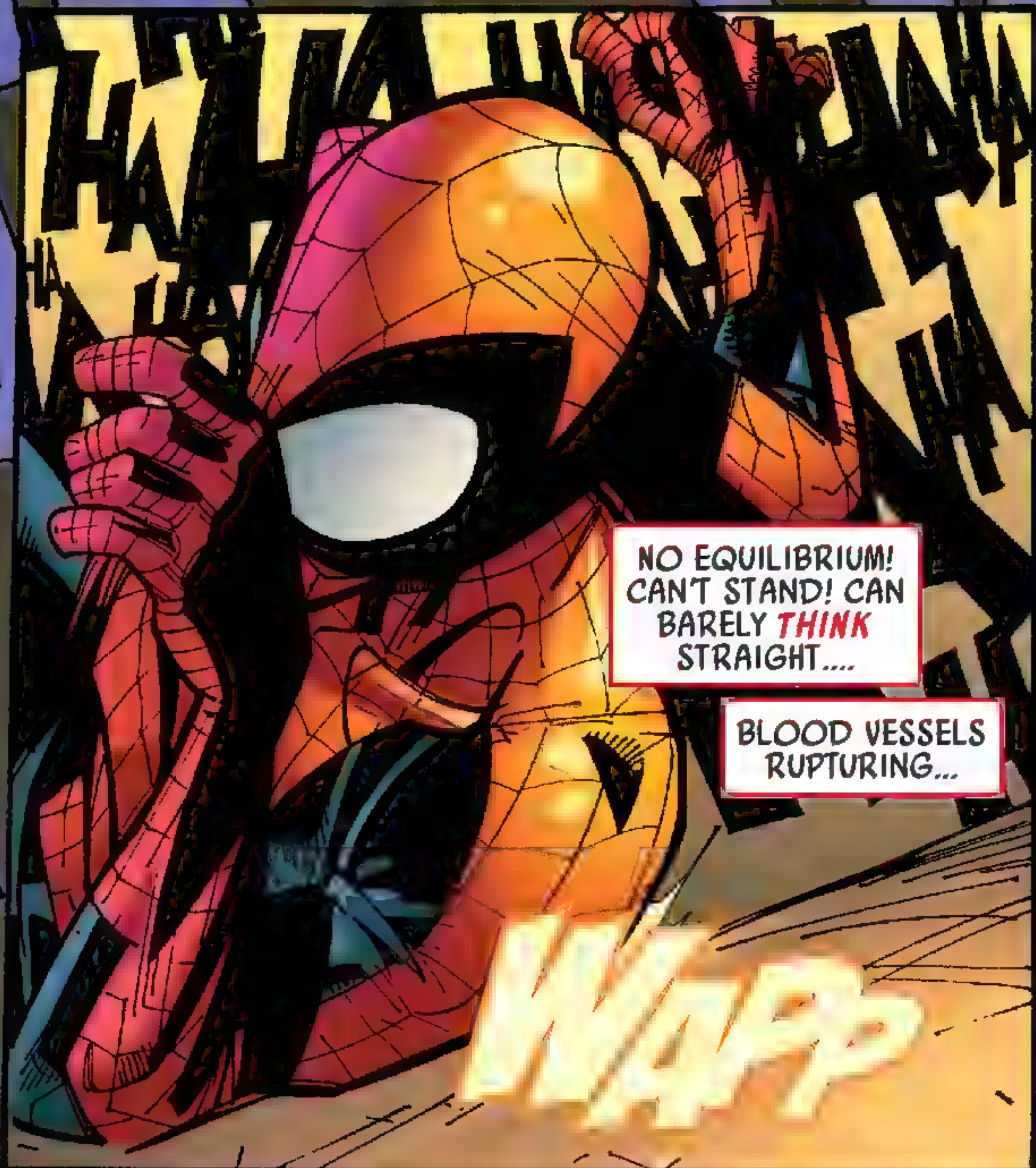
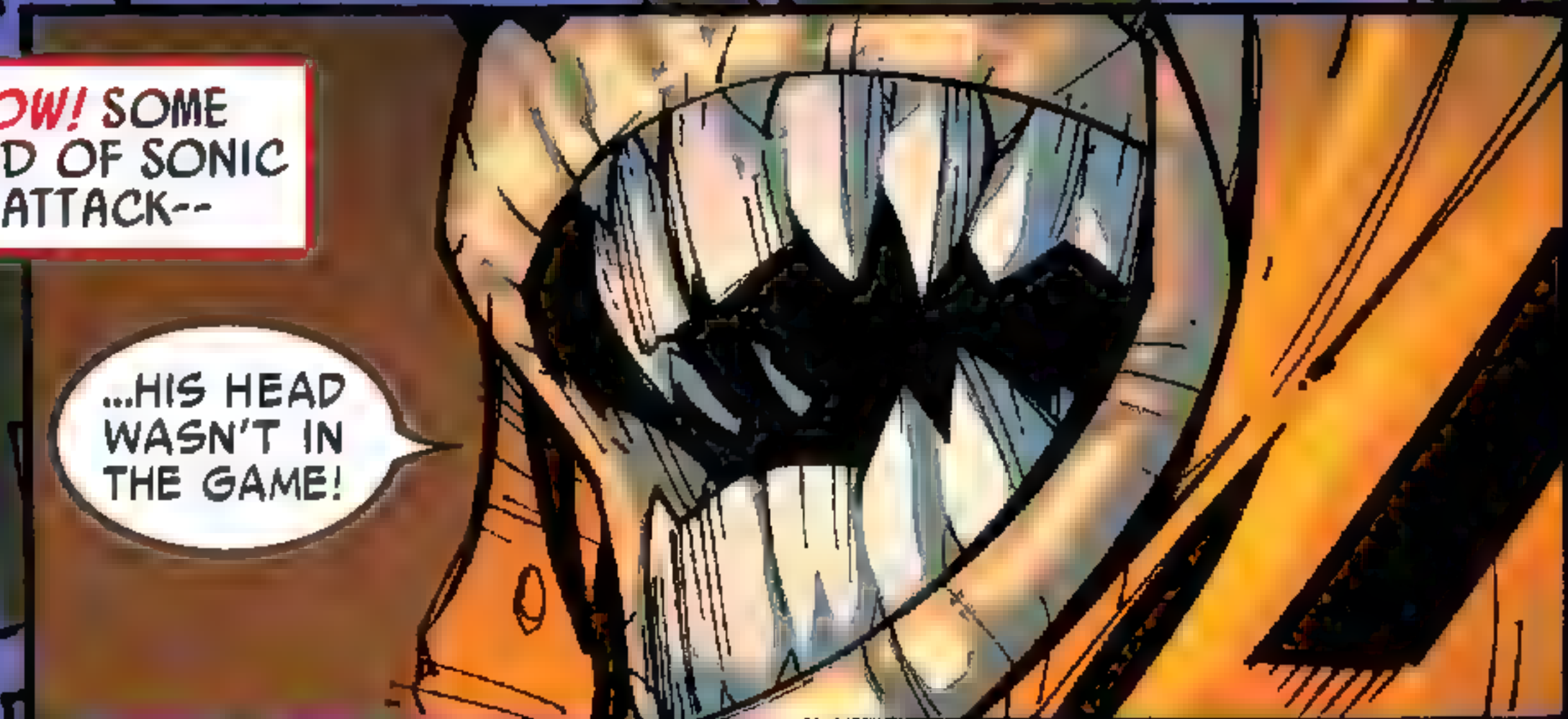




YOU SEE...

OW! SOME KIND OF SONIC ATTACK--

...HIS HEAD WASN'T IN THE GAME!



NO EQUILIBRIUM!
CAN'T STAND! CAN
BARELY **THINK**
STRAIGHT....

BLOOD VESSELS
RUPTURING...

WAPP



KRANK

BLEEDING
OUTTA MY EYES,
EARS, NOSE,
AND MOUTH.



YOU'LL
SEE SOON
ENOUGH.

GAGGING.
CAN'T BREATHE.
GONNA BE
SICK.

'CAUSE
YOU AND
KINGSLEY--

HA HA
HA HA

I'M
GONNA USE
YOUR MUGS AS
MATCHING
BOOKENDS!

HA
HA HA
HA HA
HA HA
HA





AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #650
COVER BY HUMBERTO RAMOS & EDGAR DELGADO

GREAT. FIRST DAY ON THE JOB AND I'M GONNA BE TERMINATED. NOT BY MY BOSS, MIND YOU...

...BY A GIGGLING LUNATIC WITH A GIANT, FLAMING PLASMA-SWORD!

YOU'LL SEE SOON ENOUGH. 'CAUSE YOU AND KINGSLEY--

HA HA HA

I'M GONNA USE YOUR MUGS AS MATCHING BOOKENDS!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

THINK, PARKER! OR HORIZON LABS IS GONNA BE SHORT ONE HIGHLY-PAID EGGHEAD...

S-SOME KIND OF DIRECTED SONIC ATTACK...

...N-NEED TO BLOCK IT WITH A STRONGER SIGNAL.

BELLA'S MORNING PLAYLIST.

PATCHING INTO ATRIUM P.A. SYSTEM.

BEEP BOOP

RA-RA
AH-AH-AH

RO-MU-RO-MU-MA

WHAT?!
I CAN MOVE
AGAIN!

HA HA HA HA HA
GAGA
OOH
VVA

WANT YOUR BAD
RO-MANCE

D-DID
I JUST GET
SAVED BY LADY
GAGA?

UNGH

NO
OFFENSE...

...BUT CAN
I HAVE THE
NAUSEA-INDUCING
LAUGHTER
BACK?

EXCELLENT
WORK, BELLA!
EXPECT A BONUS
IN YOUR NEXT
PAYCHECK.

AND THAT,
MR. HOBGOBLIN,
IS WHY NO ONE
TRIES BREAKING
INTO HORIZON
LABS...



CLANGA
LANG
LANG



NOT
MANY THIEVES
WOULD LIKE TO
MATCH WITS WITH
WALL-TO-WALL
GENIUSES.

THE
POLICE AND
FIRE DEPARTMENT
ARE ON THEIR
WAY. WHAT
NOW, SIR?

YOU'RE
GETTIN' ON
MY NERVES,
GRAMPS.

REMIND ME
TO KILL YOU
LATER...

MAX!

...BUT
RIGHT NOW,
DADDY'S GOT
WORK TO
DO!



MR. MODELL,
GET EVERYBODY
OUTTA HERE.
I'VE GOT
THIS!

YOU
KNOW WHO
I AM?

YOU'RE MAX
MODELL. YOU'RE
ON THE COVER OF
WIRED EVERY OTHER
MONTH. OF COURSE
I KNOW WHO
YOU ARE.

RIGHT.
BUT, YOU'RE
IN NO SHAPE
TO--



GO! I
APPRECIATE THE
ASSIST, BUT
GOBLINS...

...ARE MY
AREA OF
EXPERTISE.

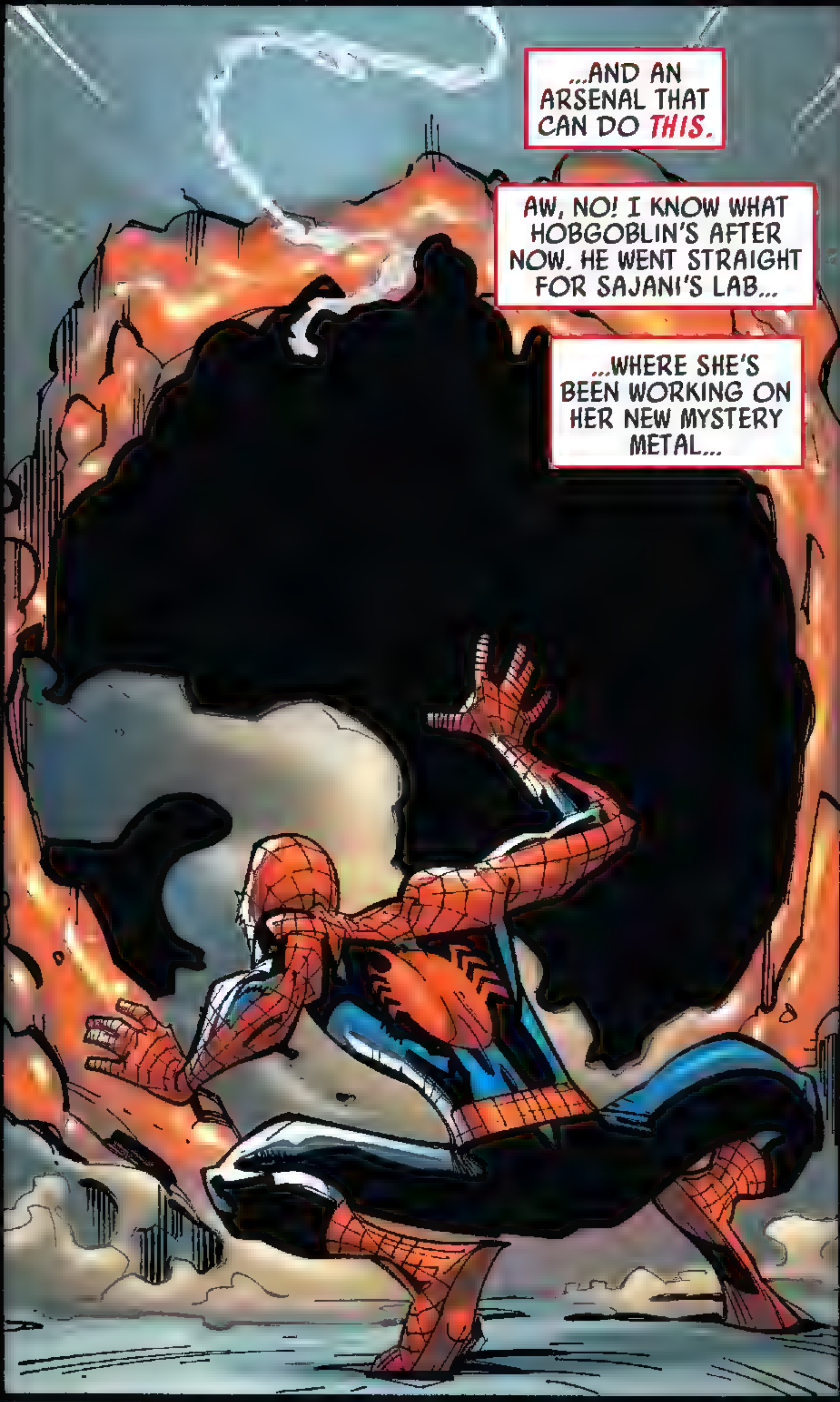
UNDERSTOOD.
GOOD LUCK,
SON.

Spider-Man is shown in a dynamic pose, swinging or falling through a heavily damaged, industrial-looking environment. Debris is flying around him, and the background shows a cityscape under a cloudy sky.

OY. I'VE BEEN WORKING
HERE FOR HOW MANY
HOURS? AND ALREADY
MY BOSS...

...ONE OF THE **SMARTEST**
MEN IN THE WORLD, IS PIECING
YOU-KNOW-WHAT TOGETHER.
I CAN **FEEL** IT.

ONE THING AT A TIME. FIRST
I GOTTA SURVIVE A
BADDIE, WITH ENOUGH SUPER-
STRENGTH TO DO **THAT**...

Spider-Man is running through a large, dark, and heavily damaged structure. The background is filled with fire and smoke, suggesting a recent explosion or battle.

...AND AN
ARSENAL THAT
CAN DO **THIS**.

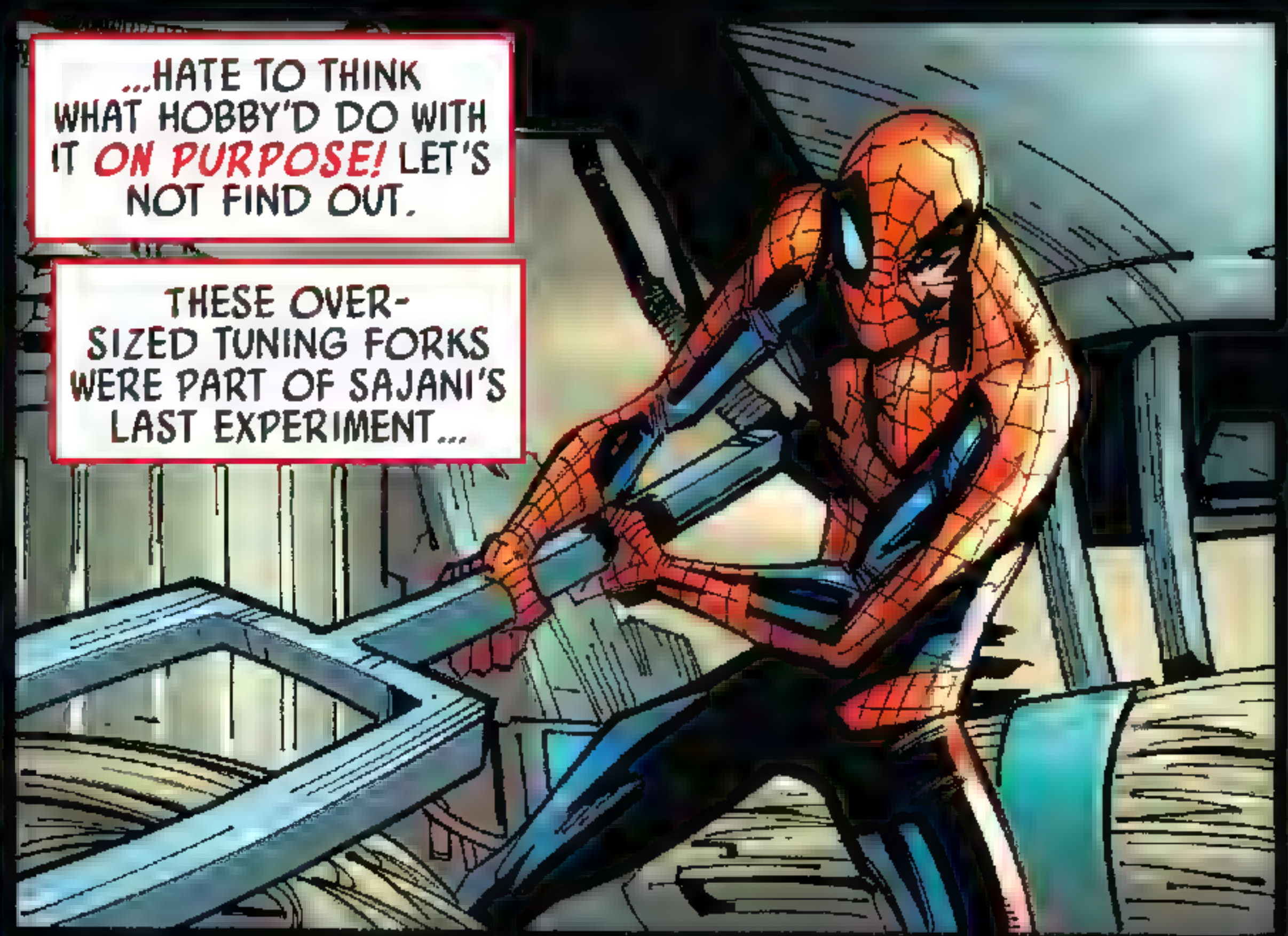
AW, NO! I KNOW WHAT
HOBGOBLIN'S AFTER
NOW. HE WENT STRAIGHT
FOR SAJANI'S LAB...

...WHERE SHE'S
BEEN WORKING ON
HER NEW MYSTERY
METAL...

Spider-Man is shown in a close-up, using a large, metallic tuning fork as a weapon. He is surrounded by debris and fire, indicating a recent explosion.

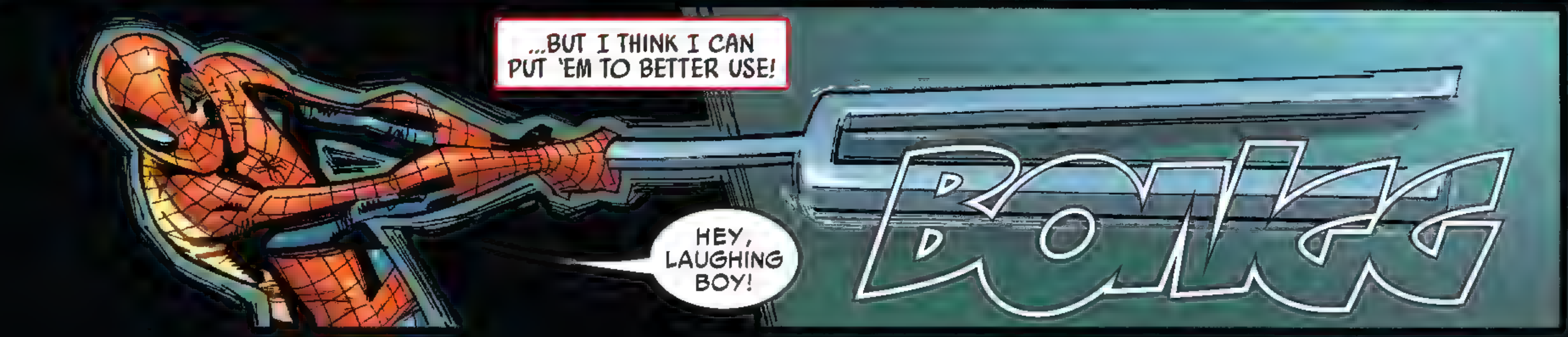
...**REVERBIUM!**
AND THERE HE IS,
CARVING OFF
A SLICE.

THAT STUFF
NEARLY TOOK DOWN
THIS WHOLE COMPLEX
BY **ACCIDENT**...

Spider-Man is shown in a close-up, using a large, metallic tuning fork as a weapon. He is surrounded by debris and fire, indicating a recent explosion.

...HATE TO THINK
WHAT HOBBY'D DO WITH
IT **ON PURPOSE!** LET'S
NOT FIND OUT.

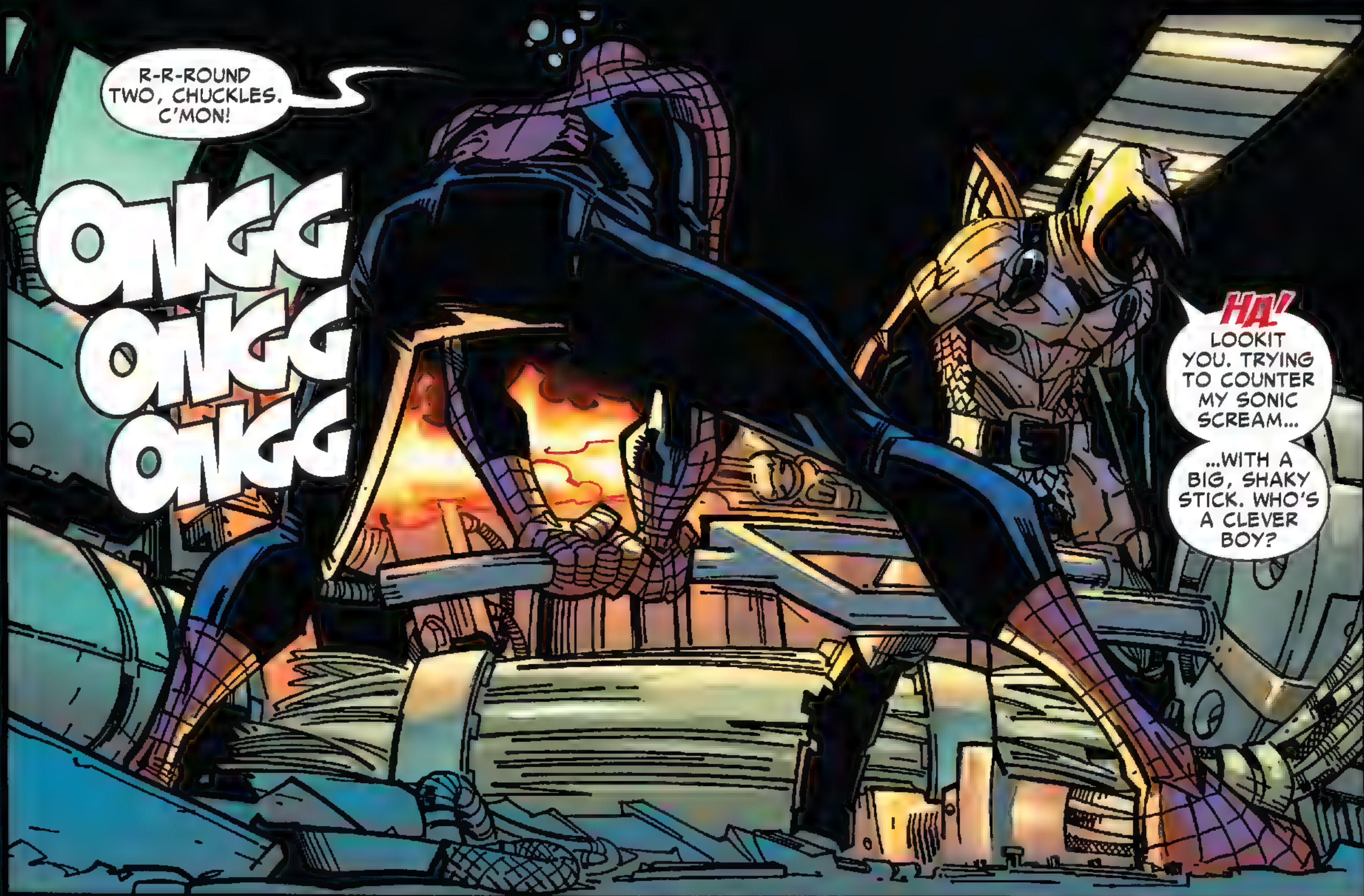
THESE OVER-
SIZED TUNING FORKS
WERE PART OF SAJANI'S
LAST EXPERIMENT...

Spider-Man is shown in a close-up, using a large, metallic tuning fork as a weapon. He is surrounded by debris and fire, indicating a recent explosion.

...BUT I THINK I CAN
PUT 'EM TO BETTER USE!

HEY,
LAUGHING
BOY!

BOOM



R-R-ROUND TWO, CHUCKLES. C'MON!

ONK
ONK
ONK

HA!
LOOKIT YOU. TRYING TO COUNTER MY SONIC SCREAM...
...WITH A BIG, SHAKY STICK. WHO'S A CLEVER BOY?



WON'T DO YOU SQUAT ONCE I CHOP IT UP, WILL IT?

I CAN--

HERE, BOY! SEE THE SWORD? SEE IT?

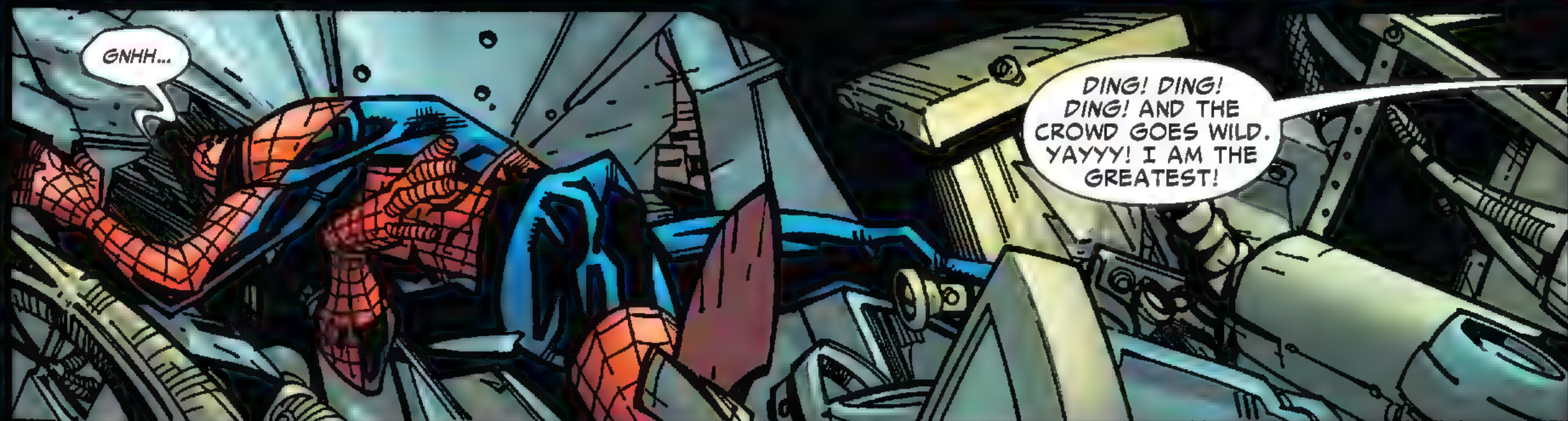


SHUT UP!

SEE IT?!

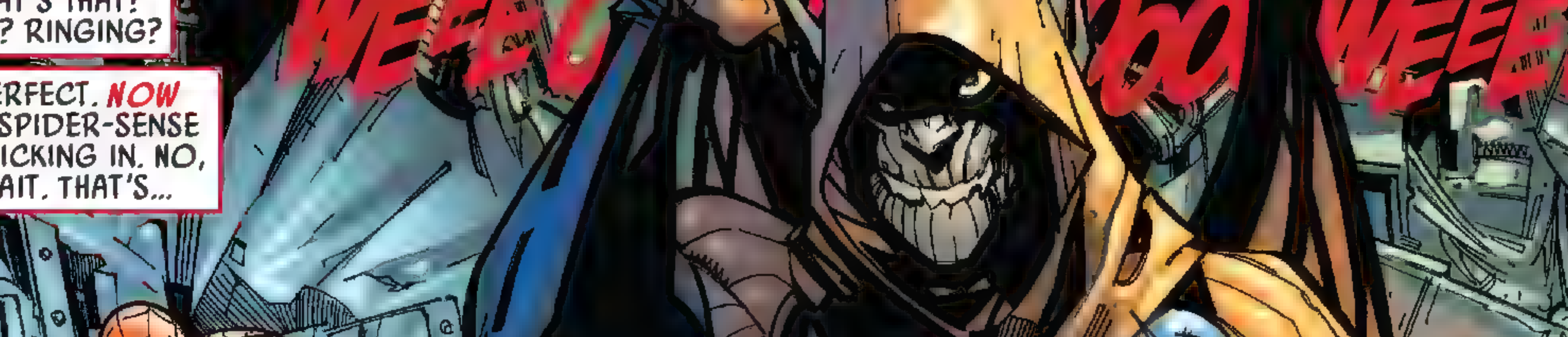
ROPE-A-DOPE!

WAK



GNHH...

DING! DING! DING! AND THE CROWD GOES WILD. YAYYY! I AM THE GREATEST!

A comic book panel showing Spider-Man in his red and blue suit, crouching on a metallic, industrial surface. He is looking up at a large, menacing figure of Doctor Octopus. Doctor Octopus is wearing a black hooded cloak and has a wide, toothy grin. He is holding a large, blue, mechanical device. The background is a complex, metallic structure with various pipes and machinery. The scene is filled with dynamic lines and a sense of action.

OW. WHAT'S THAT?
BUZZING? RINGING?

PERFECT. *NOW*
MY SPIDER-SENSE
IS KICKING IN. NO,
WAIT. THAT'S...

WEEEC

WEEEC

WEEEC

SIRENS.
SAVED BY THE
BELL, BUG-
BOY.

CAN'T
SAY THIS
HASN'T BEEN
FUN...

CAN'T
SAY THIS
HASN'T BEEN
FUN...

...BUT I GOTTA FLY.

ALL RIGHT, BABY. COME TO POPPA.

MAX?
DO YOU THINK
HE'S OKAY?

I'M
SURE, BELLA.
SPIDER-MAN
DOES THIS ALL
THE TIME.

PEOPLE,
LET'S ALL
STAND BACK
AND LET THE
OFFICERS DO
THEIR JOB.

WE'RE ALL SPIDER-MAN

PEOPLE,
LET'S ALL
STAND BACK
AND LET THE
OFFICERS DO
THEIR JOB.

HA HA HA!

SURRENDER, DOROTHY!

HA HA HA!

LOOK OUT!

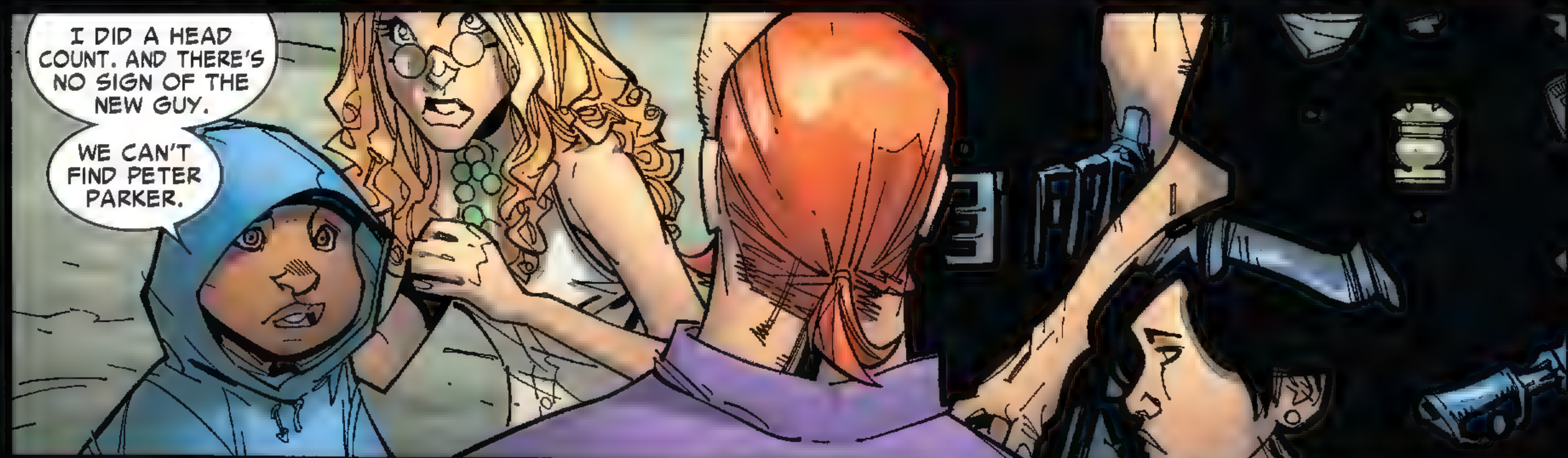
**LOOK
OUT!**

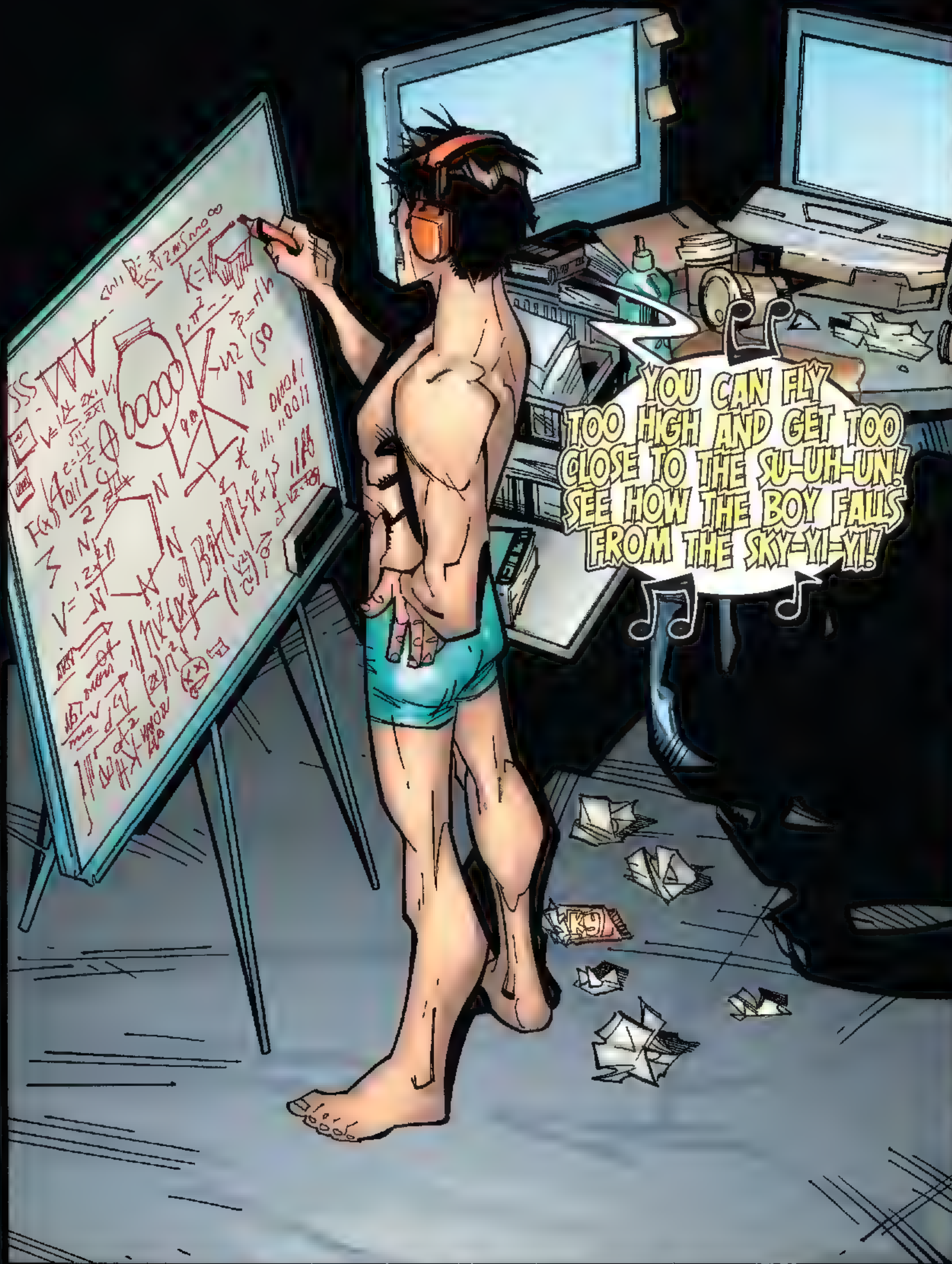
THERE YOU ARE. TELL ME YOU GOT ALL THAT.

WHHRR

I'LL TAKE THAT AS A "YES." GOOD. 'CAUSE I DON'T DO RE-SHOOTS.

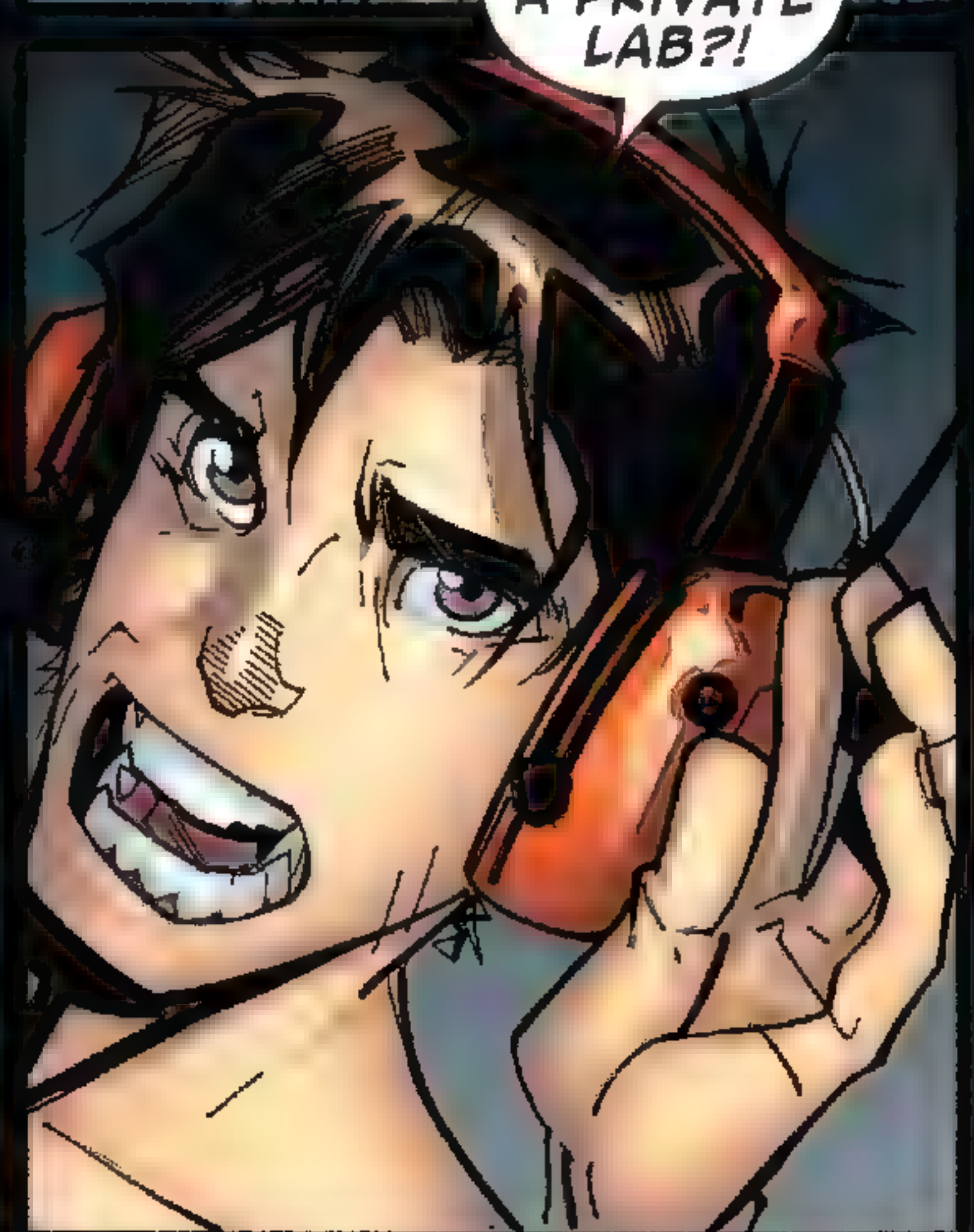
...YOU'RE
MY FAVORITE.
'CAUSE YOU, YOU'RE
GONNA MAKE
ME A STAR.





WHAT?! OH, THIS?! IT'S HOW I DO MY BEST WORK! IN THE BUFF!

SAY! ISN'T THIS A PRIVATE LAB?!



THERE WAS AN EMERGENCY. DIDN'T YOU HEAR THE ALARM?



HUH? SORRY? GOT MY HEADPHONES ON! BONO AND THE EDGE!

YEP! ALL MY BIGGEST BREAKTHROUGHS? COME TO ME WHILE I'M BLASTING MUSIC AND NUDE! COMPLETELY NAKED!



IN FACT, IF YOU DON'T MIND...



OF COURSE, MR. PARKER. EVERY SCIENTIST HAS THEIR "ECCENTRICITIES." CARRY ON.



HMM.

I'LL BE BACK TO GET YOUR STATEMENT... WHEN YOU'RE MORE DECENT, KID.



QUICK THINKING, GENIUS. ONE DAY IN, AND THIS IS MY "THING" NOW. PETER PARKER: SCIENCE "BUFF."

STILL, COULDA' BEEN WORSE...

...I'M SURE I'M NOT THE FIRST PERSON IN HISTORY TO BE CAUGHT WITH THEIR PANTS DOWN.

I AM LOSING MY PATIENCE, MONTANA. OUT WITH IT.

The Fisk Building.

A LEGITIMATE HOLDING OF WILSON FISK, THE KINGPIN OF CRIME

HAS THE HOBGOBLIN RETURNED WITH THE PACKAGE OR NOT?

WELL, MR. FISK, IT'S LIKE THIS...

...A HOBGOBLIN SHOWED UP HERE WITH THE PACKAGE. BUT NOT YOUR HOBGOBLIN. HE'S...UH...

"...HE'S NOT THE FELLA WE SENT. HOPE YA DON'T MIND, SIR, BUT I TOOK THE LIBERTY...

"...OF HAVING SOME OF OUR SHADOWLAND BOYS ESCORT HIM IN."

BING

SEE SHADOWLAND #5 FOR MORE DETAILS - STEVE

"JUST IN CASE THINGS STARTED GOING SOUTH."

THERE YOU GO, YOUR HIGHNESS. MISSION ACCOMPLISHED.

SO, BALDY?

I GET THE JOB OR WHAT?

YA SEE? THOSE AIN'T JUST NEW DUDES. THAT AIN'T KINGSLEY.

MEN, ON MY WORD...

KLUNG



...TAKE HIM OUT.

YOU HAVE TEN SECONDS. TELL ME WHAT YOU'VE DONE WITH MY OPERATIVE.

WHERE IS RODERICK KINGSLEY?



OL' RODDY? HE'S IN A BETTER PLACE. HOBGOBLIN HEAVEN.

WELL... THAT'S WHAT I'M CALLING THE DUMPSTER BEHIND MY IHOP. HA HA HA!



HEH. I NEVER DID LIKE HIM.

FINE. YOU PASSED HIS AUDITION. YOU'VE SHOWN INITIATIVE. THE JOB'S YOURS. FOR NOW.



MEN, STAND DOWN.

NIHICE. SO? 401K? DENTAL? DO I GET BUSINESS CARDS?

I'M THINKING SOMETHING WITH A LIGHT HELVETICA FONT.

THIS AIN'T SITTIN' RIGHT WITH ME, KINGPIN. ALL WE KNOW ABOUT THIS JOKER...

...IS HE CLAIMS TO BE A MURDERER. AND THAT HE BROKE INTO OUR PLACE A' BUSINESS!



PFF. I BLAME THAT ON THE SHODDY STATE OF SECURITY HERE. THAT YOUR DEPARTMENT, TEX?

IF YOU WANT, I COULD TAKE OVER THAT POSITION, TOO.

I LIKE YOUR HAT.

Horizon Labs.

THE NEXT MORNING

ONE DAY!
I TAKE ONE DAY
OFF--AND THIS
HAPPENS! MAX,
PLEASE!

THAT
REPRESENTS
MONTHS OF RESEARCH.
I AM THIS CLOSE
TO PERFECTING MY
REVERBIUM...

...TO
GIVING YOU,
AND THE REST
OF THE WORLD,
ARTIFICIAL
VIBRANIUM!

I'M TRULY SORRY,
SAJANI. BUT THE
REMAINING SAMPLES
MUST BE
DESTROYED.

WHETHER
YOU MEANT TO
OR NOT, YOU'VE
CREATED A
TERRIBLE
WEAPON...

GOOD TO KNOW.
GUESS I CAN CROSS OFF
ANOTHER WORRY ABOUT
MY TOO-GOOD-TO-
BE-TRUE DREAM JOB.

FINE.
BACK TO BORING
STUFF. LIKE COLD
FUSION AND
HOVERBOARDS.

...AND THAT
IS SOMETHING
WE WILL **NEVER**
TAKE PART IN AT
HORIZON.

GUYS, I FEEL SILLY
ASKING, BUT...
REVERBIUM'S LIKE
VIBRANIUM. WHICH
MAKES IT PRETTY MUCH
INDESTRUCTIBLE.

SO...UM...
HOW ARE YOU
DESTROYING
IT?

WITH
ANTARCTIC
VIBRANIUM. THE
ANTI-METAL? IT
DISSOLVES ALL
METALS KNOWN
TO MAN? HELLO?

"ANTI-
METAL"?

WAKANDAN
VIBRANIUM WAS
RENDERED INERT.
ANTARCTIC VIBRANIUM IS
FROM THE SAVAGE LAND.
IT'S FROM A **DIFFERENT**
METEORITE WITH
DIFFERENT PROPERTIES.
READ A BOOK!

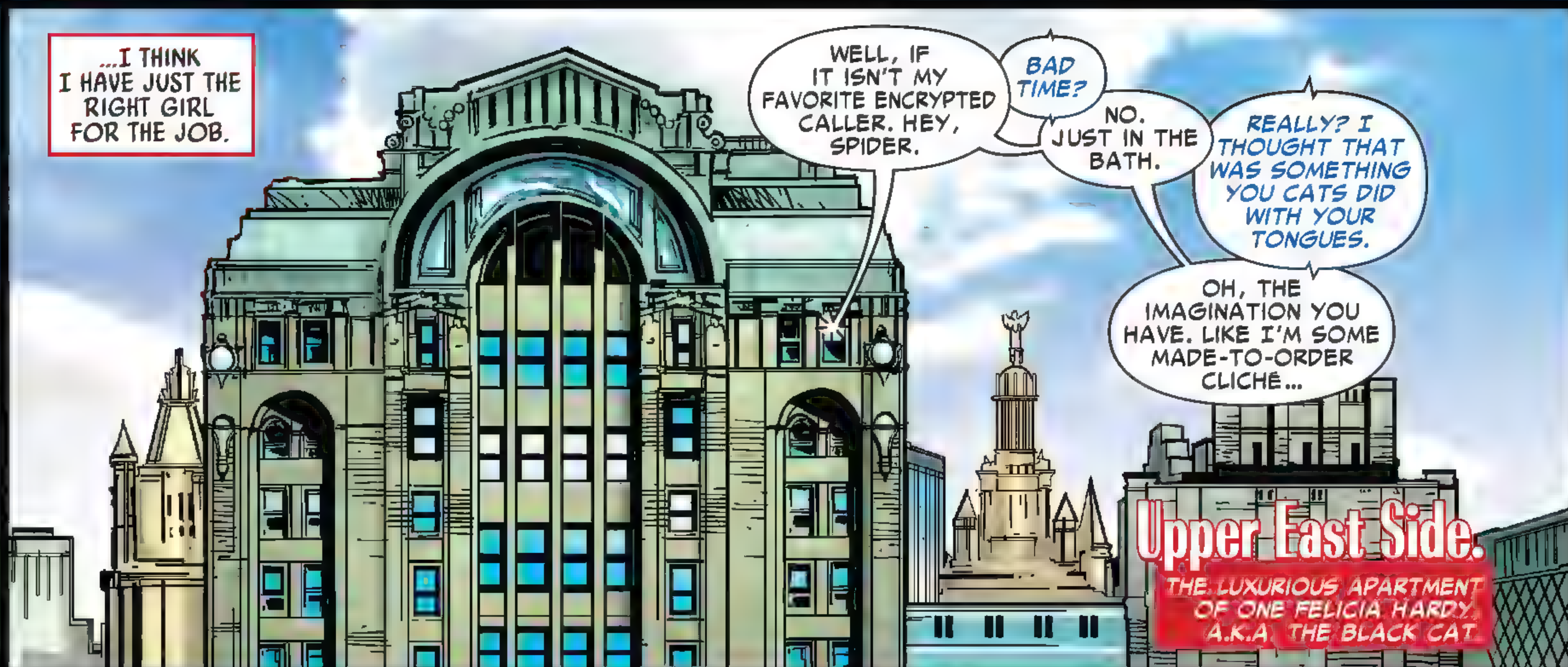
I'LL PUT
SOME SAMPLES
ASIDE FOR
YOU.

ME?

YOU'VE COME
UP WITH COUNTER
MEASURES FOR SAJANI'S
METAL. I NEED A PERMANENT
SOLUTION. THIS IS OUR
MESS, SO WE SHOULD FIX
IT. I HATE THAT SOMEONE
STOLE IT FROM US...

...IF ONLY
THERE WERE
SOME WAY TO
STEAL IT
BACK.

Y'KNOW...



...I THINK I HAVE JUST THE RIGHT GIRL FOR THE JOB.

WELL, IF IT ISN'T MY FAVORITE ENCRYPTED CALLER. HEY, SPIDER.

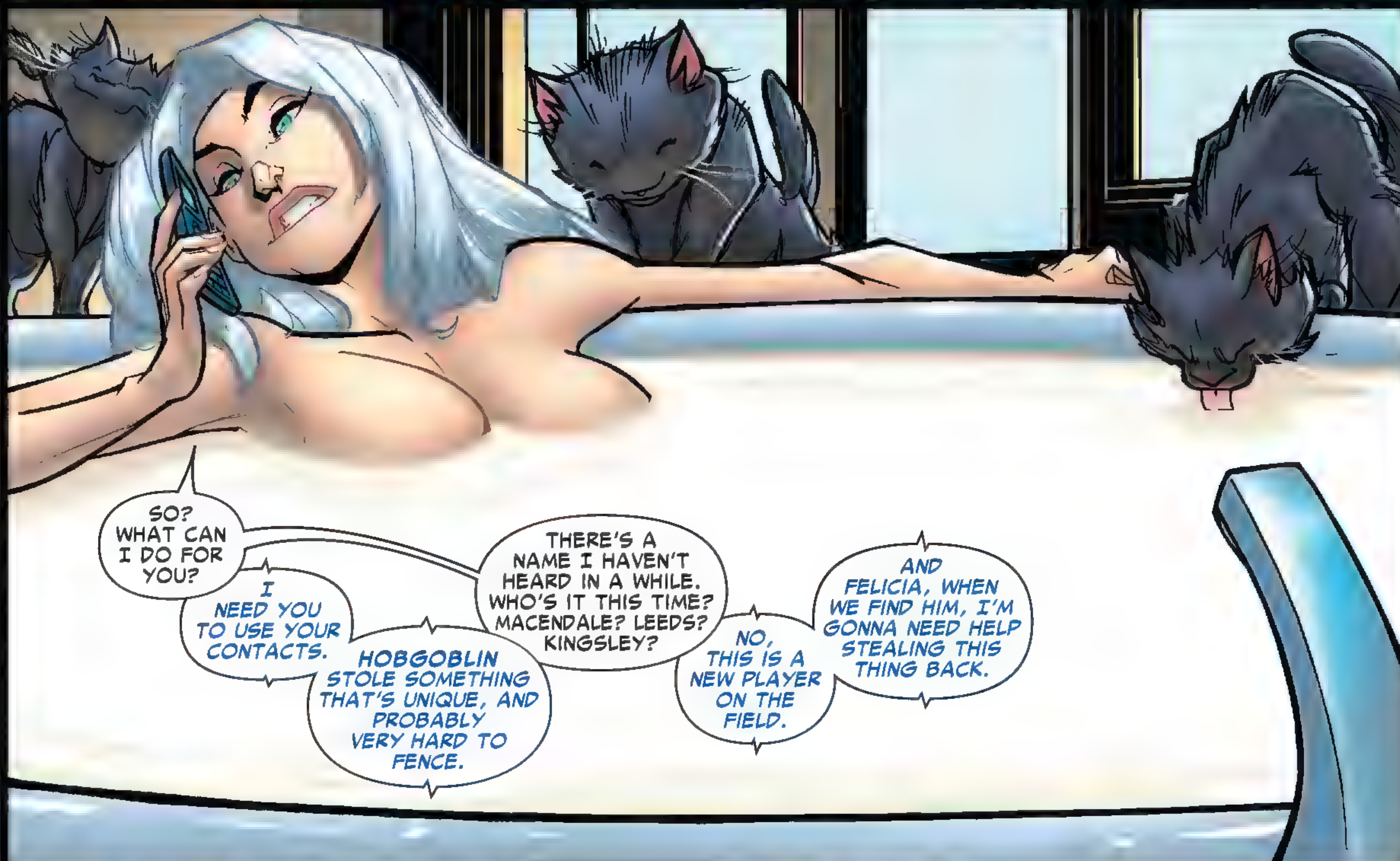
BAD TIME?

NO. JUST IN THE BATH.

REALLY? I THOUGHT THAT WAS SOMETHING YOU CATS DID WITH YOUR TONGUES.

OH, THE IMAGINATION YOU HAVE. LIKE I'M SOME MADE-TO-ORDER CLICHE...

Upper East Side.
THE LUXURIOUS APARTMENT OF ONE FELICIA HARDY, A.K.A. THE BLACK CAT.



SO? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

I NEED YOU TO USE YOUR CONTACTS.

HOBGOBLIN STOLE SOMETHING THAT'S UNIQUE, AND PROBABLY VERY HARD TO FENCE.

THERE'S A NAME I HAVEN'T HEARD IN A WHILE. WHO'S IT THIS TIME? MACENDALE? LEEDS? KINGSLEY?

NO, THIS IS A NEW PLAYER ON THE FIELD.

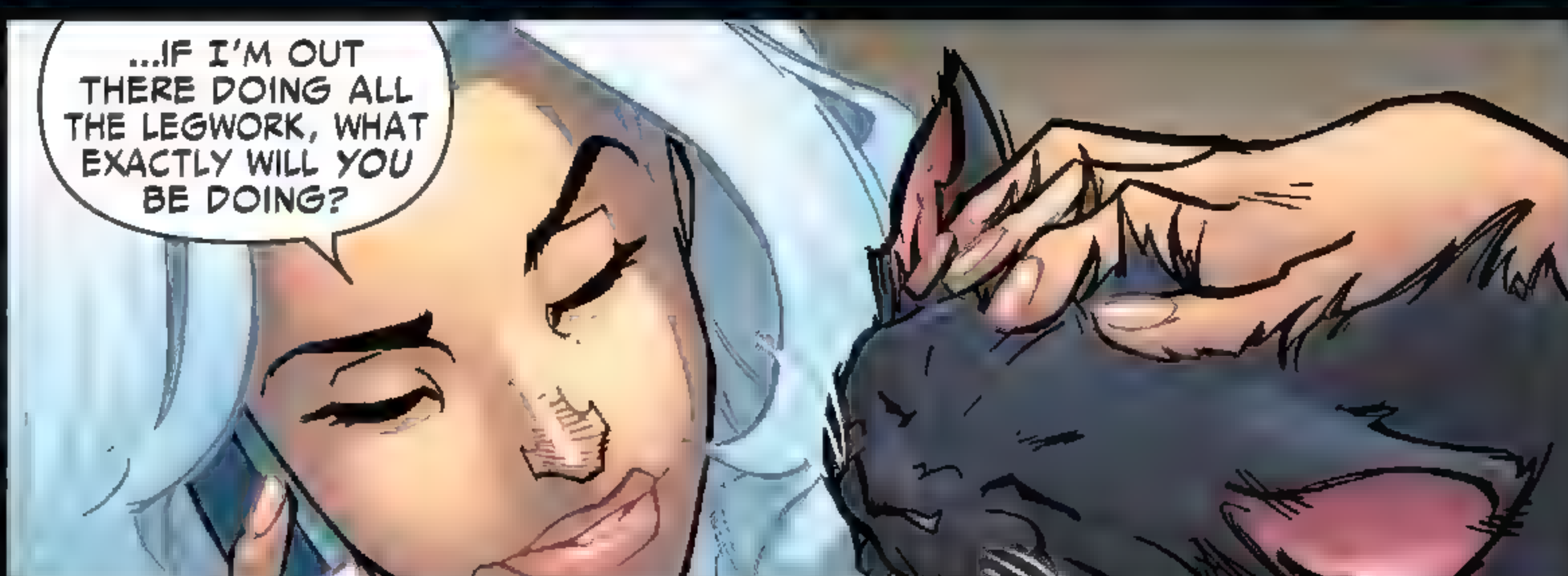
AND FELICIA, WHEN WE FIND HIM, I'M GONNA NEED HELP STEALING THIS THING BACK.



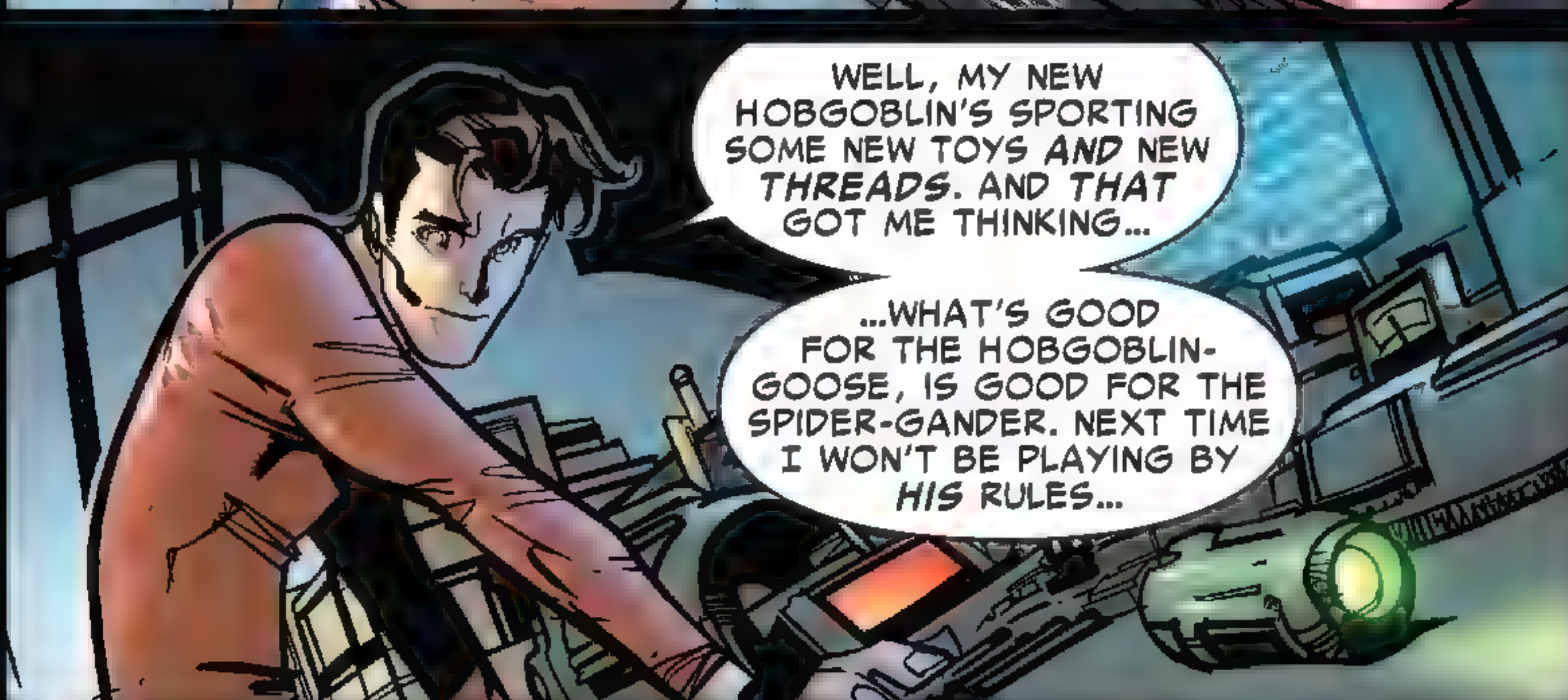
ALL RIGHT. I WAS HOPING TO DO MORE OVERTLY SUPER HERO-ISH THINGS.

BUT HOW CAN I SAY NO TO YOU? ONE THING THOUGH, SPIDER...

MYROW



...IF I'M OUT THERE DOING ALL THE LEGWORK, WHAT EXACTLY WILL YOU BE DOING?



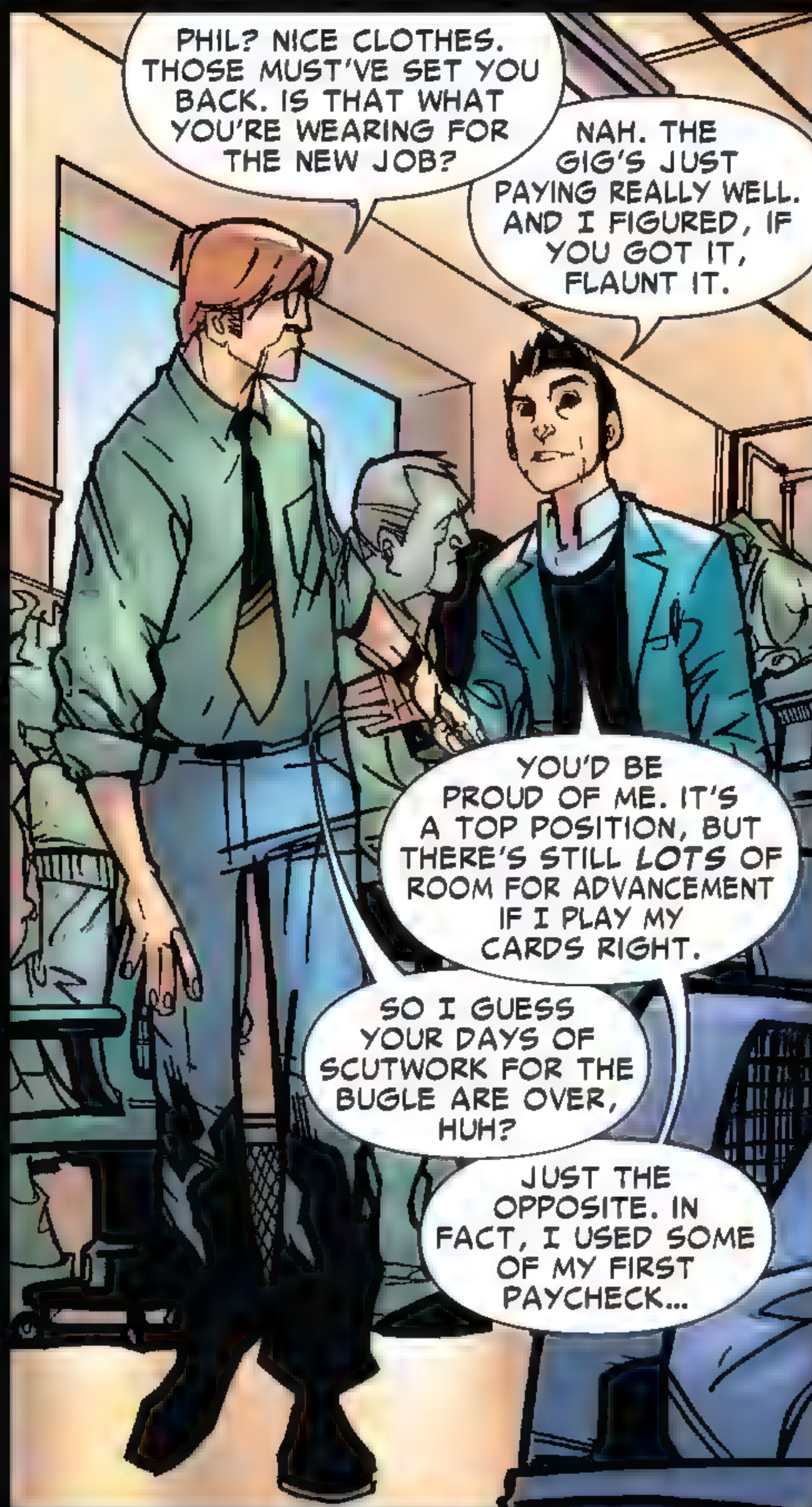
WELL, MY NEW HOBGOBLIN'S SPORTING SOME NEW TOYS AND NEW THREADS. AND THAT GOT ME THINKING...

...WHAT'S GOOD FOR THE HOBGOBLIN-GOOSE, IS GOOD FOR THE SPIDER-GANDER. NEXT TIME I WON'T BE PLAYING BY HIS RULES...



"...HE'LL BE PLAYING BY MINE!"

HEY, UNCLE BEN.



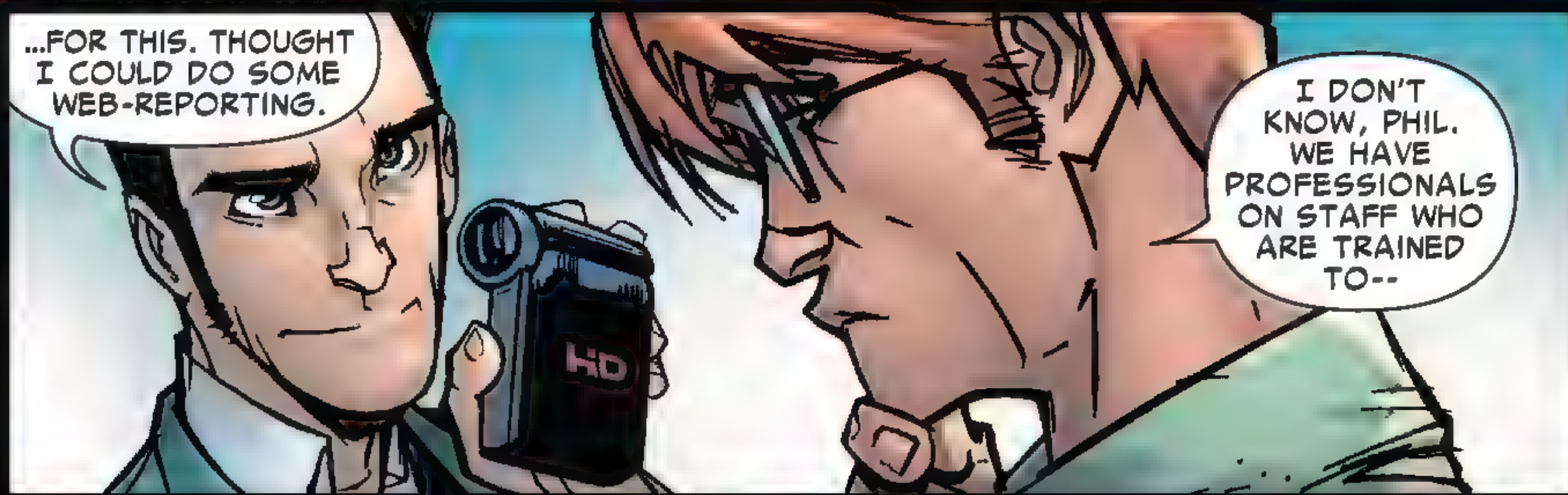
PHIL? NICE CLOTHES. THOSE MUST'VE SET YOU BACK. IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE WEARING FOR THE NEW JOB?

NAH. THE GIG'S JUST PAYING REALLY WELL. AND I FIGURED, IF YOU GOT IT, FLAUNT IT.

YOU'D BE PROUD OF ME. IT'S A TOP POSITION, BUT THERE'S STILL LOTS OF ROOM FOR ADVANCEMENT IF I PLAY MY CARDS RIGHT.

SO I GUESS YOUR DAYS OF SCUTWORK FOR THE BUGLE ARE OVER, HUH?

JUST THE OPPOSITE. IN FACT, I USED SOME OF MY FIRST PAYCHECK...



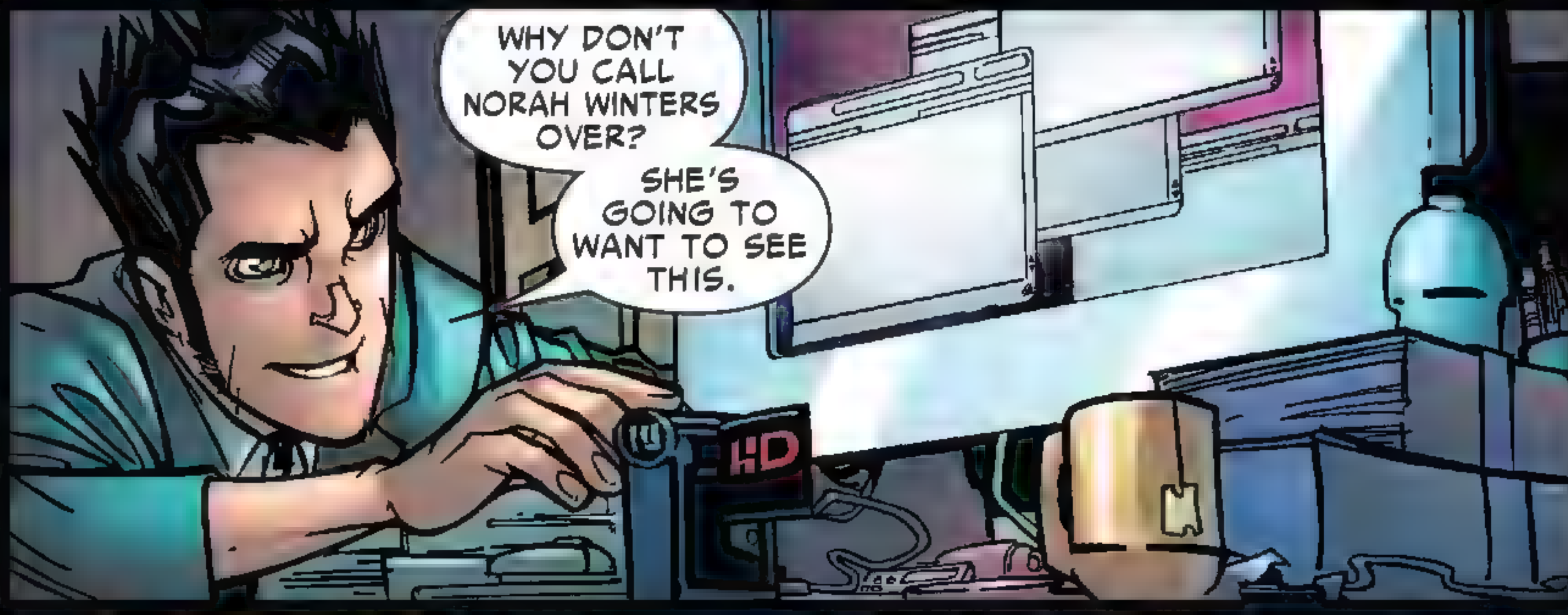
...FOR THIS. THOUGHT I COULD DO SOME WEB-REPORTING.

I DON'T KNOW, PHIL. WE HAVE PROFESSIONALS ON STAFF WHO ARE TRAINED TO--



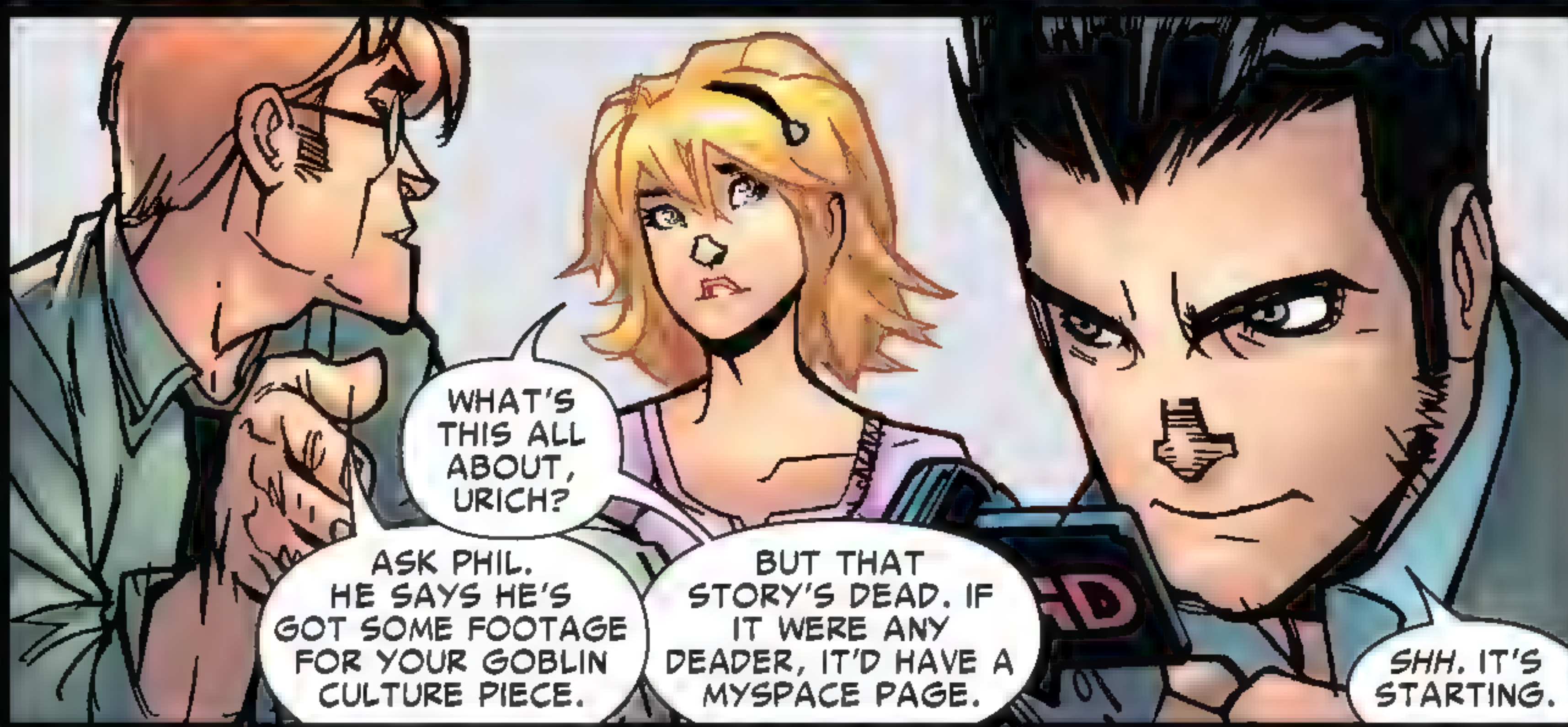
TRAINING? WHO NEEDS THAT? YOU JUST POINT AND CLICK.

HECK, I THINK I'VE ALREADY GOT YOUR FRONT PAGE STORY RIGHT HERE.



WHY DON'T YOU CALL NORAH WINTERS OVER?

SHE'S GOING TO WANT TO SEE THIS.



WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, URICH?

ASK PHIL. HE SAYS HE'S GOT SOME FOOTAGE FOR YOUR GOBLIN CULTURE PIECE.

BUT THAT STORY'S DEAD. IF IT WERE ANY DEADER, IT'D HAVE A MYSPACE PAGE.

SHH. IT'S STARTING.



WHAT AM I LOOKING AT?

VIDEO OF YESTERDAY'S BREAK-IN AT HORIZON LABS.

WE HEARD ABOUT THAT OVER THE POLICE SCANNER...

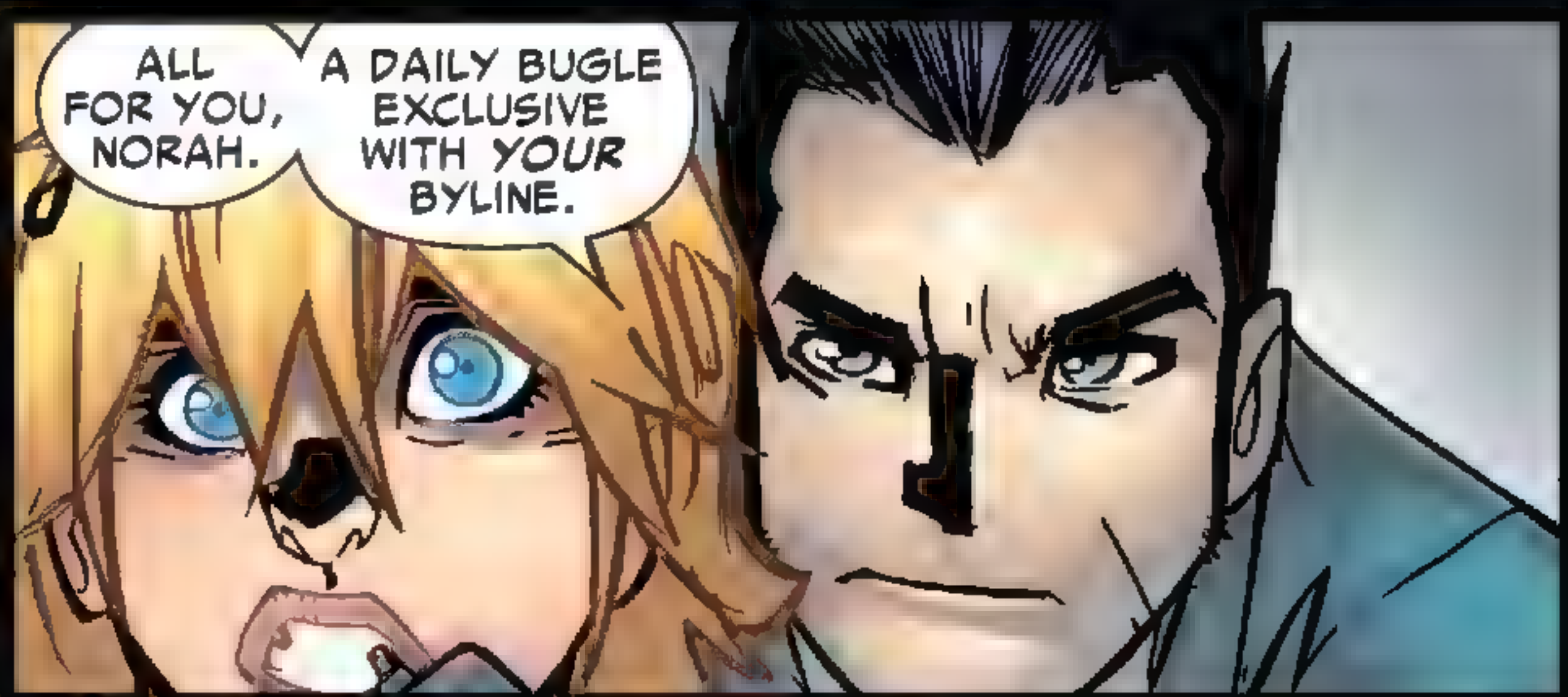
...BUT WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET COMMENTS FROM EITHER HORIZON'S P.R. OR CAPTAIN WATANABE. WHAT MAKES IT SO SPECIAL?

OH, NOT MUCH...



...JUST THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF AN ALL-NEW GOBLIN.

A DEADLY, NO-NONSENSE, AND OH-SO-SEXY HOBGOBLIN.



ALL FOR YOU, NORAH.

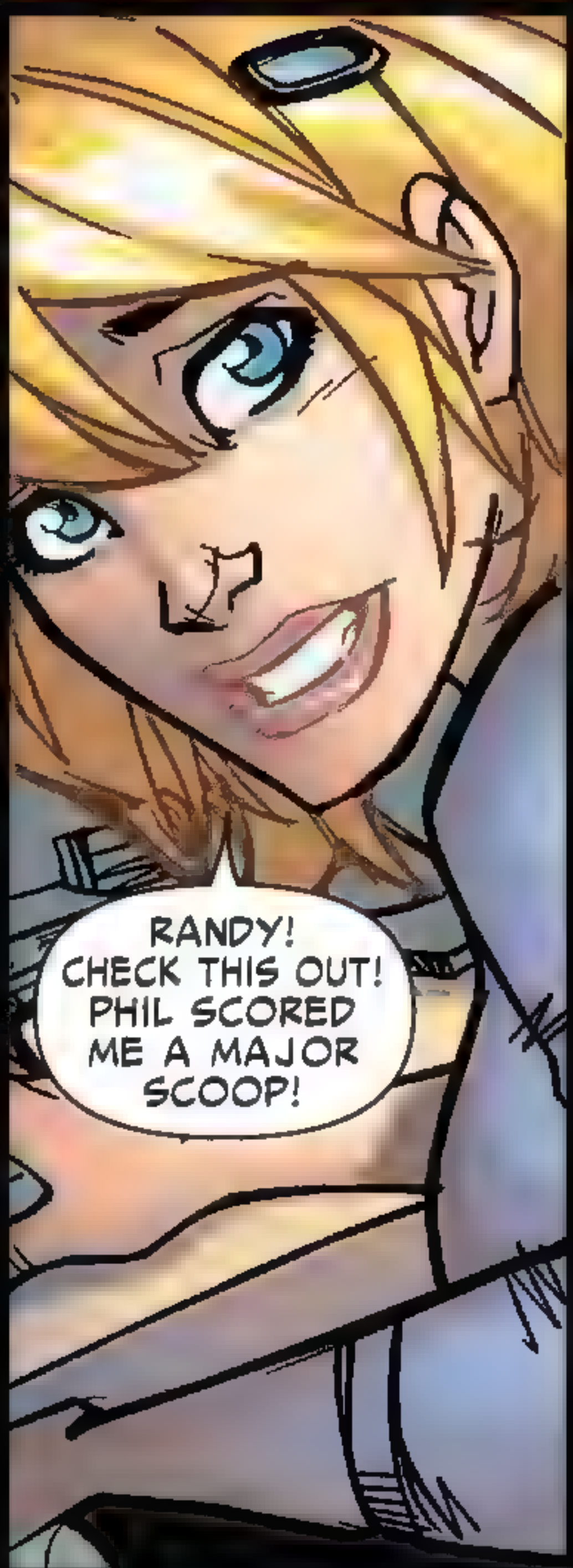
A DAILY BUGLE EXCLUSIVE WITH YOUR BYLINE.



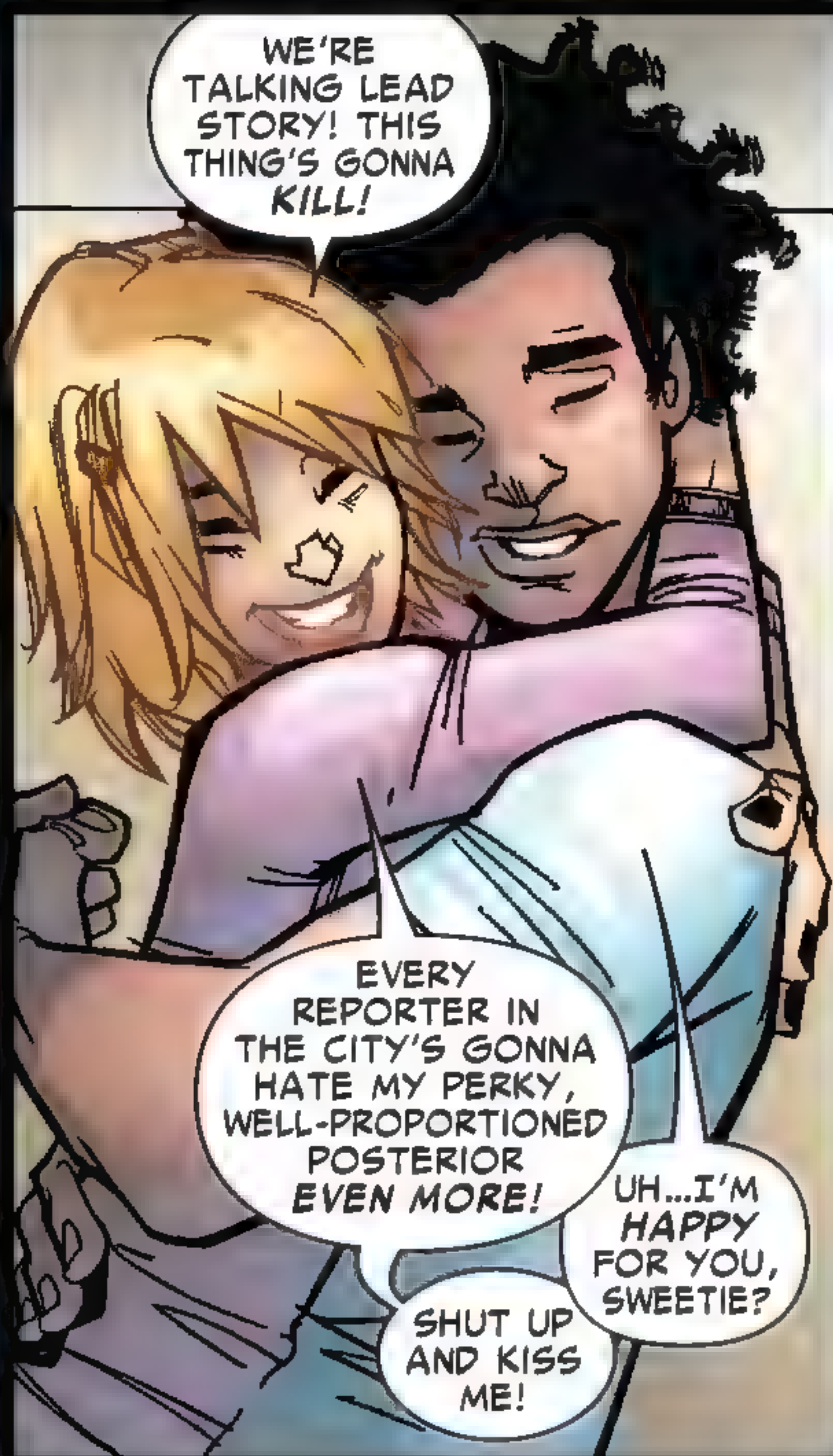
WHAT'S ALL THE COMMOTION?

NORAH'S GOT AN MPEG OF A NEW GOBLIN.

NORAH?



RANDY! CHECK THIS OUT! PHIL SCORED ME A MAJOR SCOOP!

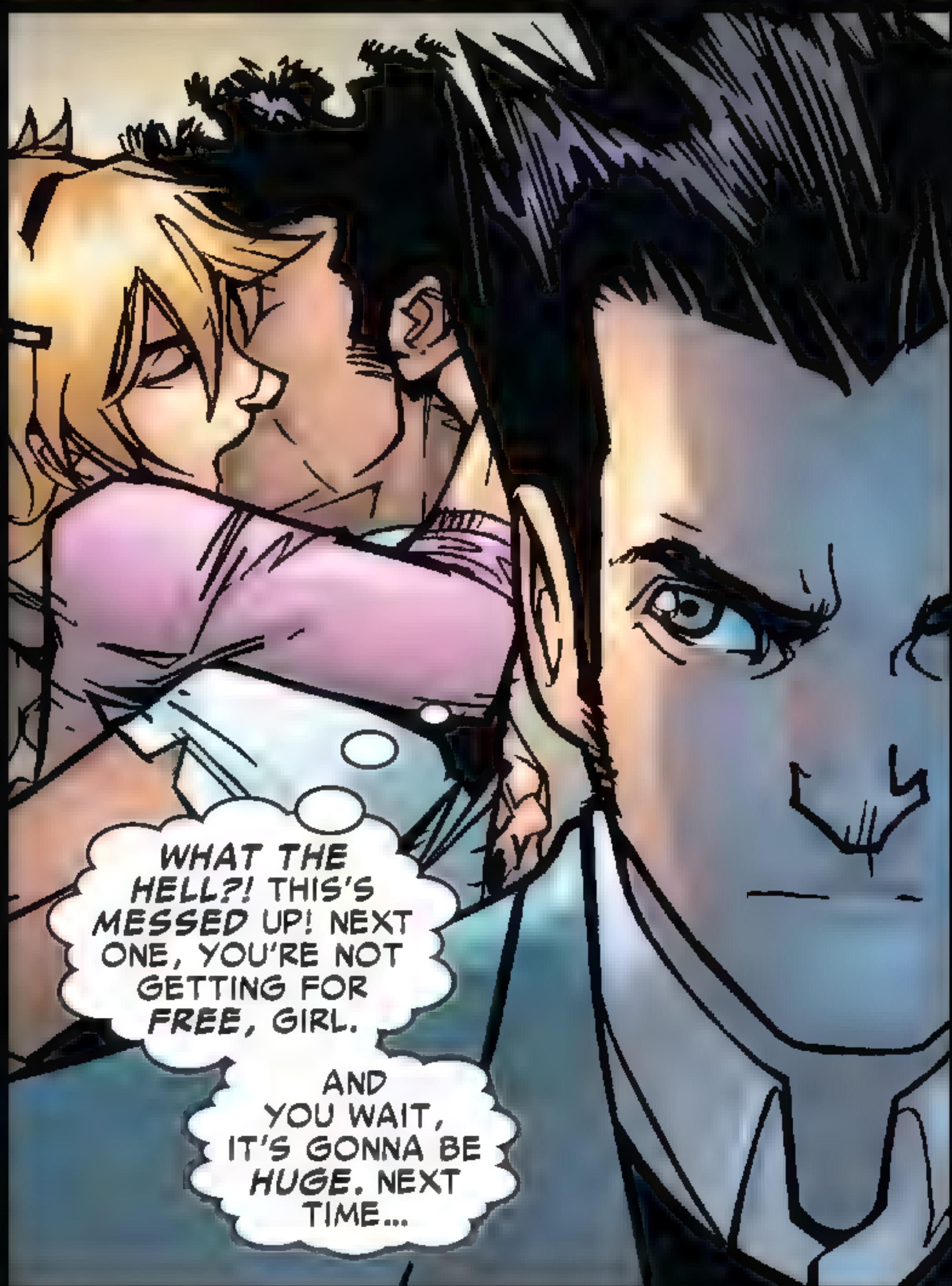


WE'RE TALKING LEAD STORY! THIS THING'S GONNA KILL!

EVERY REPORTER IN THE CITY'S GONNA HATE MY PERKY, WELL-PROPORTIONED POSTERIOR EVEN MORE!

UH...I'M HAPPY FOR YOU, SWEETIE?

SHUT UP AND KISS ME!



WHAT THE HELL?! THIS'S MESS'D UP! NEXT ONE, YOU'RE NOT GETTING FOR FREE, GIRL.

AND YOU WAIT, IT'S GONNA BE HUGE. NEXT TIME...



"...THE HOBGOBLIN IS REALLY UPPING HIS GAME!"

OMNI-HARMONIC MESH.

WITH WAVE BENDING PROPERTIES.

HERE'S HOPING IT "BAFFLES" HOBBY IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE.

Horizon.

PETER PARKER'S PRIVATE LAB.



DEET DEET

MR. PARKER, THERE ARE TWO GUESTS FOR YOU IN RECEPTION.

SURE, SEND 'EM OVER. AND FLO? MR. PARKER WAS MY UNCLE. CALL ME PETER, OKAY?



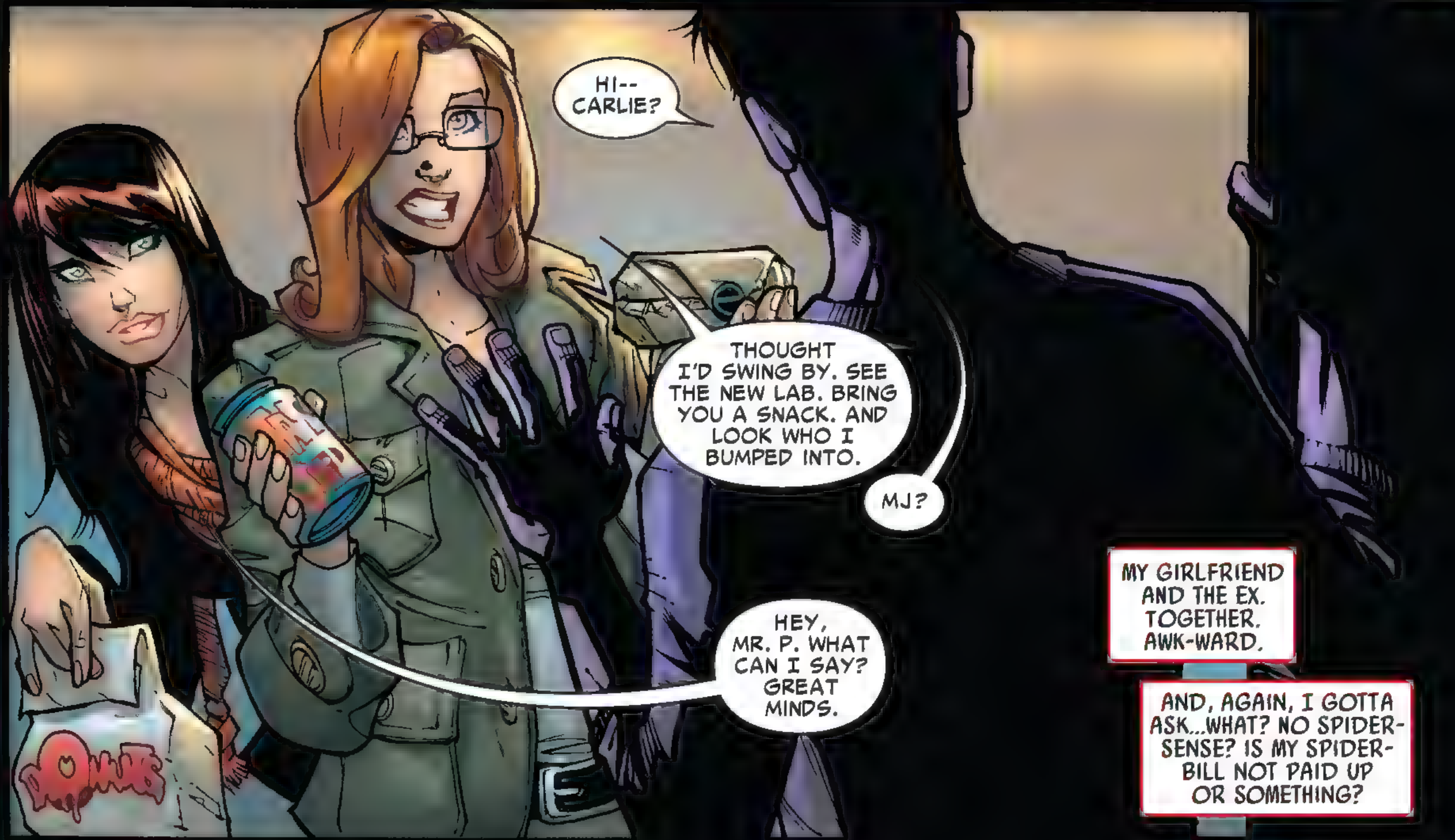
AUNT MAY AND JAY SAID THEY MIGHT BE DROPPING BY.

BETTER WHEEL MY MOBILE SPIDEY-WORK STATION INTO THE BLACK BOX...



...BEFORE "COMPANY" GETS HERE.

BLACK BOX, LOCKED AND SECURE.



HI-- CARLIE?

THOUGHT I'D SWING BY. SEE THE NEW LAB. BRING YOU A SNACK. AND LOOK WHO I BUMPED INTO.

MJ?

HEY, MR. P. WHAT CAN I SAY? GREAT MINDS.

MY GIRLFRIEND AND THE EX. TOGETHER. AWK-WARD.

AND, AGAIN, I GOTTA ASK...WHAT? NO SPIDER-SENSE? IS MY SPIDER-BILL NOT PAID UP OR SOMETHING?



C'MON, LADIES. REALLY?

YOU GOT ME. I'M CHECKING OUT THE SUPERHUMAN CRIME SCENE.

AND I SAW THE SPIDEY/HOBGOBLIN FIGHT ON THE BUGLE'S HOMEPAGE...



JUST WANTED TO MAKE SURE YOU WERE OKAY...

~GNEE...~

...BEECAUSE YOU WORK HERE...

HURR...

...AAAND COULD'VE GOTTEN HURT.

THAT'S RIGHT, MJ. CARLIE **DOESN'T** KNOW. NICE SAVE.



SO HOW'S THE JOB TREATING YOU?

AWESOME! I COME AND GO AS I PLEASE. BUT SERIOUSLY, WHO'D WANNA LEAVE?

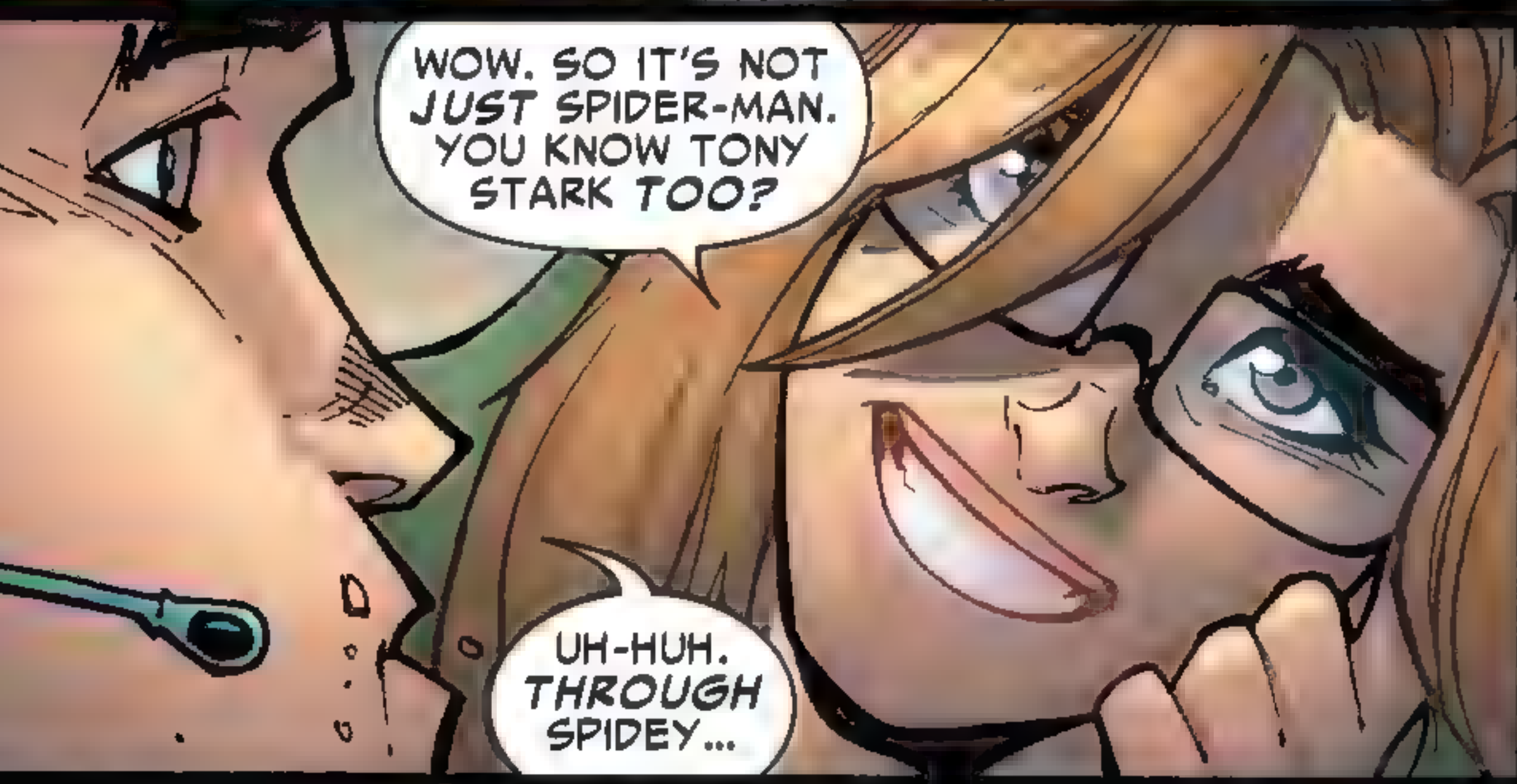
I'M ALL SCIENCE-Y McSCIENCE OVER HERE. WITH A CRUNCHY COATING OF SCIENCE ON TOP.



PURE BLISS. AND THEY PAY ME FOR IT.

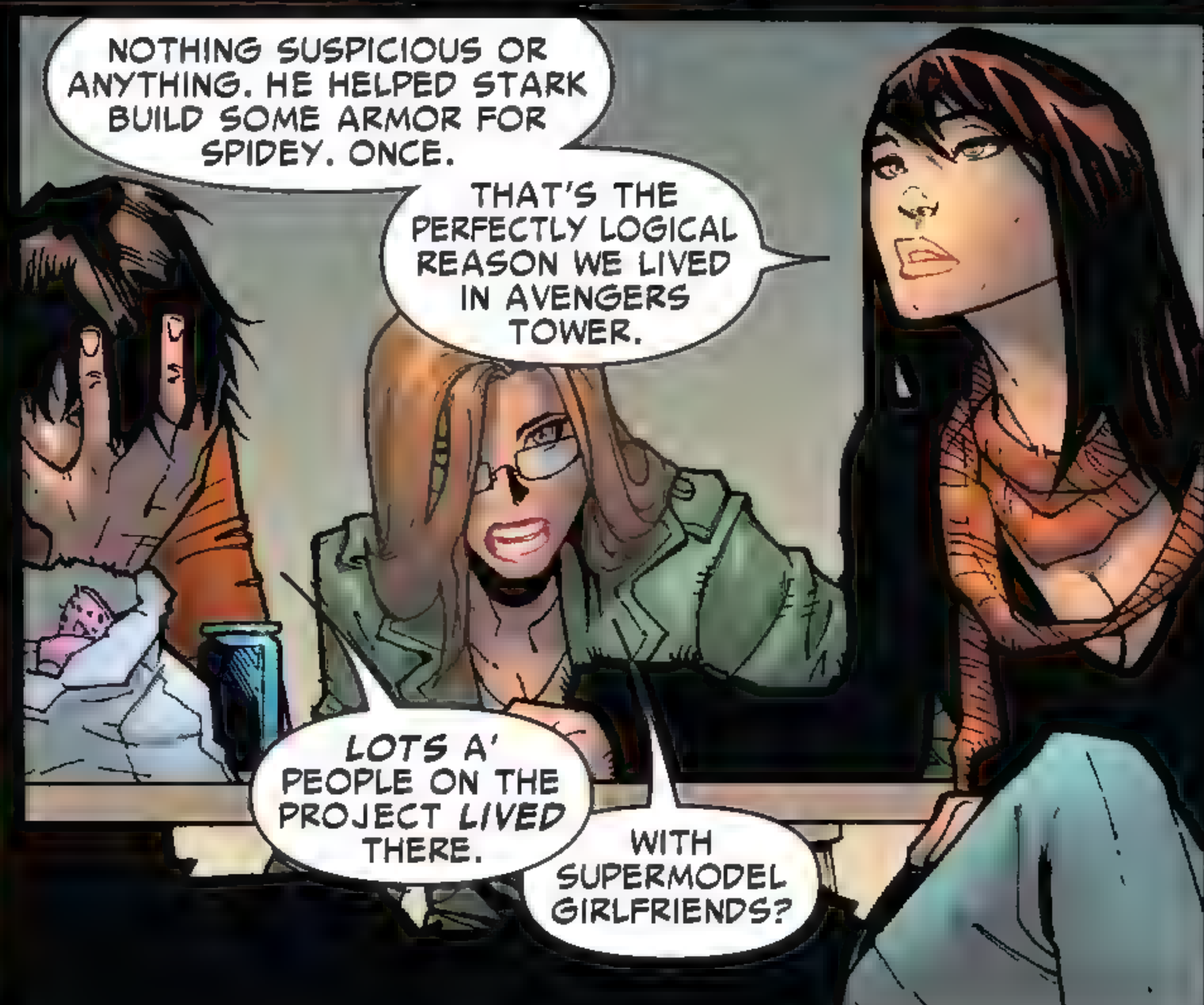
TAKE TODAY. I'M COMING UP WITH LIGHT AND SOUND BENDING TECHNOLOGIES...

...ADAPTING CONCEPTS I DEVELOPED WHEN I WORKED FOR TONY STARK.



WOW. SO IT'S NOT JUST SPIDER-MAN. YOU KNOW TONY STARK TOO?

UH-HUH. THROUGH SPIDEY...



NOTHING SUSPICIOUS OR ANYTHING. HE HELPED STARK BUILD SOME ARMOR FOR SPIDEY. ONCE.

THAT'S THE PERFECTLY LOGICAL REASON WE LIVED IN AVENGERS TOWER.

LOTS A' PEOPLE ON THE PROJECT LIVED THERE.

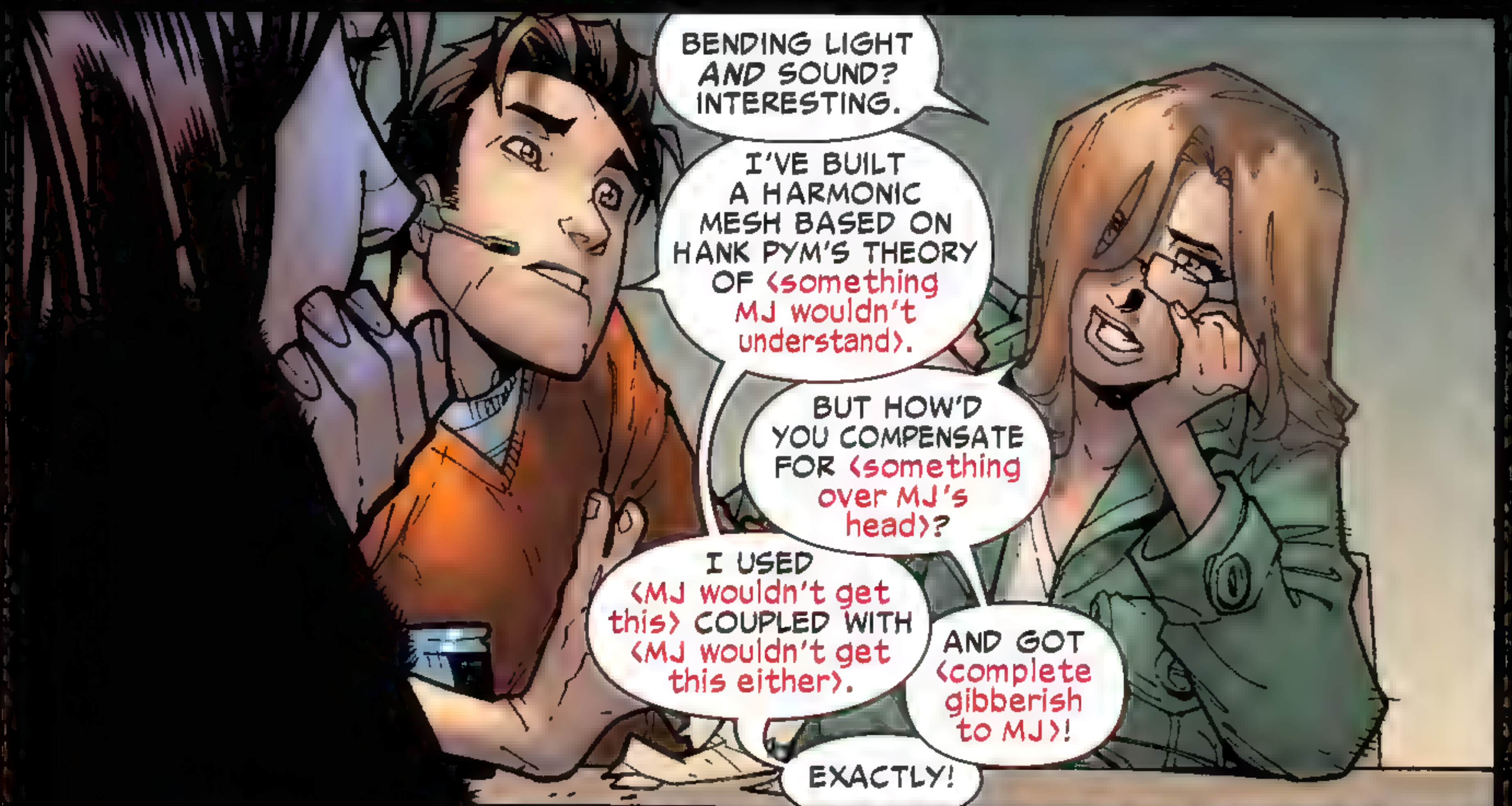
WITH SUPERMODEL GIRLFRIENDS?



YES.

YES, THEY DID.

OKAY. PAST IS PAST. I'LL DROP IT. SO...



BENDING LIGHT AND SOUND? INTERESTING.

I'VE BUILT A HARMONIC MESH BASED ON HANK PYM'S THEORY OF *<something MJ wouldn't understand>*.

BUT HOW'D YOU COMPENSATE FOR *<something over MJ's head>*?

I USED *<MJ wouldn't get this>* COUPLED WITH *<MJ wouldn't get this either>*.

AND GOT *<complete gibberish to MJ>*!

EXACTLY!



THAT'S... FASCINATING. BUT I NEED TO GET BACK TO THE STUDIO.

WE'VE GOT *<fashion celebrity Pete and Carlie have never heard of>* DROPPING BY MY SHOW TODAY.



THANKS, MJ. I'LL BE SURE TO DVR IT.

SEE YA.



DEET DEET

ONE SEC, HONEY. I GOTTA TAKE THIS.

DID YOU JUST SAY "HONEY"? OH! MY! GOD!

YOU'RE WITH THE LITTLE WOMAN RIGHT NOW, AREN'T YOU, SPIDER?

TURN UP THE VOLUME, I WANNA HEAR WHAT SHE SOUNDS LIKE.



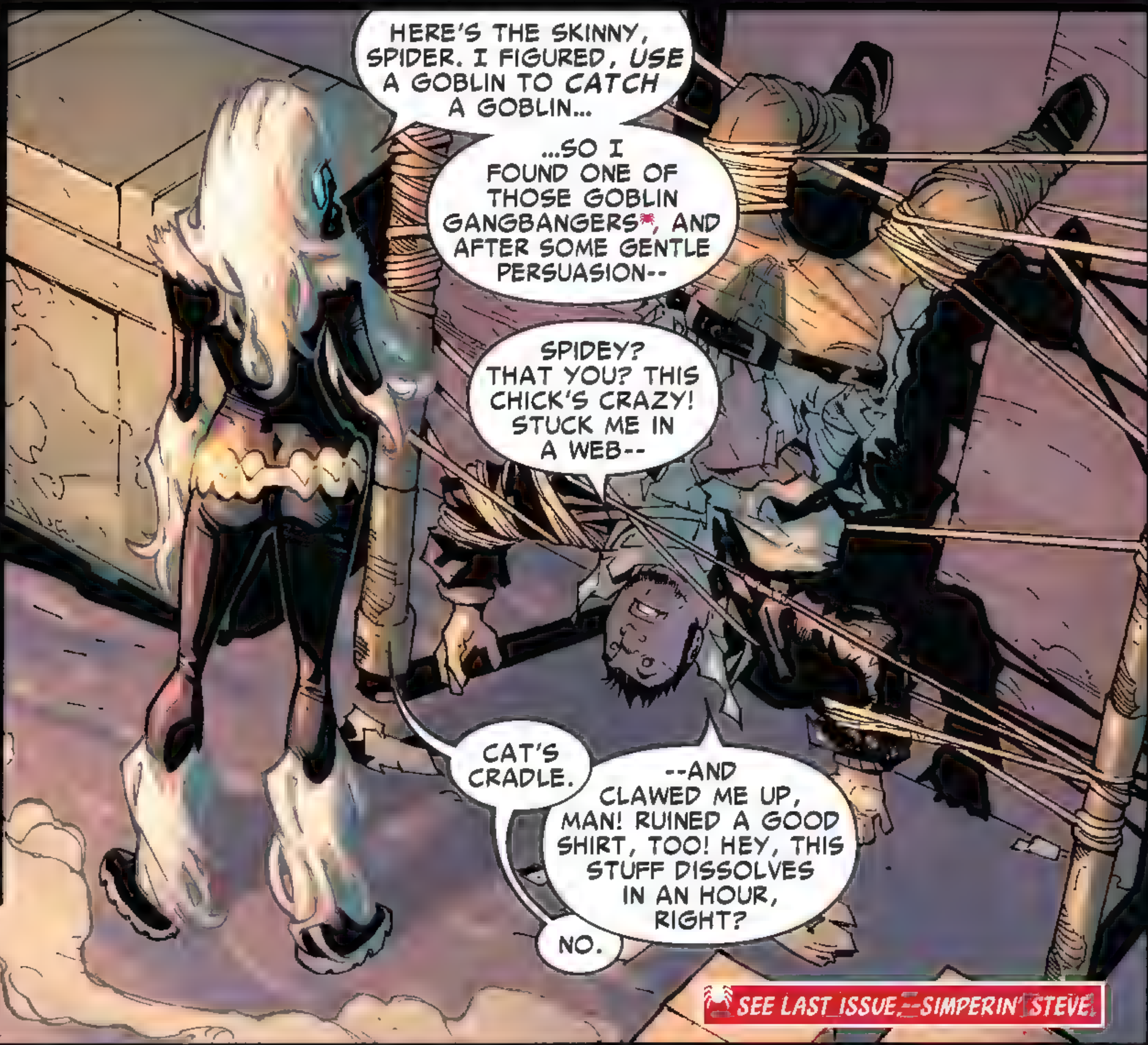
I'M SORRY, CARLIE. IT'S SOMEONE FROM WORK.

PETE, YOU'RE AT WORK.

YEAH. THEY'RE ON AN ASSIGNMENT OFF-SITE.

GUESS I'LL SEE YOU AROUND THEN.

THANKS.



HERE'S THE SKINNY, SPIDER. I FIGURED, USE A GOBLIN TO CATCH A GOBLIN...

...SO I FOUND ONE OF THOSE GOBLIN GANGBANGERS*, AND AFTER SOME GENTLE PERSUASION--

SPIDEY? THAT YOU? THIS CHICK'S CRAZY! STUCK ME IN A WEB--

CAT'S CRADLE.

--AND CLAWED ME UP, MAN! RUINED A GOOD SHIRT, TOO! HEY, THIS STUFF DISSOLVES IN AN HOUR, RIGHT?

NO.

SEE LAST ISSUE -- SIMPERIN' STEVE.



I SWEAR, YOU SPOIL THESE GUYS.

ANYWAY, ACCORDING TO MY PIGEON, THE BUYER FOR YOUR LI'L PIECE OF SCRAP METAL IS NONE OTHER...

...THAN MY OL' PAL, WILSON FISK, A.K.A. THE KINGPIN.



AND HE CURRENTLY HAS IT UNDER LOCK AND KEY IN A LOWER VAULT AT THE FISK BUILDING.

BEFORE, I WAS A LITTLE MIFFED THAT YOU ONLY WANTED MY TALENTS FOR A LITTLE SNATCH AND GRAB...

...BUT A CHANCE TO TAKE SOMETHING AWAY FROM THAT FAT #!%*@? COUNT ME IN. HOW SOON CAN YOU GET HERE?



JUST HAVE TO MAKE SOME MINOR ADJUSTMENTS AND I'M ON MY WAY.

HOPE YOU DON'T MIND, BUT I'M DRESSING UP.



OH!
THERE YOU ARE.
I DID EVERYTHING
YOU SAID--

--TOLD
HER WHAT YOU
WANTED HER
TO HEAR.

I SAW!
WITH YOUR LEVEL
OF ACTING AND A
GIRL IN A CAT SUIT
TYING YOU UP AND
ABUSING YOU...

...WELL,
LET'S JUST SAY
I'M GLAD I GOT
IT ON FILM.
HA HA.



ESPECIALLY
THE TORTURE
PARTS.

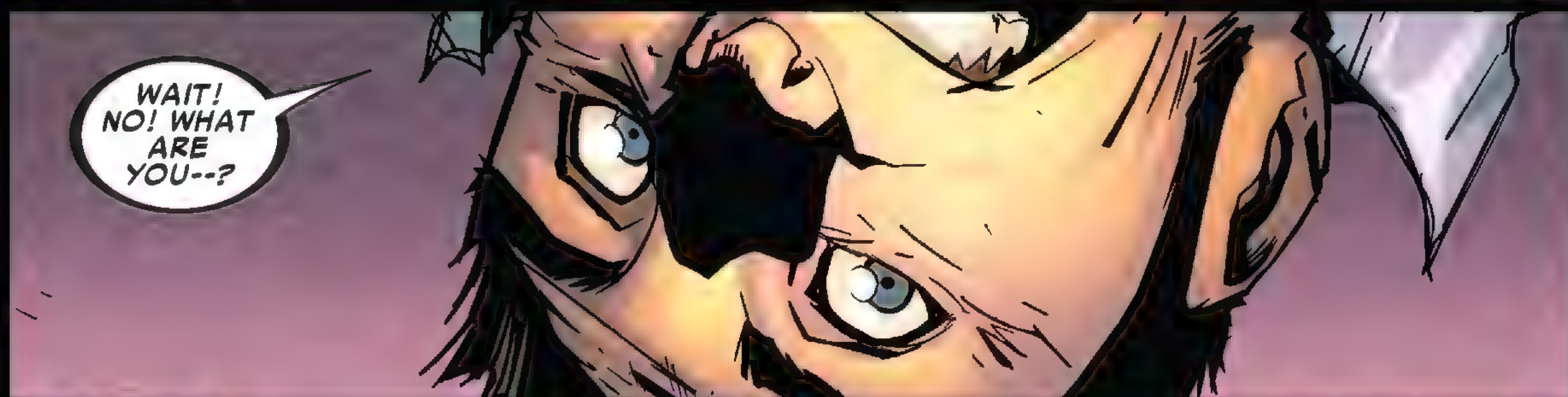
MAN, THE
GUYS AT THE
BAR ARE NEVER
GONNA BELIEVE THIS.
ME, HANGING WITH
A REAL
GOBLIN!



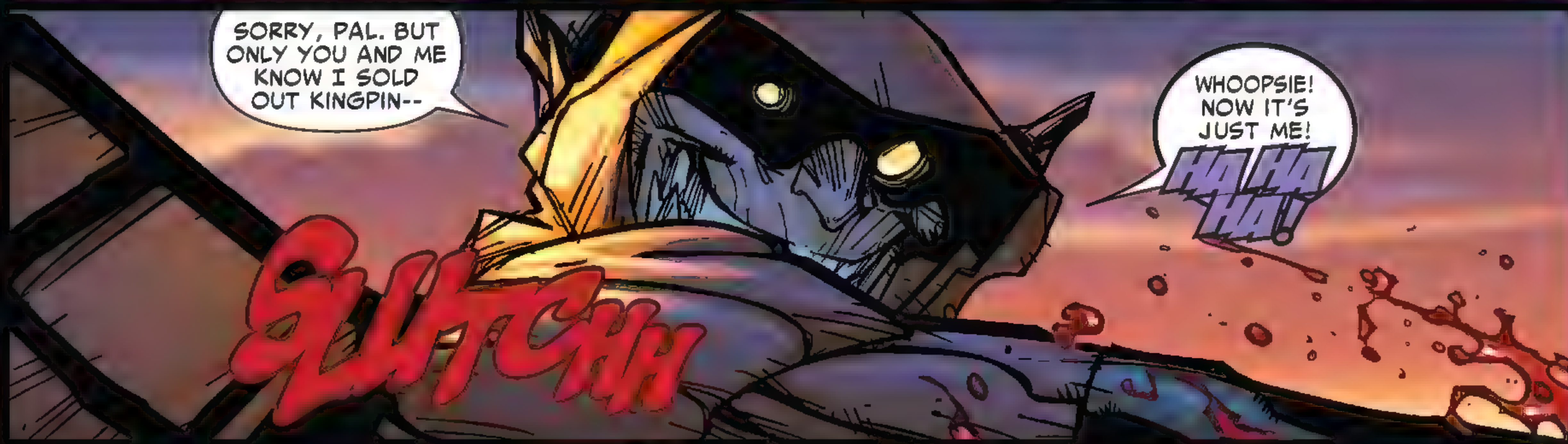
SO, YOU
GONNA CUT ME
DOWN ALREADY
OR WHAT?



OH, I'LL
CUT YOU DOWN
ALL RIGHT.
HA HA HA.



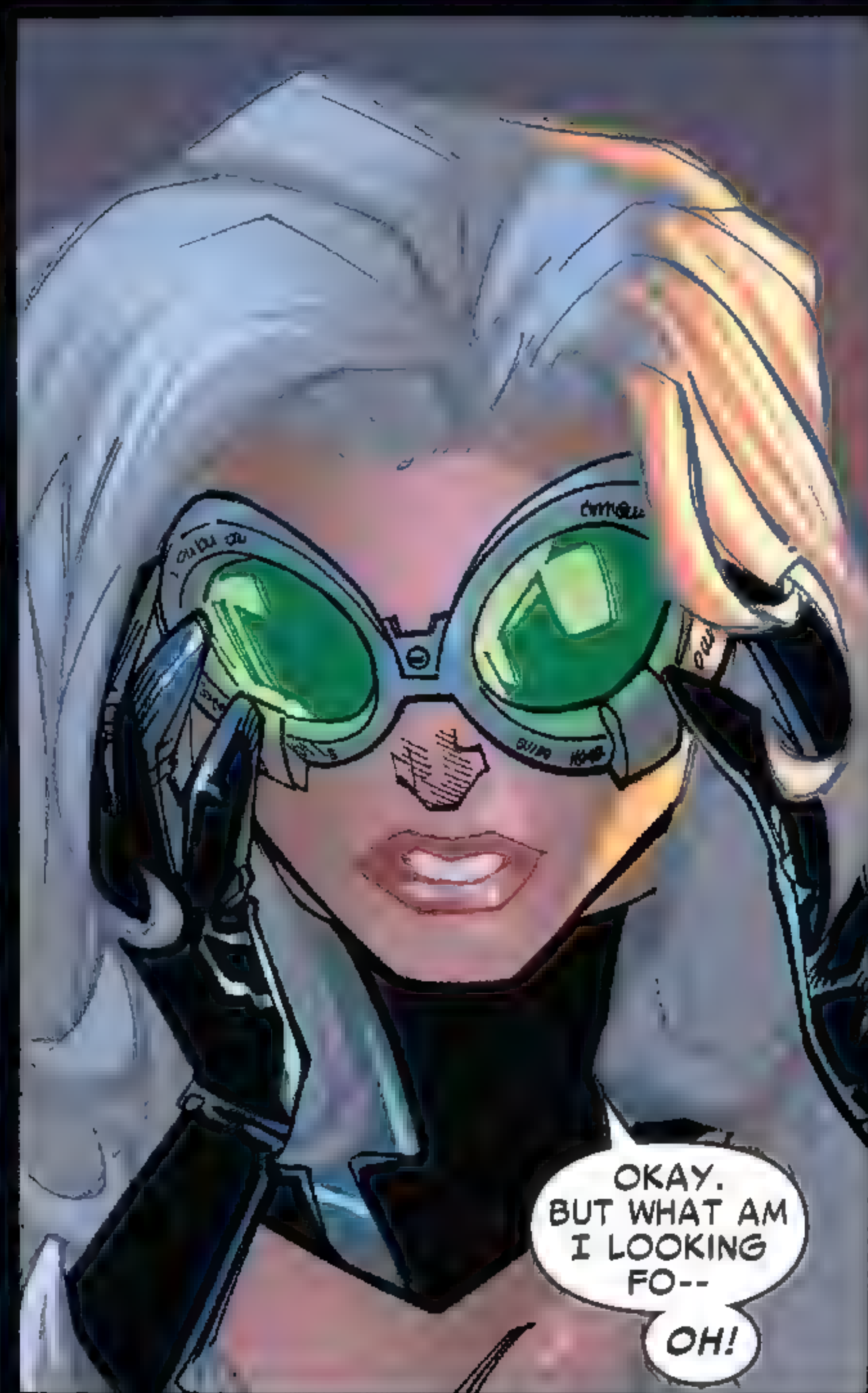
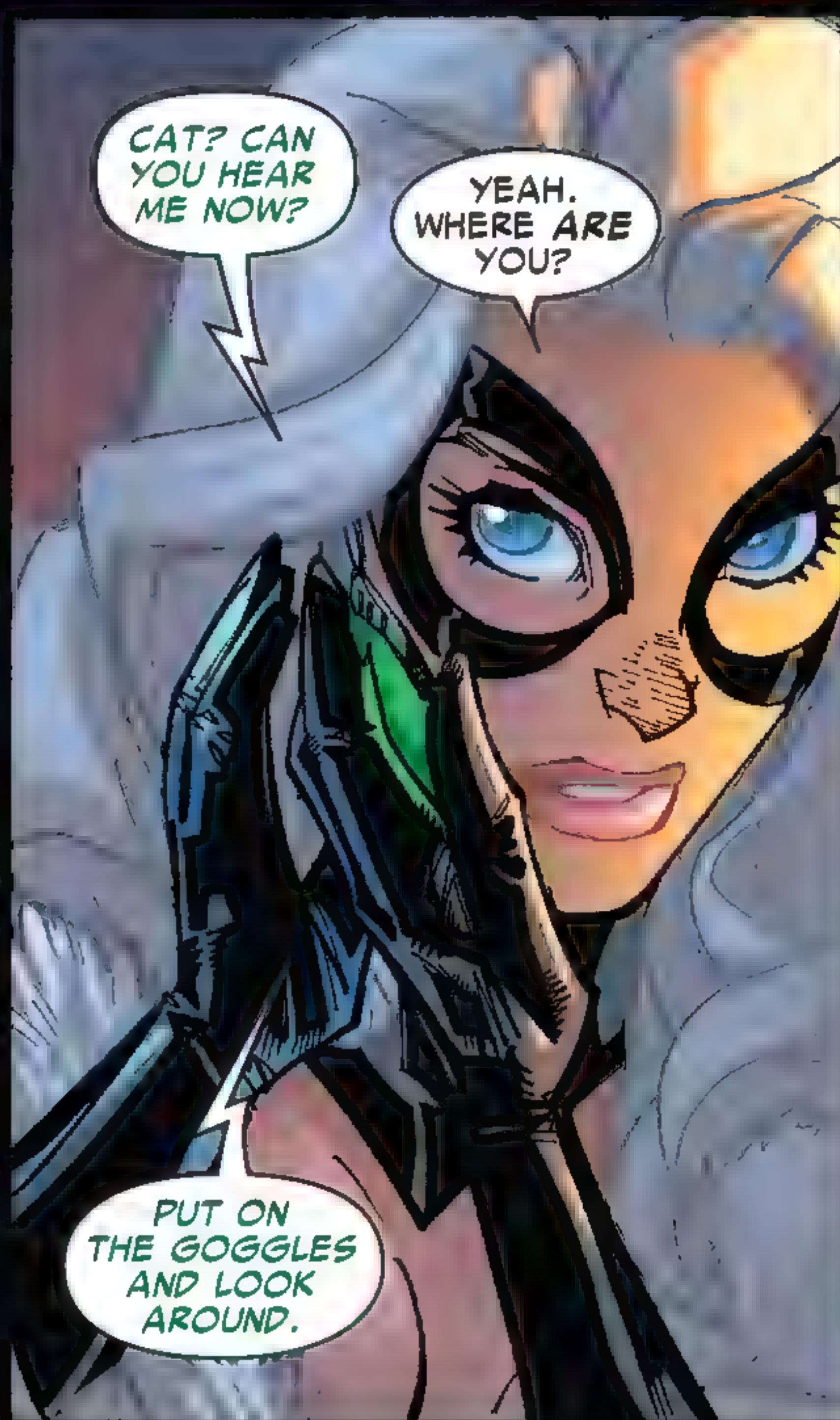
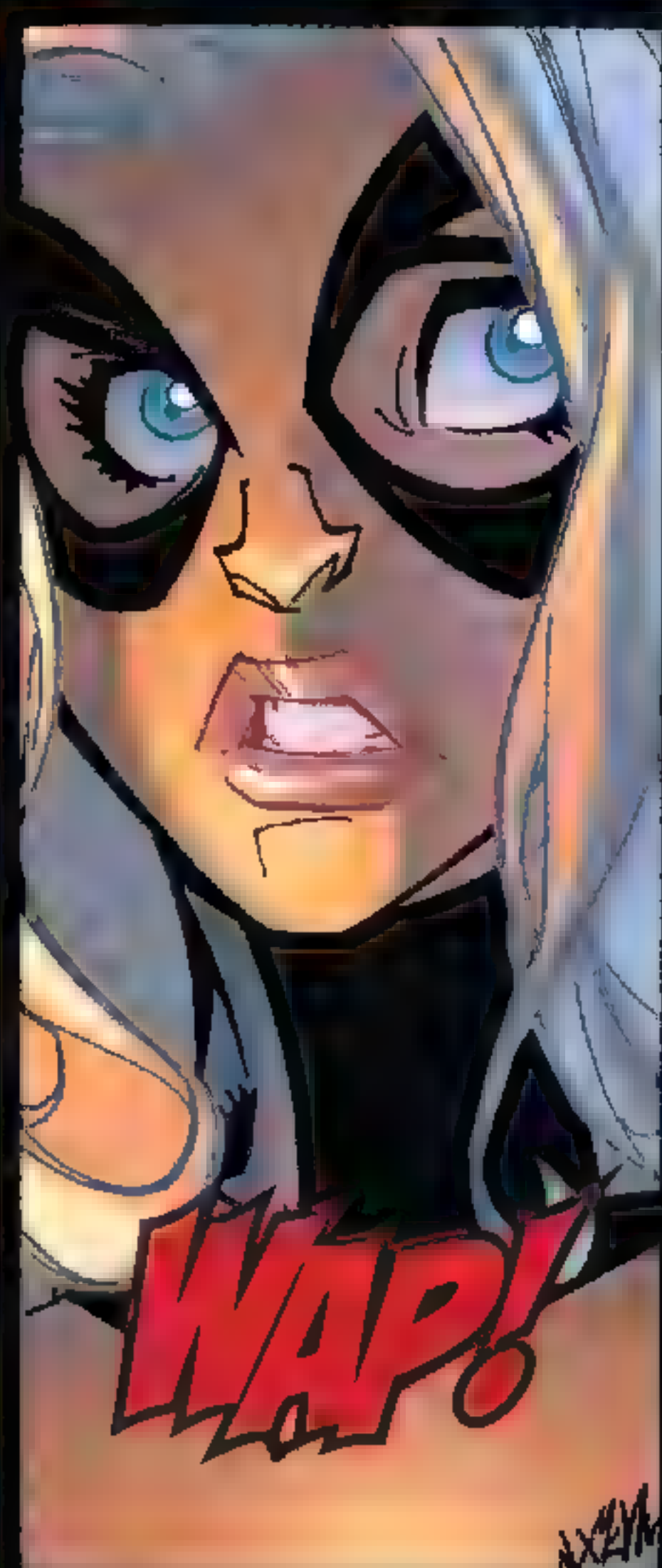
WAIT!
NO! WHAT
ARE
YOU--?



SORRY, PAL. BUT
ONLY YOU AND ME
KNOW I SOLD
OUT KINGPIN--

WHOOPIE!
NOW IT'S
JUST ME!

SLITCHHH





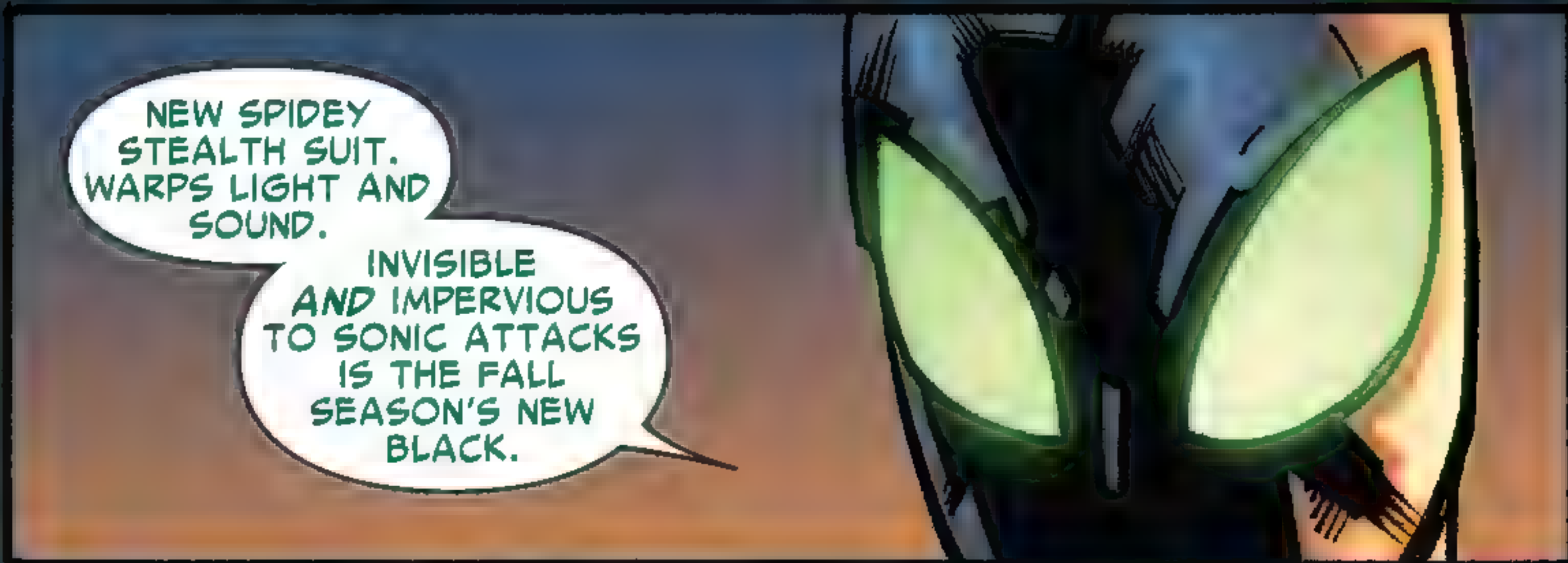
TA-DA!

SO?
WHATCHA
THINK?



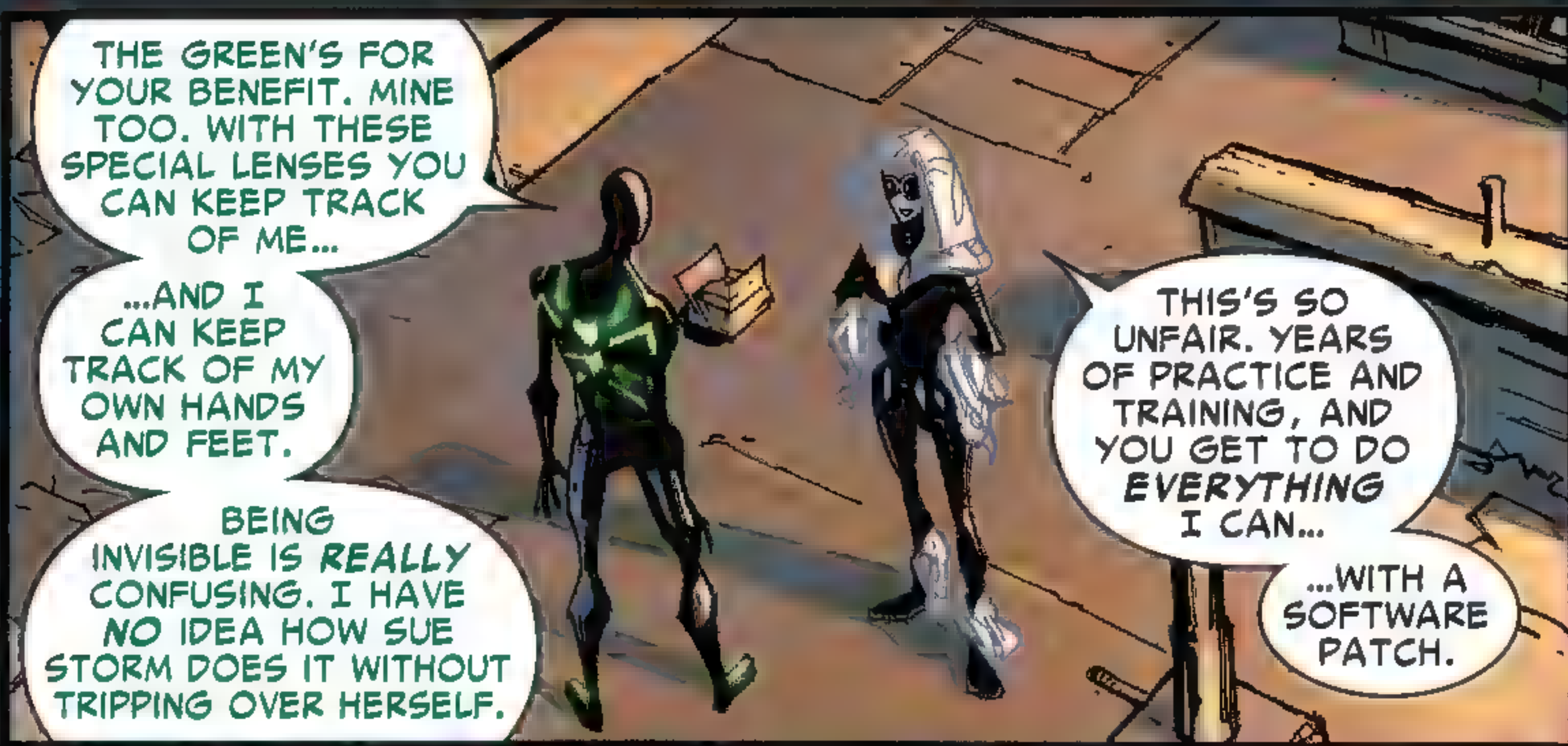
HOW--? HOW DID YOU DO THAT? YOU SNUCK UP ON ME?

YOU'VE NEVER BEEN THAT GOOD. ESPECIALLY NOT IN NEON GREEN.



NEW SPIDEY STEALTH SUIT. WARPS LIGHT AND SOUND.

INVISIBLE AND IMPERVIOUS TO SONIC ATTACKS IS THE FALL SEASON'S NEW BLACK.



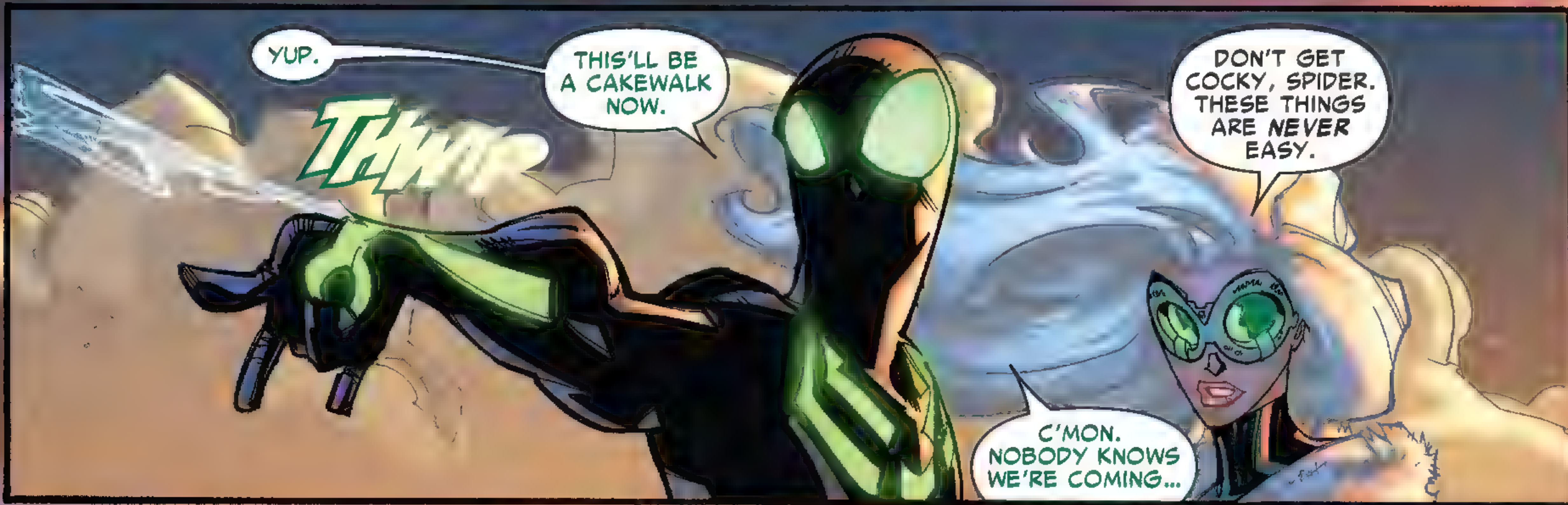
THE GREEN'S FOR YOUR BENEFIT. MINE TOO. WITH THESE SPECIAL LENSES YOU CAN KEEP TRACK OF ME...

...AND I CAN KEEP TRACK OF MY OWN HANDS AND FEET.

BEING INVISIBLE IS REALLY CONFUSING. I HAVE NO IDEA HOW SUE STORM DOES IT WITHOUT TRIPPING OVER HERSELF.

THIS'S SO UNFAIR. YEARS OF PRACTICE AND TRAINING, AND YOU GET TO DO EVERYTHING I CAN...

...WITH A SOFTWARE PATCH.



YUP.

THIS'LL BE A CAKEWALK NOW.

DON'T GET COCKY, SPIDER. THESE THINGS ARE NEVER EASY.

C'MON. NOBODY KNOWS WE'RE COMING...



...WE'VE TOTALLY GOT THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE.

To Be Continued...

The Raft, Maximum Security Prison.

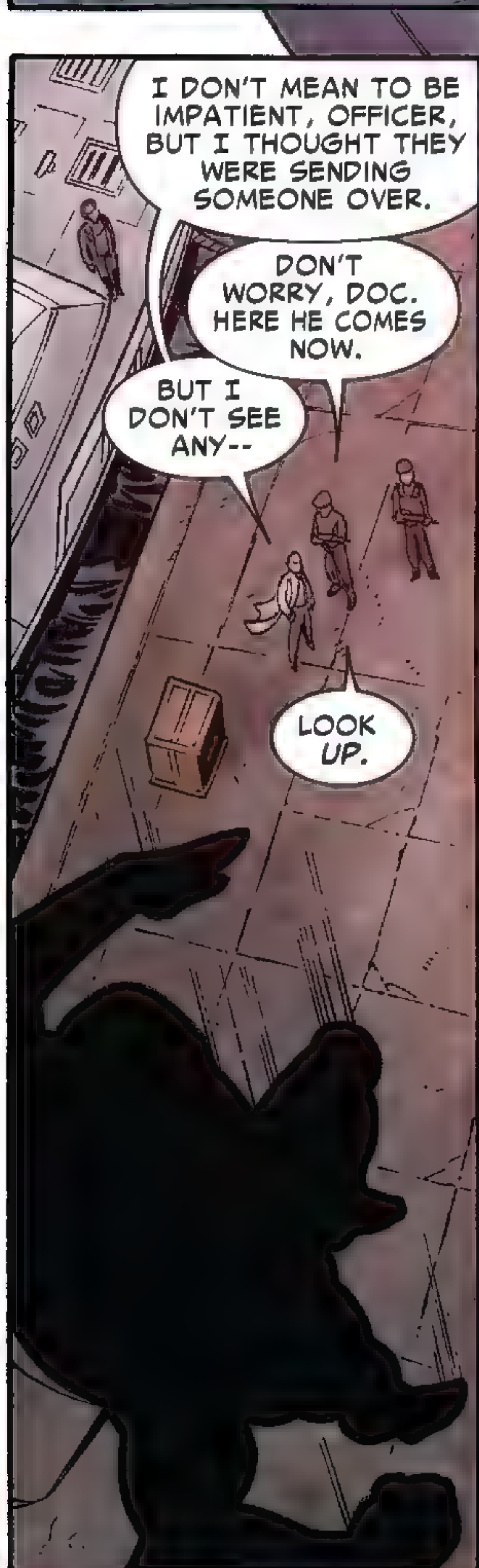
THIS IS RAFT
TRANSPORT FIVE
REQUESTING
CLEARANCE.

WE HAVE A
CIVILIAN ON BOARD
AND SPECIAL
EQUIPMENT.
OVER.

COPY
TRANSPORT FIVE,
PROCEED TO MAIN
DOCK. WE'RE
SENDING DOWN
AN ESCORT.

THE FINAL LESSON

DAN SLOTT WRITER NEIL EDWARDS PENCILER SCOTT HANNA INKER MORRY HOLLOWELL COLORIST VC'S CHRIS ELIOPOULOS LETTERER

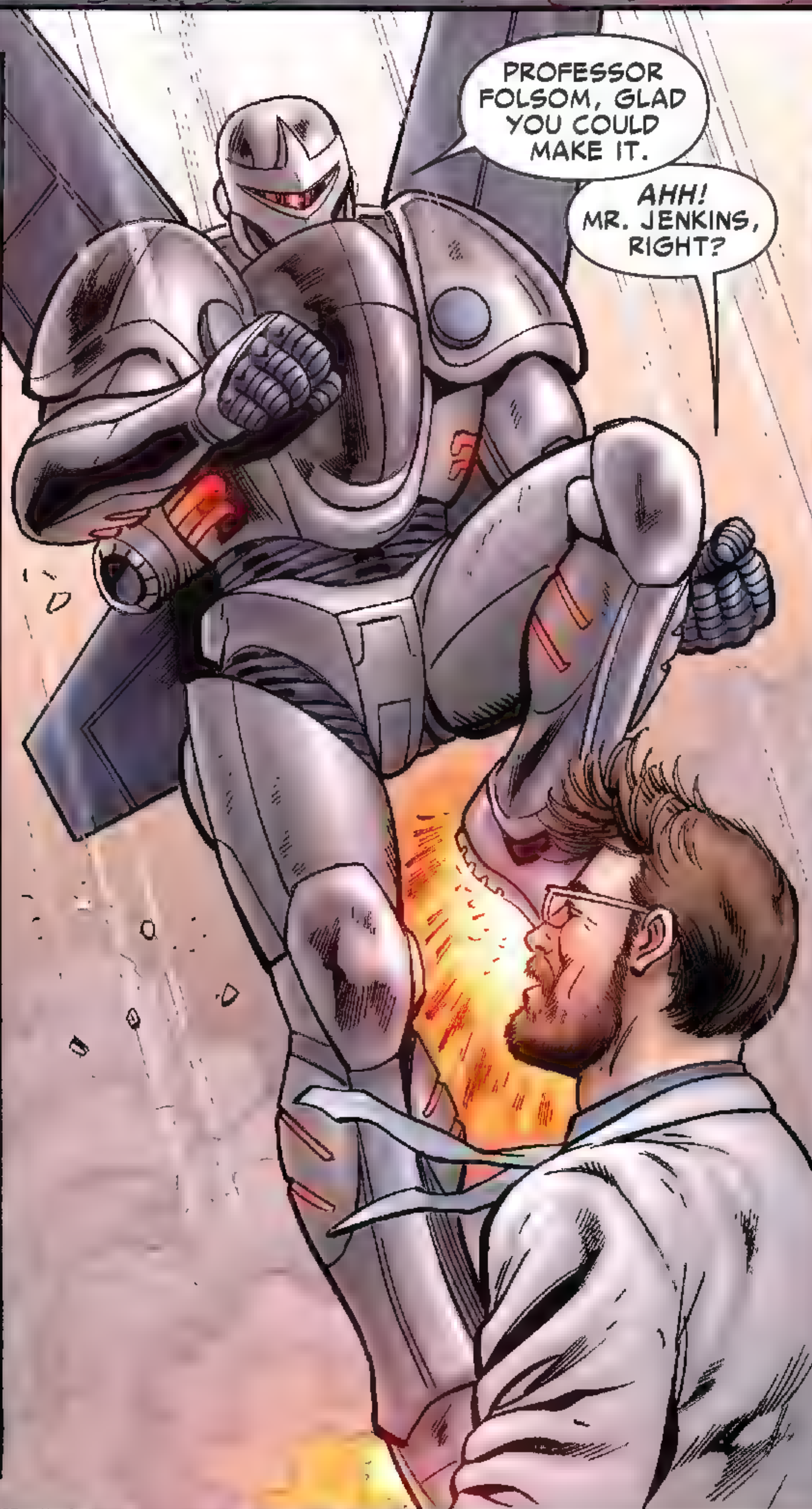


I DON'T MEAN TO BE
IMPATIENT, OFFICER,
BUT I THOUGHT THEY
WERE SENDING
SOMEONE OVER.

DON'T
WORRY, DOC.
HERE HE COMES
NOW.

BUT I
DON'T SEE
ANY--

LOOK
UP.



PROFESSOR
FOLSOM, GLAD
YOU COULD
MAKE IT.

AHH!
MR. JENKINS,
RIGHT?



I GO BY MACH-5 WHEN
I'M IN THE SUIT. SORRY.
DIDN'T MEAN TO STARTLE
YOU, PROFESSOR.

IT'S ALL
RIGHT. IT'S NOT
EVERY DAY YOU SEE
A HUMAN ROCKET.
EVEN IN MY LINE
OF WORK.

BUT
NOT TO
WORRY...



"...I LOVE ROCKETS.
AS A BOY...BUILDING
THEM WITH MY FATHER
IS HOW I FIRST GOT
INTO SCIENCE."

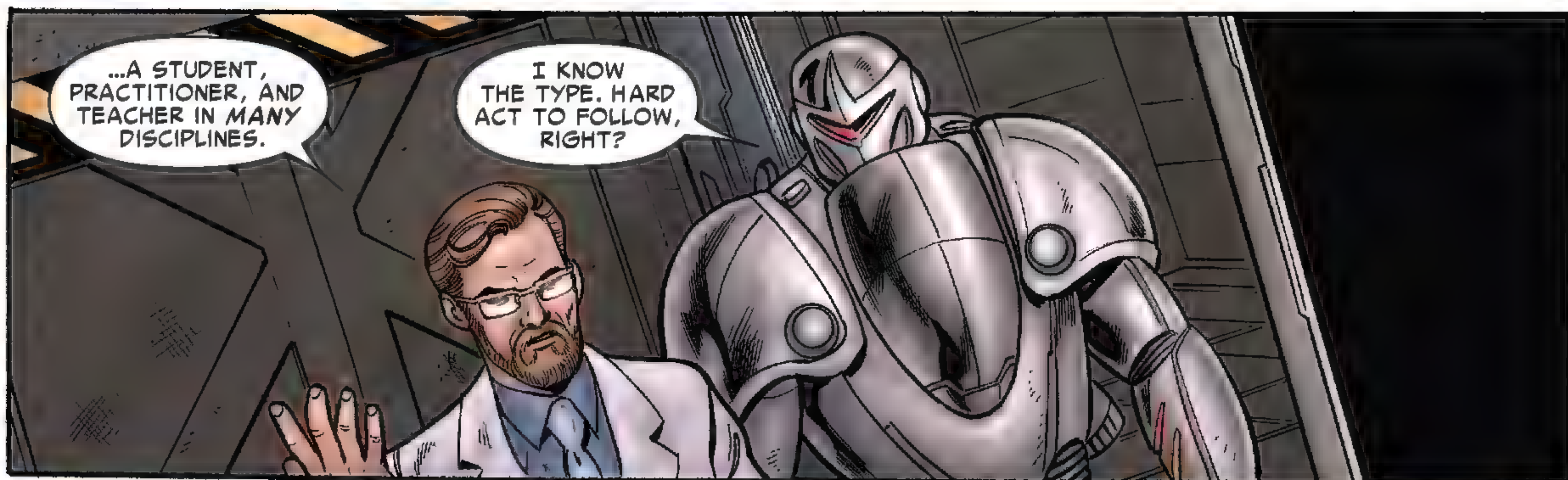


THAT'S A LONG WAY FROM BEING A SURGEON...

...AND ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S TOP GENETICISTS.

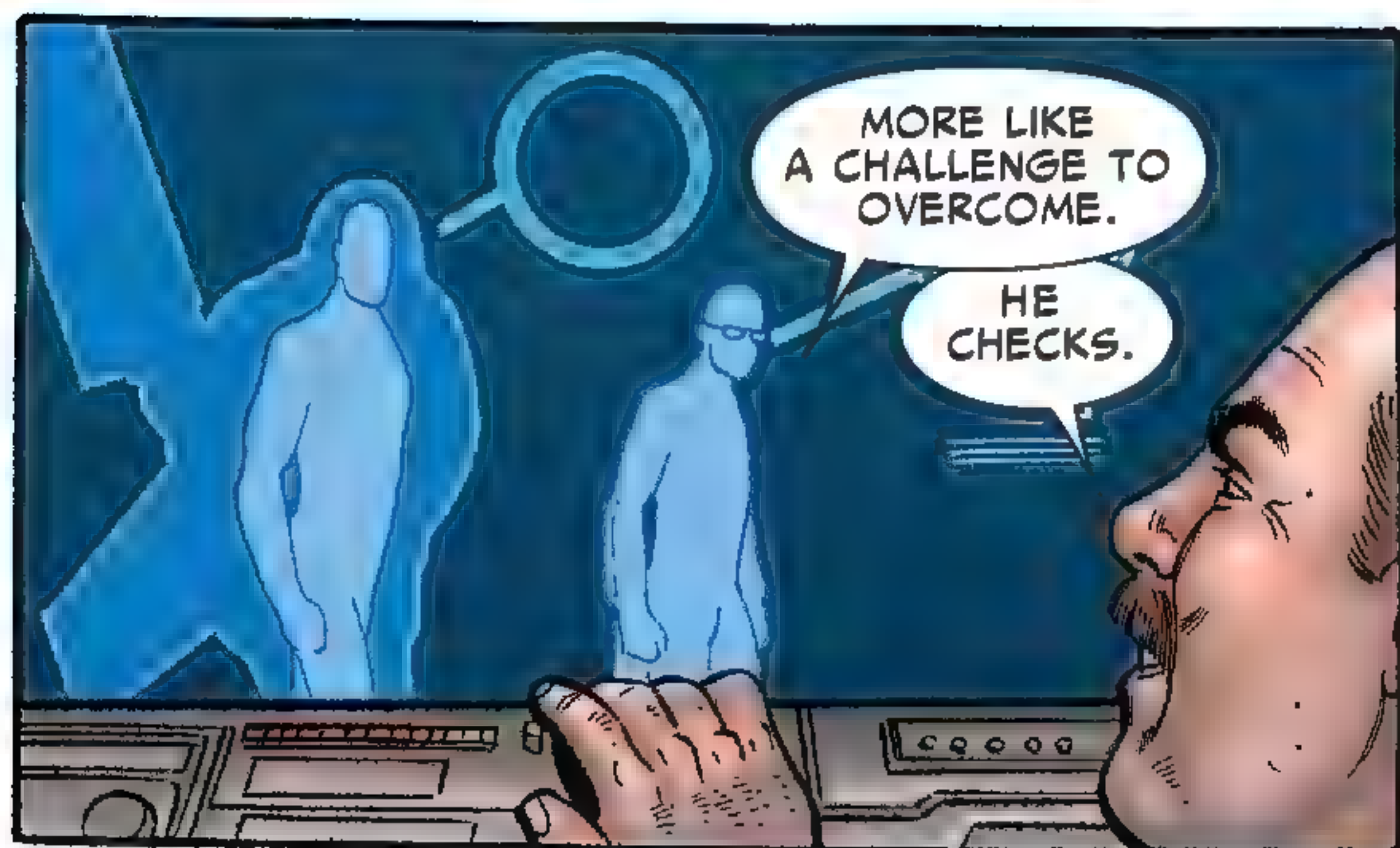
WELL...DAD WAS A VERY VERSATILE MAN....

CRATE'S CLEAN. GOOD TO GO. START FULL BODY SCAN.



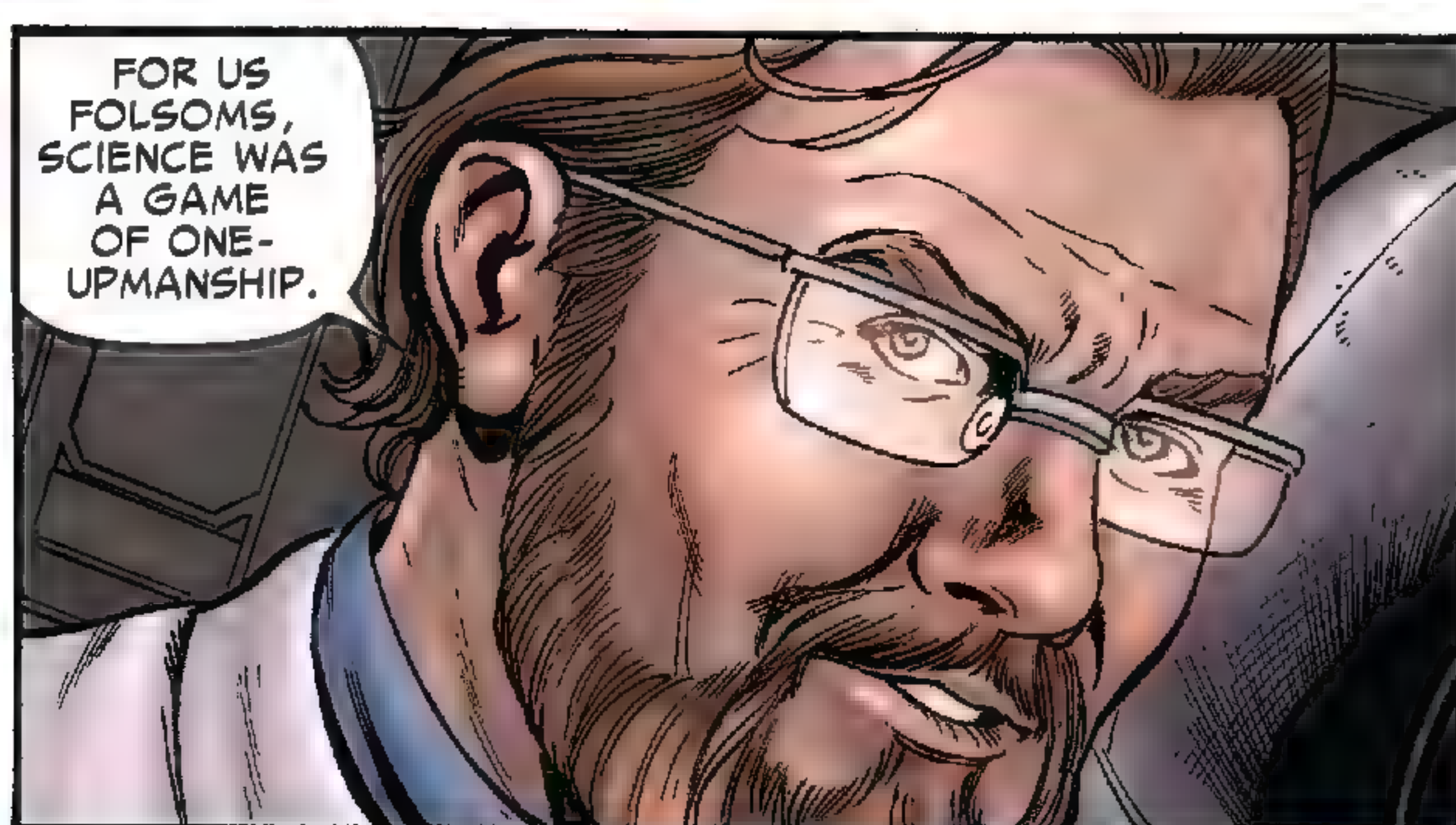
...A STUDENT, PRACTITIONER, AND TEACHER IN MANY DISCIPLINES.

I KNOW THE TYPE. HARD ACT TO FOLLOW, RIGHT?



MORE LIKE A CHALLENGE TO OVERCOME.

HE CHECKS.



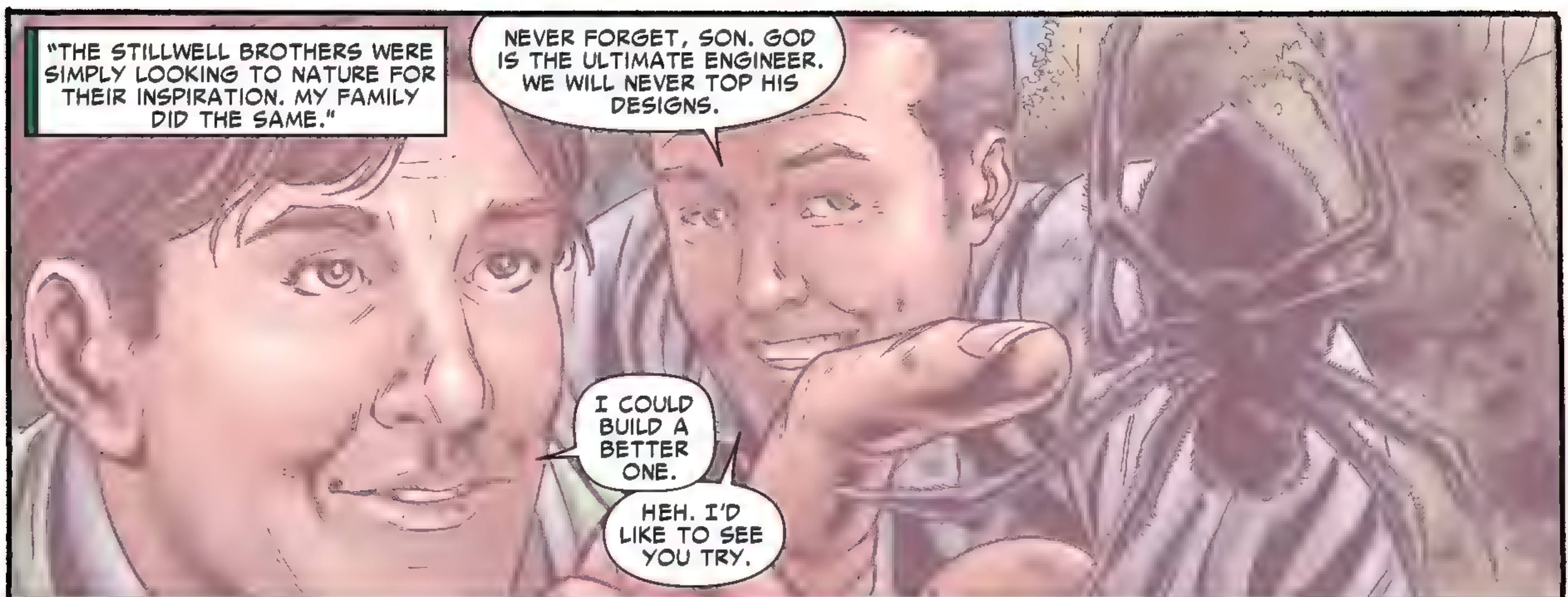
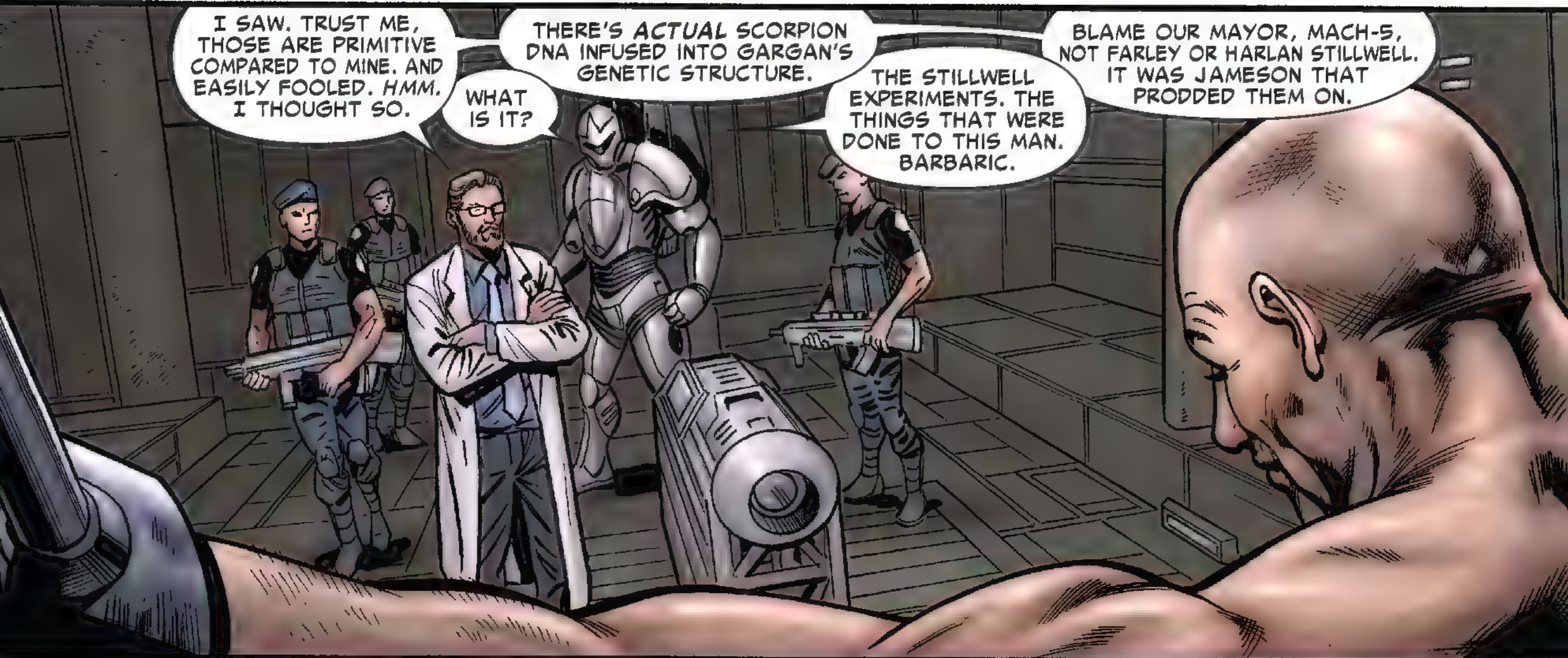
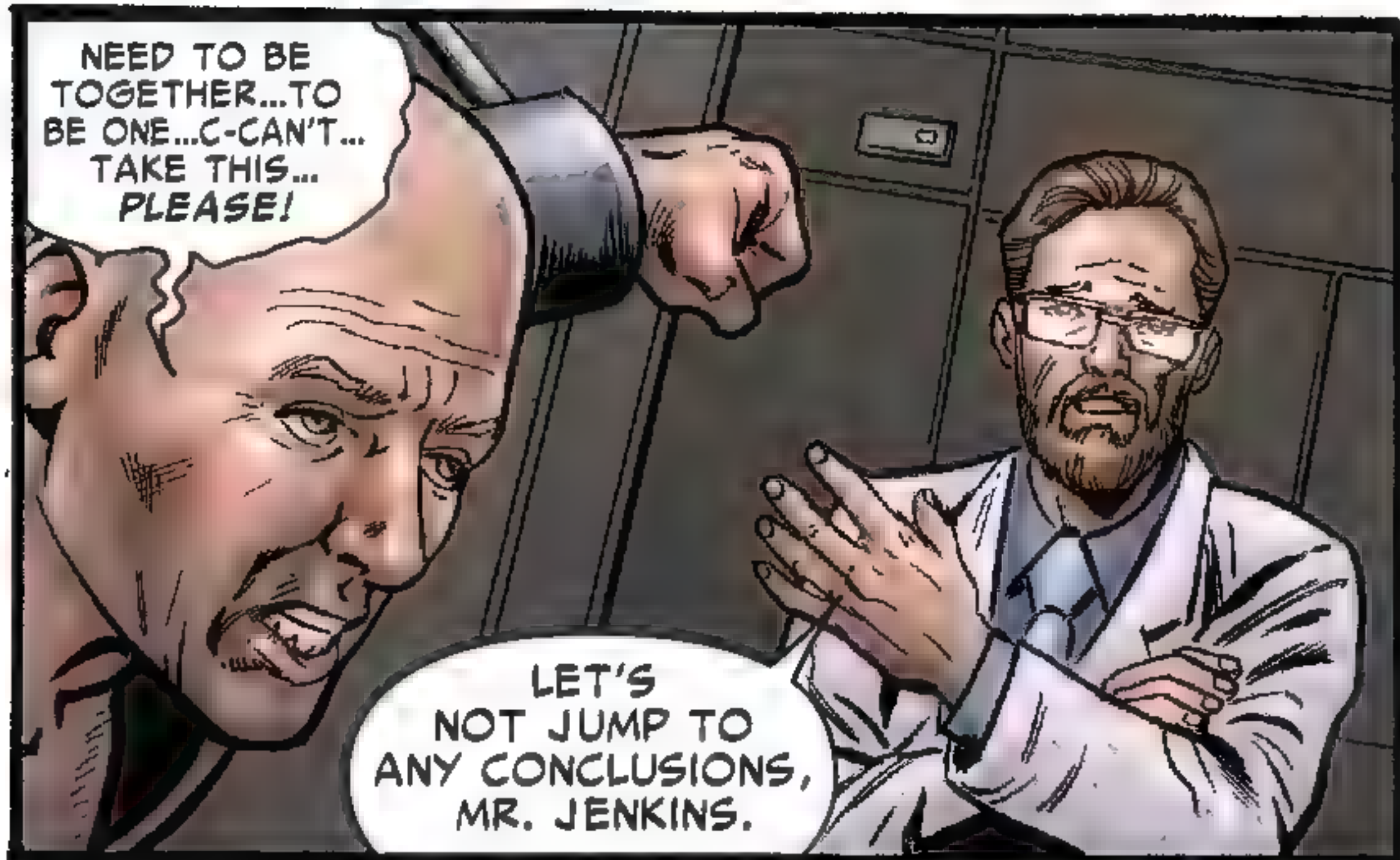
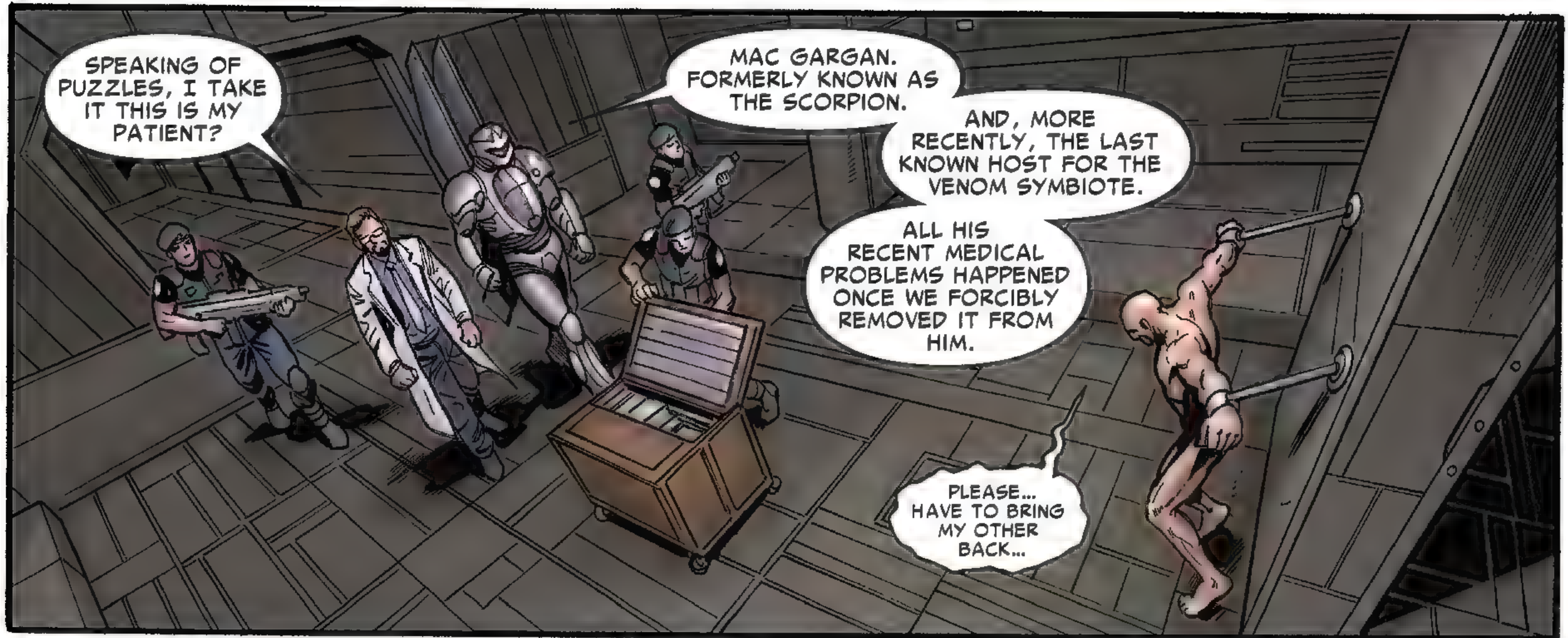
FOR US FOLSOMS, SCIENCE WAS A GAME OF ONE-UPMANSHIP.

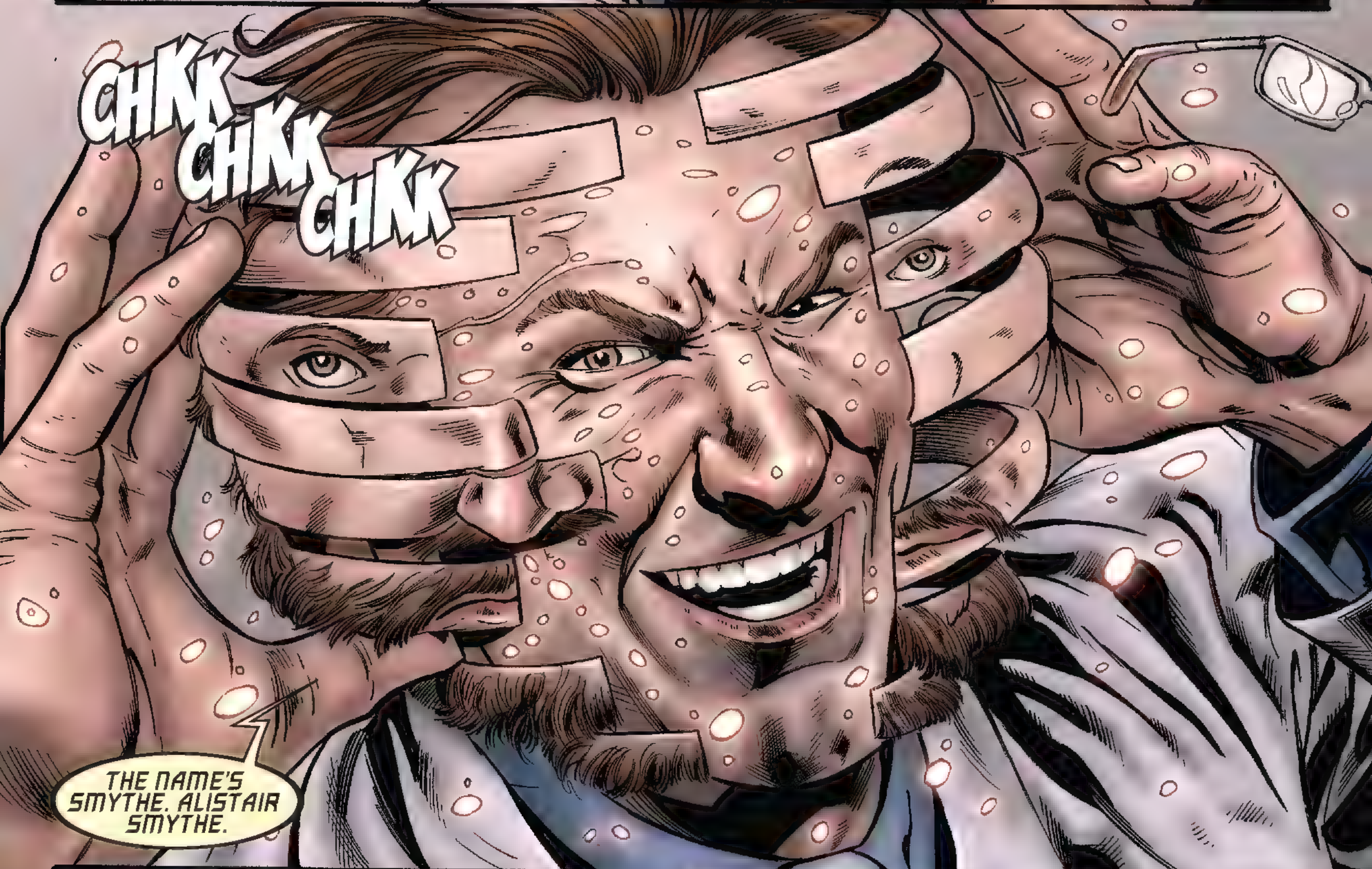
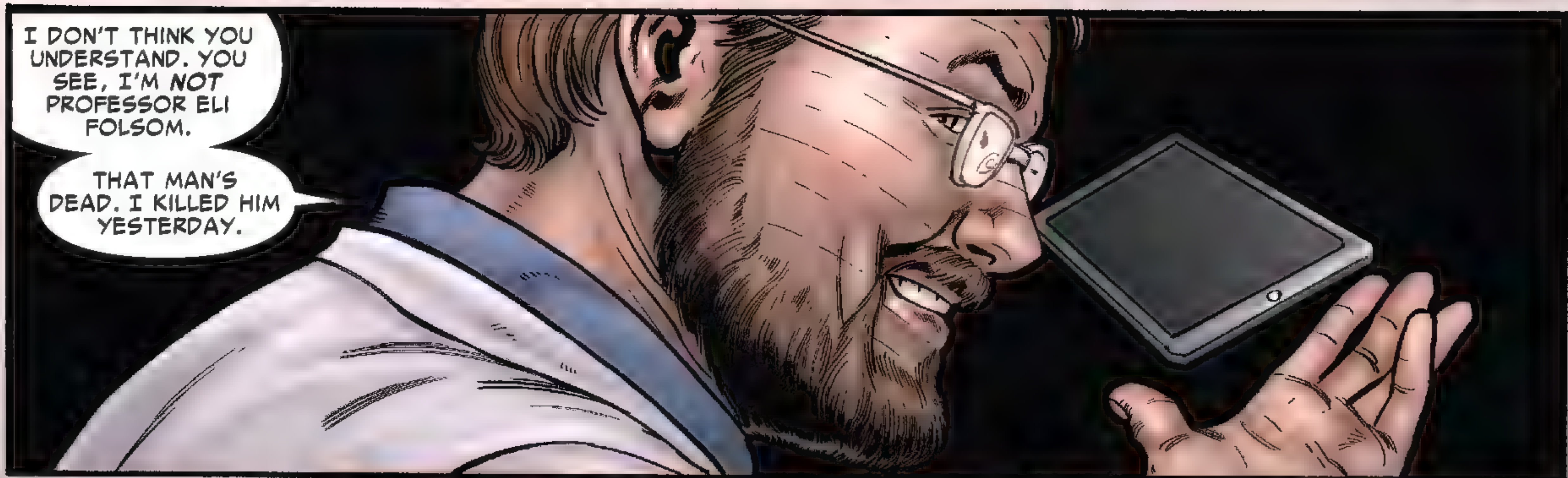
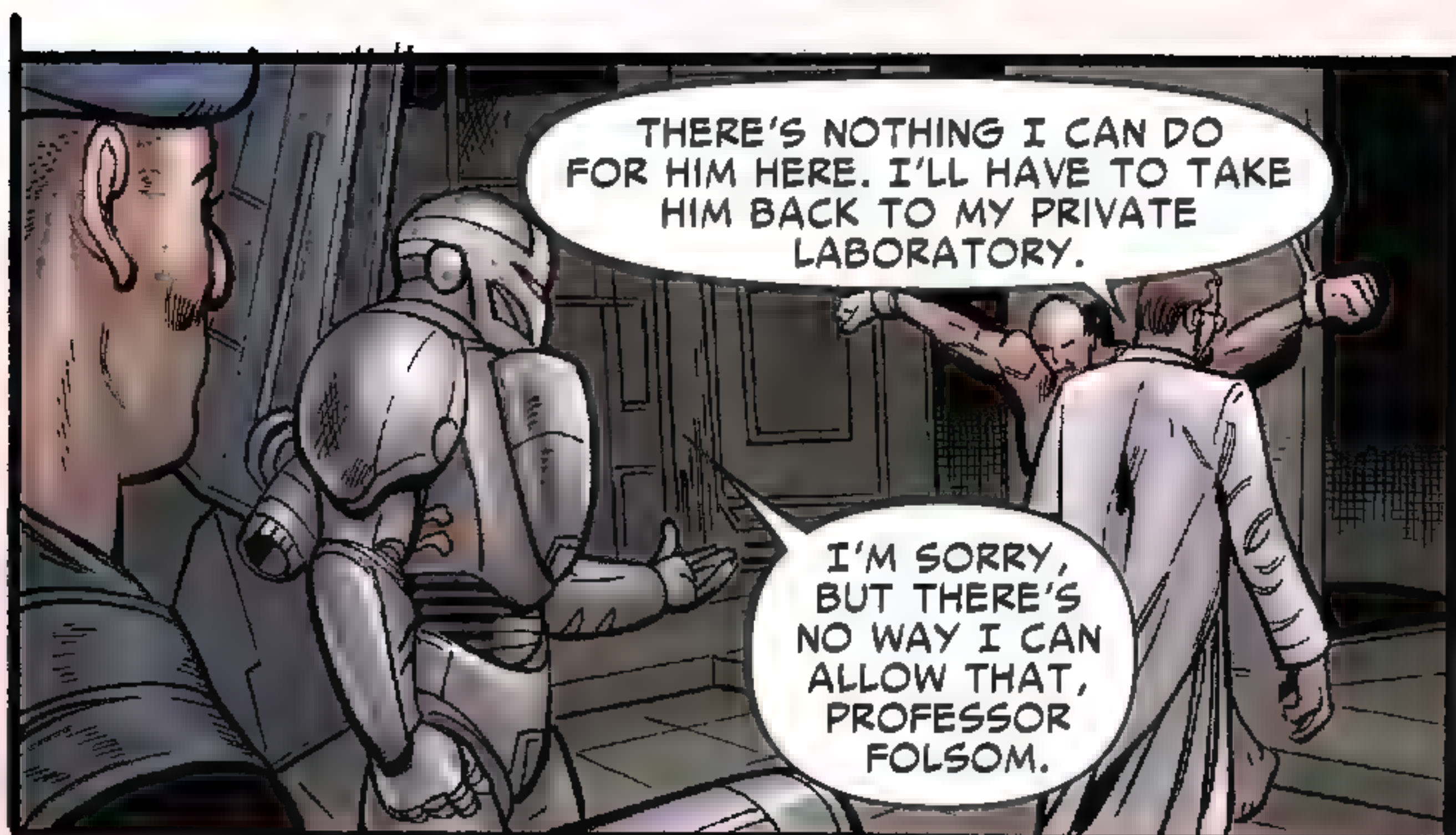
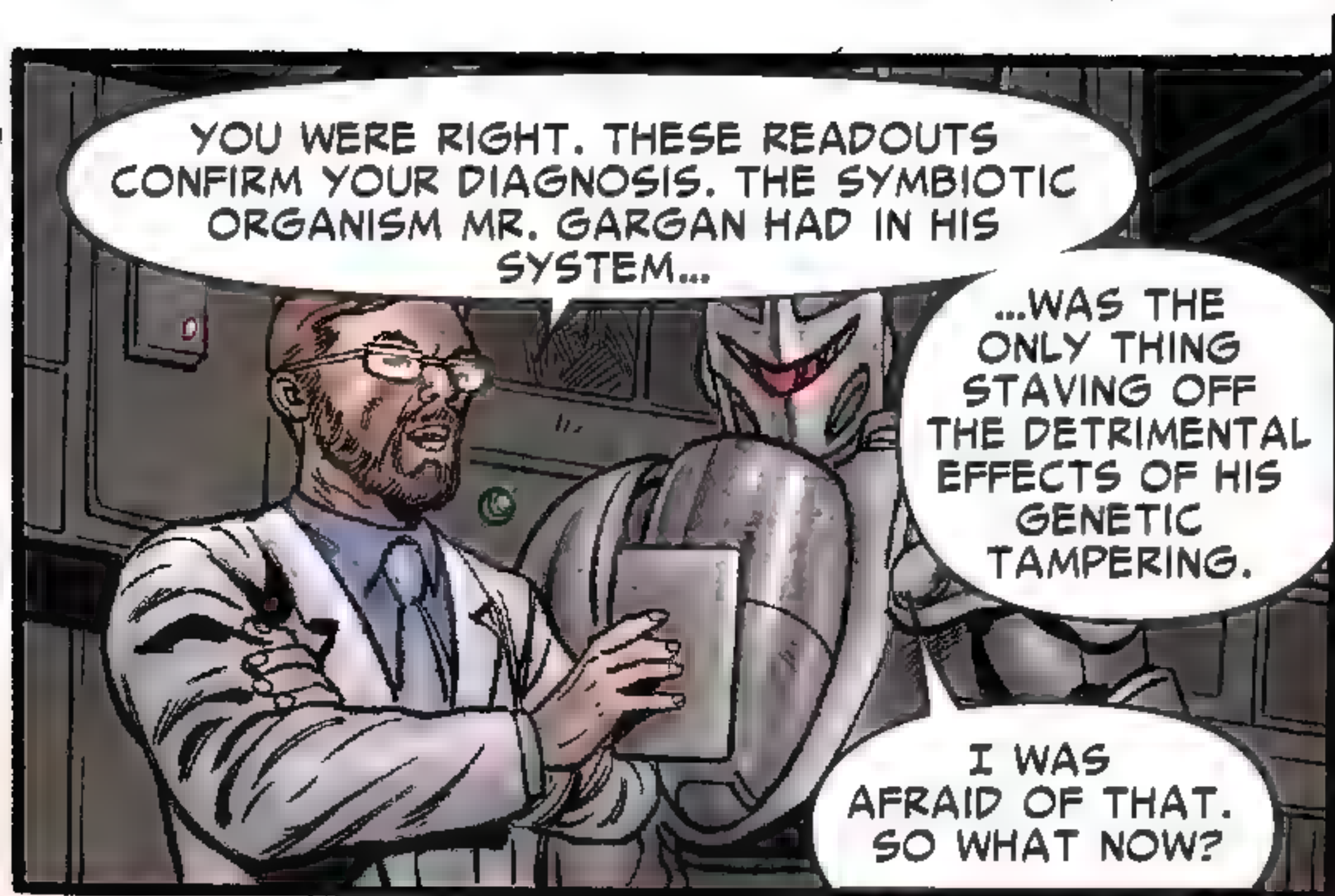


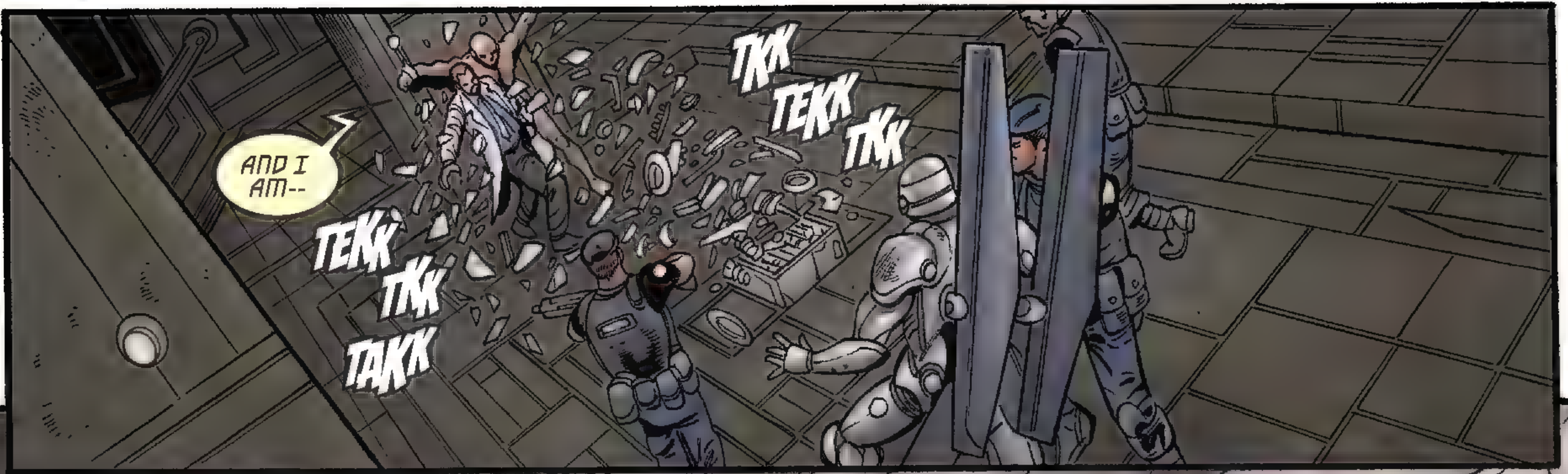
FIGURED IT OUT YET?

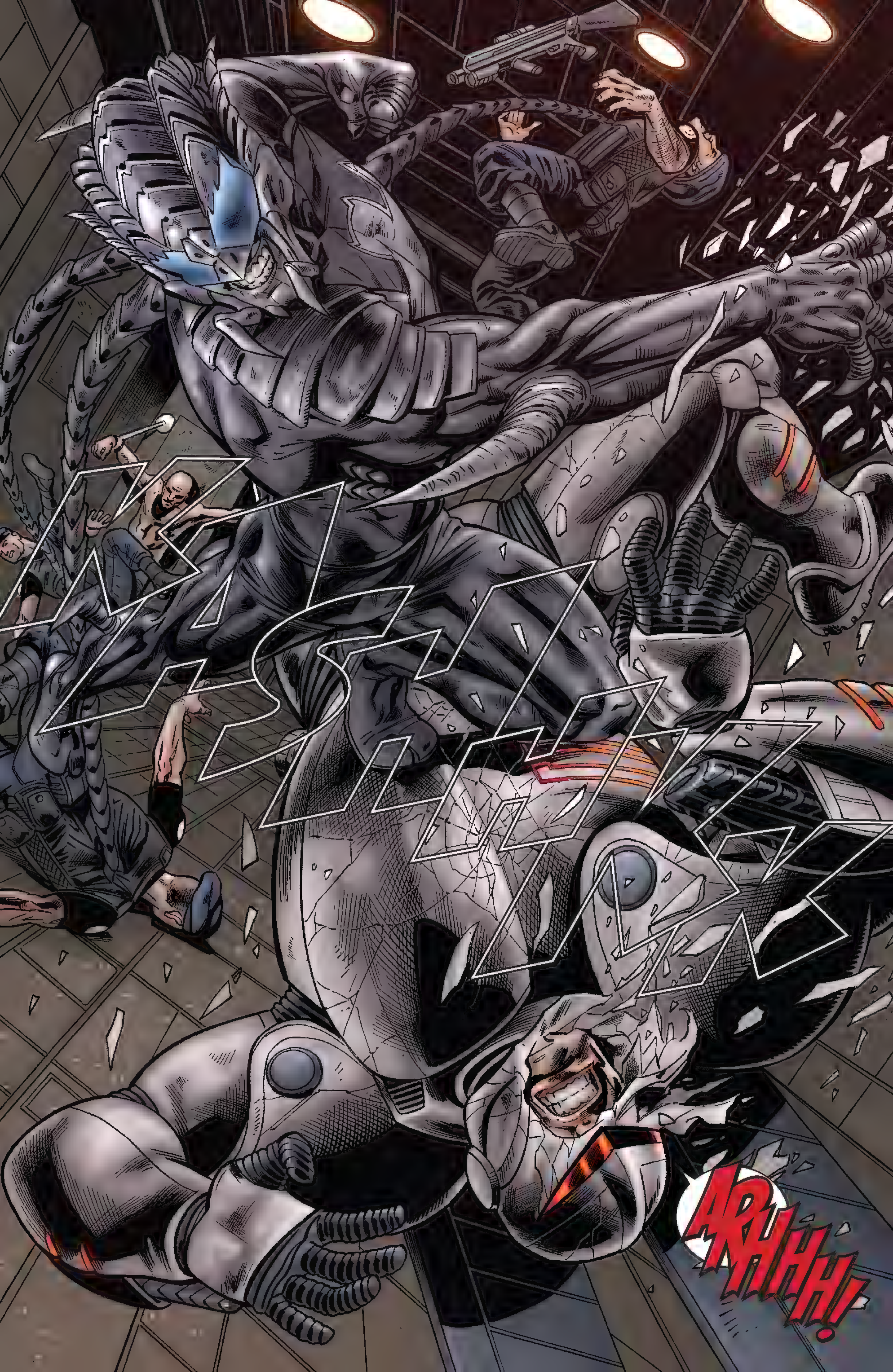
GIVE ME A SECOND, POP. I'LL GET IT.

"TOOLS TO MASTER. NEW GROUND TO BE BROKEN. AND PUZZLES TO BE SOLVED."

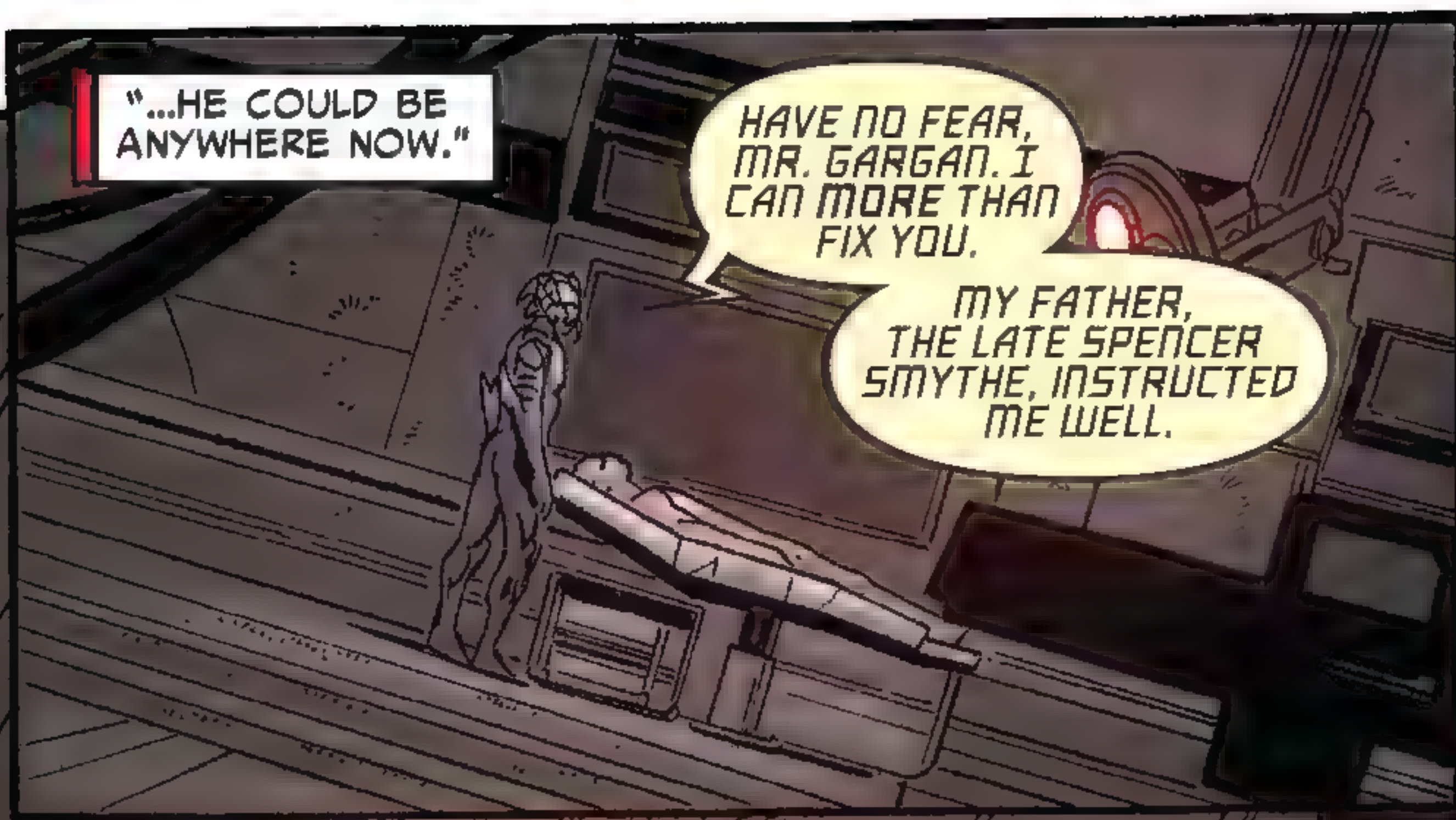












"...HE COULD BE ANYWHERE NOW."

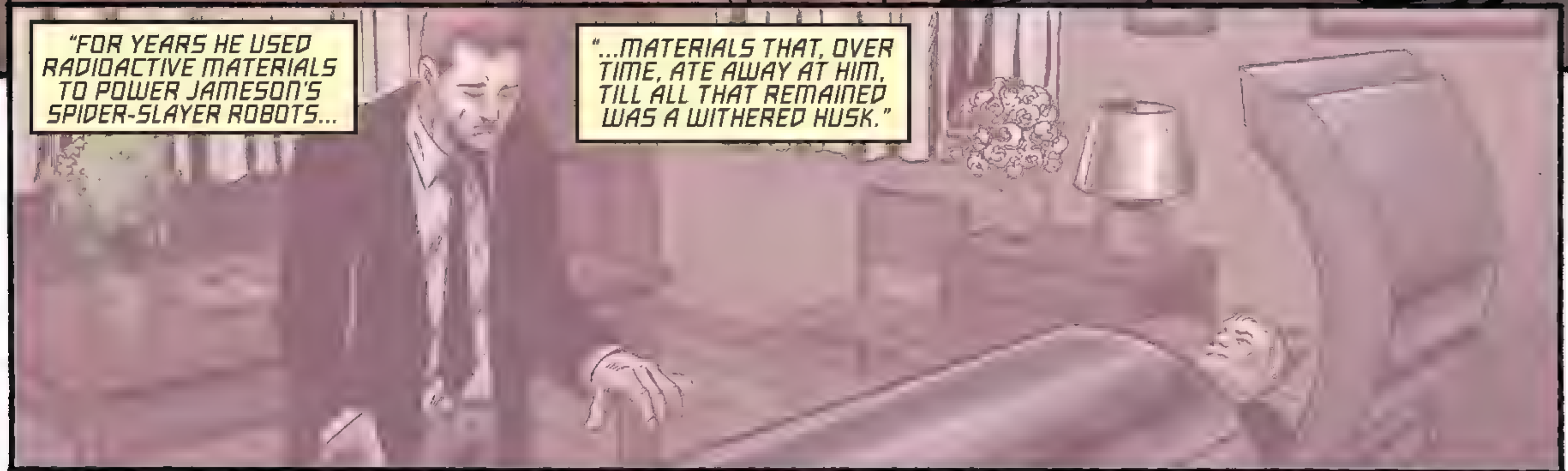
HAVE NO FEAR, MR. GARGAN. I CAN MORE THAN FIX YOU.

MY FATHER, THE LATE SPENCER SMYTHE, INSTRUCTED ME WELL.



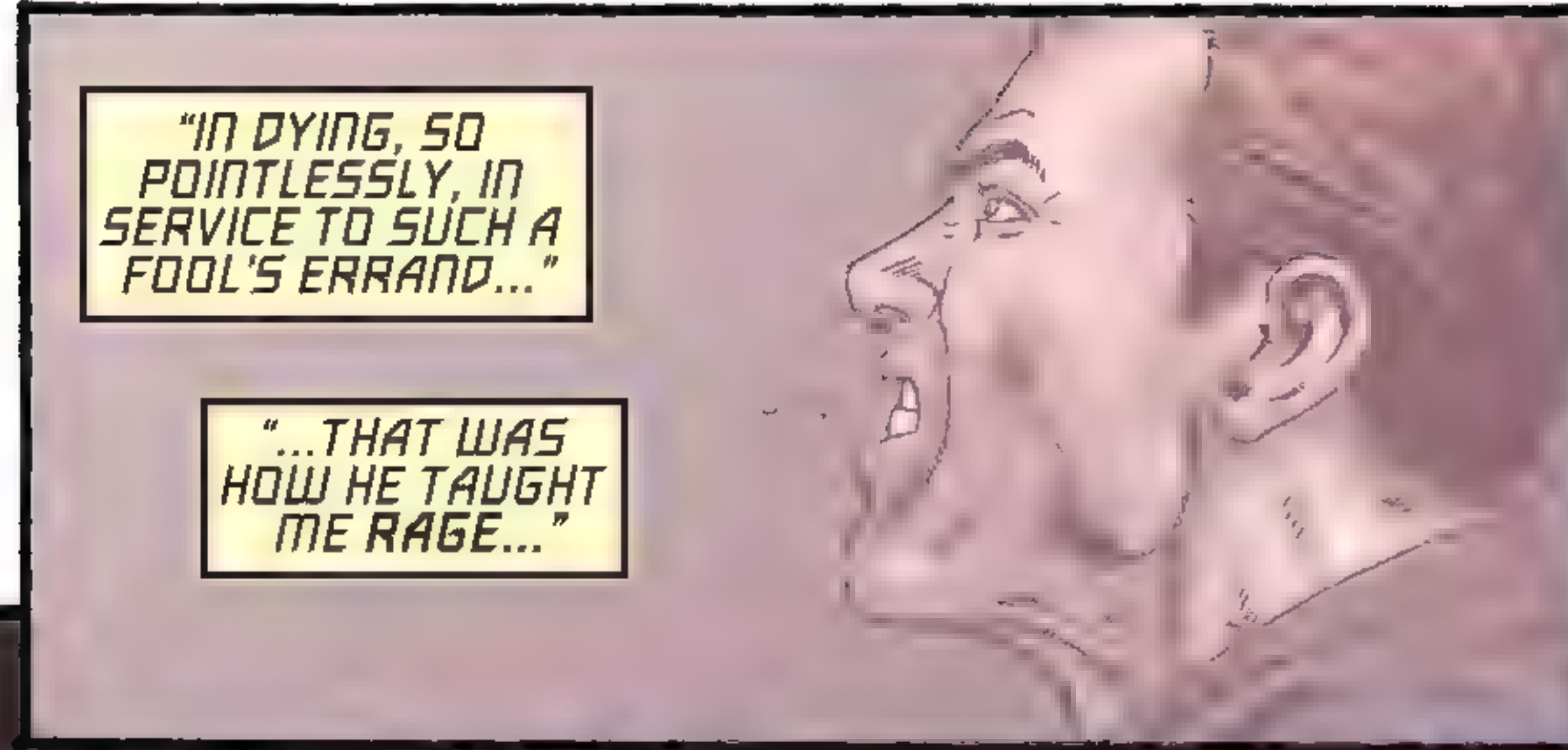
AND THE MOST IMPORTANT LESSON HE EVER TAUGHT ME...

...WAS ABOUT **POWER.**



"FOR YEARS HE USED RADIOACTIVE MATERIALS TO POWER JAMESON'S SPIDER-SLAYER ROBOTS..."

"...MATERIALS THAT, OVER TIME, ATE AWAY AT HIM, TILL ALL THAT REMAINED WAS A WITHERED HUSK."



"IN DYING, SO POINTLESSLY, IN SERVICE TO SUCH A FOOL'S ERRAND..."

"...THAT WAS HOW HE TAUGHT ME RAGE..."



...THE GREATEST POWER OF ALL!

MORE THAN ANY "RADIOACTIVE ELEMENT"! THAT IS WHAT FUELS ME INTO ACTION!



WITH EVERY CUT, I MAKE--WITH EVERY PART OF YOU I AM FORCED TO REPLACE. FOCUS ON THAT.

RAGE AND REVENGE, GARGAN. THAT IS ALL THE POWER YOU AND I WILL EVER NEED!



AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #651 TRON VARIANT
COVER BY MARK BROOKS



AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #651
COVER BY HUMBERTO RAMOS & EDGAR DELGADO

The Rooftop of The Fisk Building.

A LEGITIMATE HOLDING OF WILSON FISK, THE KINGPIN OF CRIME.

JUS' WHAT DO YA THINK YOU'RE DOIN', HOBGOBLIN?

WHEN Y'ALL WORK FOR KINGPIN, HE CALLS YOU. YOU NEVER SHOW UP UNANNOUNCED.

AWW. BUT, MONTANA...

I BROUGHT **PIE!**

OKAY. LYING ABOUT THE PIE. BUT TRUST ME...

...THE FAT MAN'S GONNA WANT A SLICE OF WHAT I AM BRINGING 'IM.

OH, MIGHTY LORD AND MASTER, I BRING THEE TIDINGS--

THIS IS UNACCEPTABLE. I WILL NOT SUFFER FOOLS, GOBLIN. NOT IN MY EMPLOY. OUT WITH IT.

WHAT? I'M TRYING TO BE PROFESSIONAL. WHEN I STEAL SOMETHING FOR SOMEBODY, I EXPECT IT TO STAY STOLEN.

WHAT?

THAT BIG HUNK A' METAL...

I HEAR SPIDER-MAN AND THE BLACK CAT ARE GONNA TRY TO SNATCH IT BACK. IN FACT, ACCORDING TO MY SOURCES...

...THEY'RE ALREADY HE-E-E-ERE.



THAT'S BULL. I GOT NINJAS, TRAINED HAND ASSASSINS, OUR BEST BOYS FROM SHADOWLAND, CAMPED OUT.

NO WAY ANYONE'S GETTIN' IN.

SO? WHO YOU GONNA BELIEVE? ME? OR SHERIFF WOODY HERE?

PREPOSTEROUS.

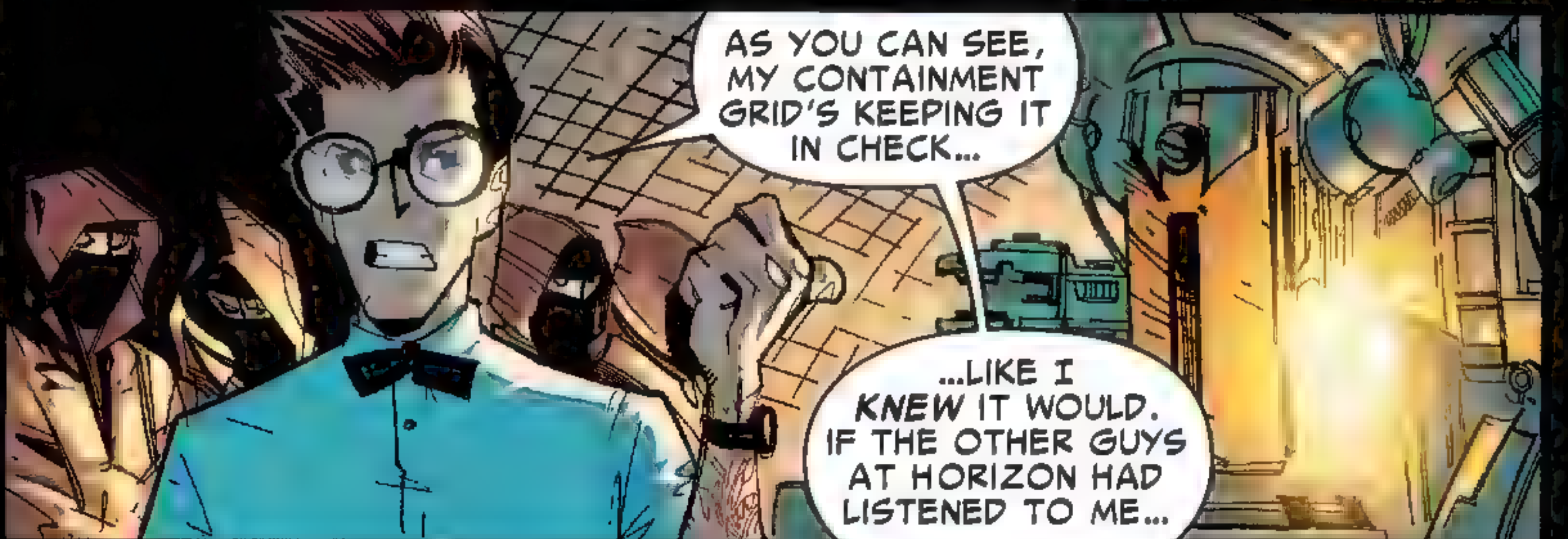


SUBBASEMENT, COME IN. WHAT IS THE STATUS OF THE REVERBIUM?



TIBERIUS STONE HERE, MR. FISK. EVERYTHING'S ACES.

IT SHOULD BE READY TO SHOW TO THOSE MILITARY CONTRACTORS TOMORROW.



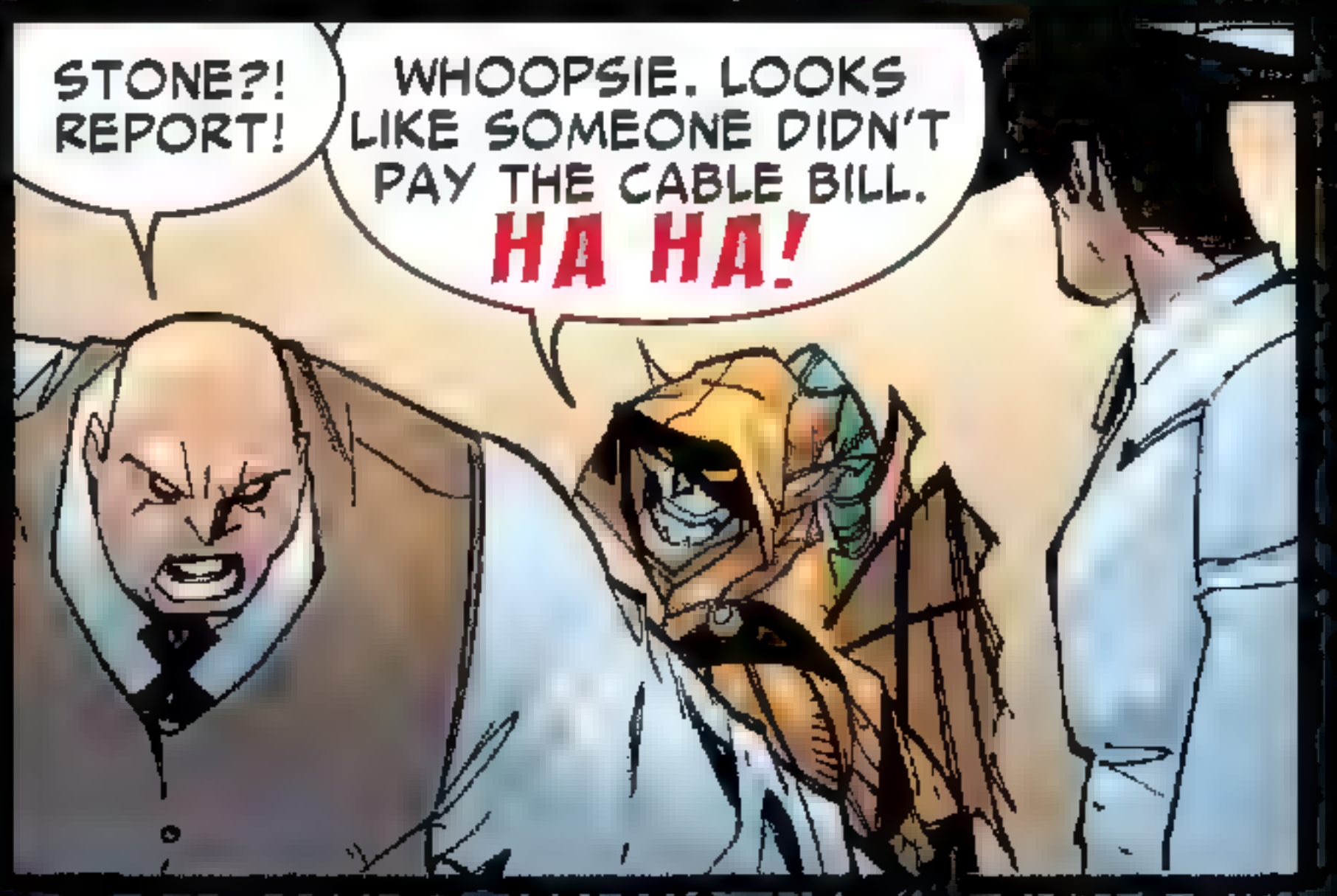
AS YOU CAN SEE, MY CONTAINMENT GRID'S KEEPING IT IN CHECK...

...LIKE I KNEW IT WOULD. IF THE OTHER GUYS AT HORIZON HAD LISTENED TO ME...



...THEY WOULDN'T HAVE HAD A PROBLEM WITH THIS STUFF IN THE FIRST PLA--

BYOOP



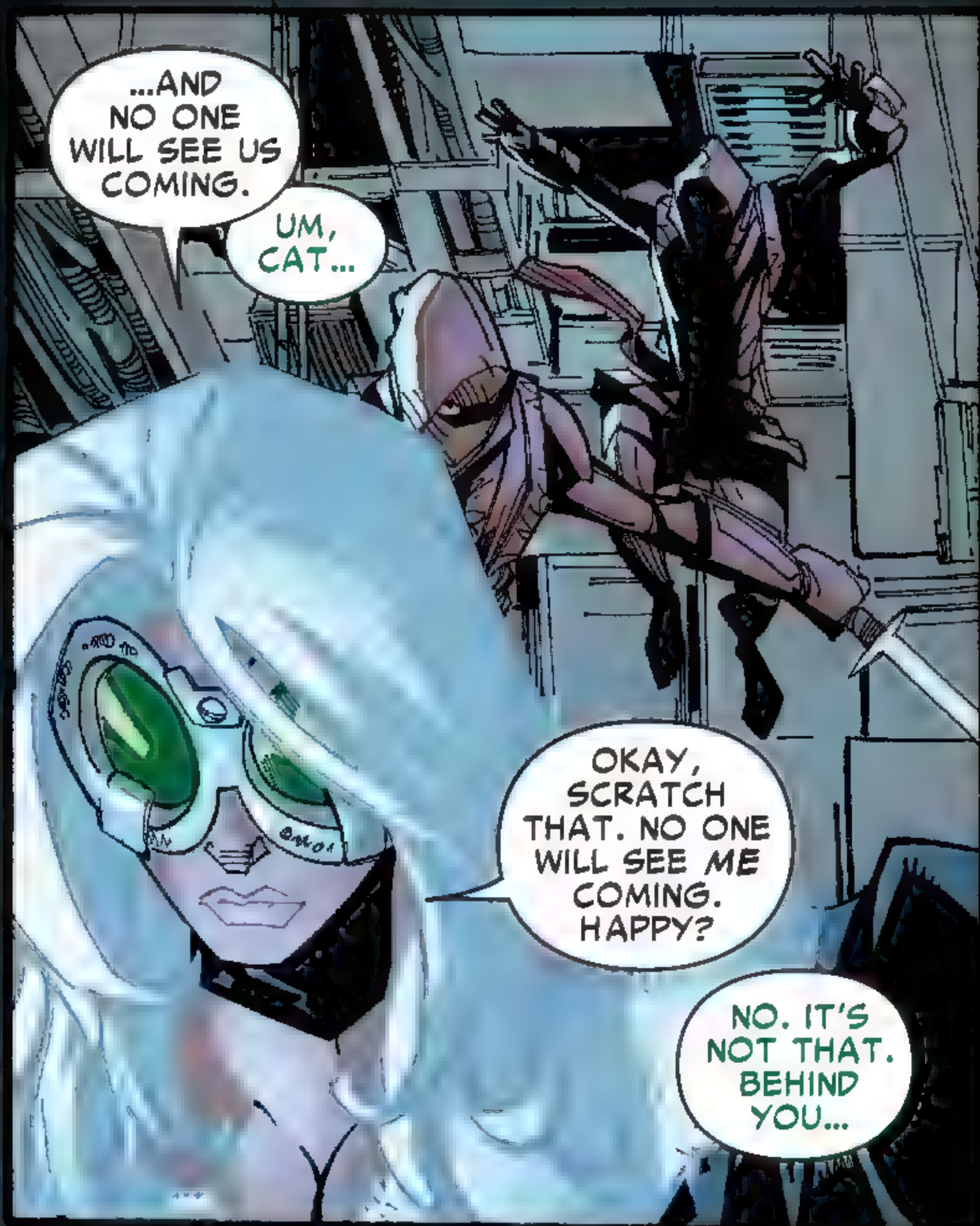
STONE?! REPORT!

WHOOPSIE. LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE DIDN'T PAY THE CABLE BILL. HA HA!



...AAAND ALL CAMERA FEEDS IN THE LOWER LEVELS HAVE BEEN CUT.

NO ONE CAN CALL FOR HELP...



...AND NO ONE WILL SEE US COMING.

UM, CAT...

OKAY, SCRATCH THAT. NO ONE WILL SEE ME COMING. HAPPY?

NO. IT'S NOT THAT. BEHIND YOU...

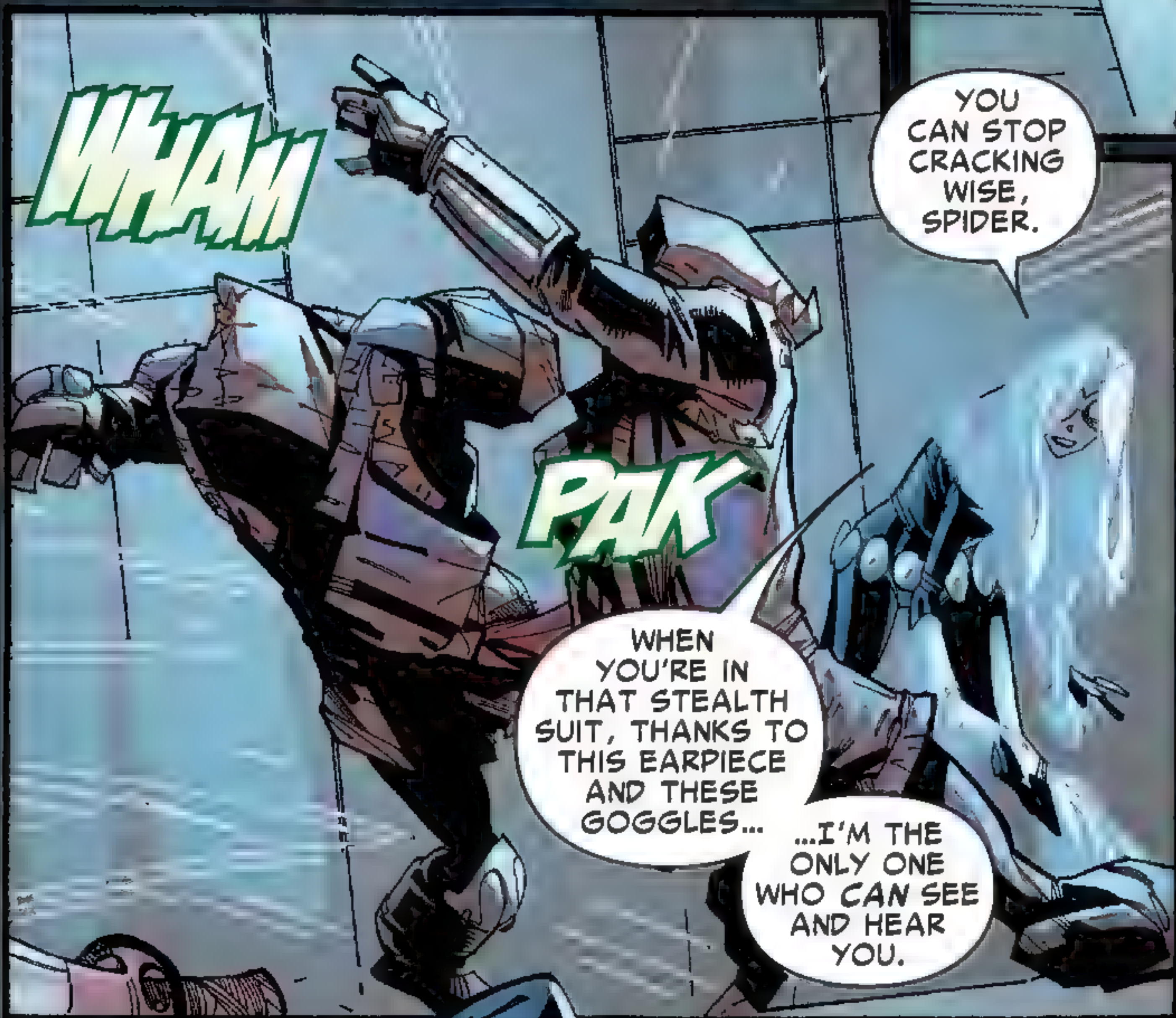


NEVER MIND. I GOT IT.

<WHAT?! WHO'S THERE?!>

OKAY, HERE'S ONE...

HOW MANY HAND ASSASSINS DOES IT TAKE TO SCREW IN A LIGHT BULB?

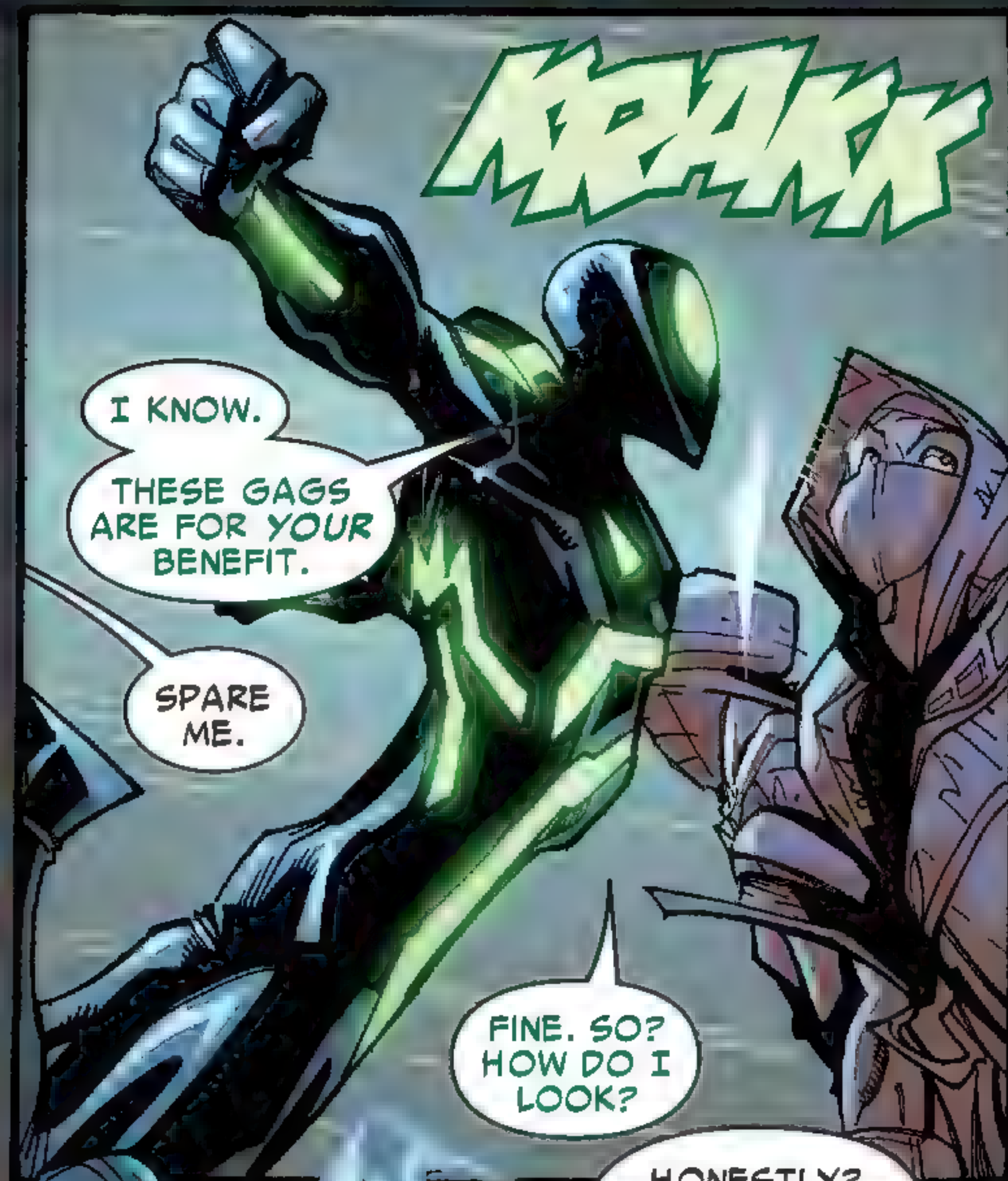


YOU CAN STOP CRACKING WISE, SPIDER.

PAK

WHEN YOU'RE IN THAT STEALTH SUIT, THANKS TO THIS EARPIECE AND THESE GOGGLES...

...I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SEE AND HEAR YOU.



I KNOW. THESE GAGS ARE FOR YOUR BENEFIT.

SPARE ME.

FINE. SO? HOW DO I LOOK?

HONESTLY? LIKE AN AD FOR THE NEW TRON MOVIE.



CUTE.

C'MON. ENOUGH FOOLING AROUND.

LET'S GET OUR HANDS ON THE REVERBIUM...

"...BEFORE WE RUN INTO ANY MORE OF THE KINGPIN'S GOONS."

THAT METAL CAN BE CONVERTED INTO ONE OF THE DEADLIEST FORCES ON EARTH.

IT REPRESENTS BILLIONS OF DOLLARS IN GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS...

...FOR WHICHEVER GOVERNMENT I CHOOSE. IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE, GOBLIN...

OH, YOU'LL SEE, BIG GUY. JUST WAIT...

...AWW, WHO AM I KIDDIN'? I HATE WAITING.

KRUNGG

REAL SLICK. Y'ALL JUST SET OFF THE ALARM. NOW IF ANYONE IS THERE, THEY'LL KNOW WE'RE ONTO 'EM!

YEAH, TEX? AND IF SOMEONE IS THERE...

...THAT MEANS I TRIPPED YOUR ALARM AND THEY DIDN'T.

REEEAL TIGHT SHIP YOU'RE RUNNING HERE, PAL!

FOR A GIBBERING IDIOT, HE HAS A POINT.

BEFORE TWO DAYS AGO, THIS FELLA WAS A NOBODY. BUT NOW HE'S GOT "SOURCES."

I'M TELLIN' YA, BOSS, IF BLACK CAT AND THE WEB-SWINGER ARE POKIN' AROUND...

...IT'S PROBABLY 'CAUSE THAT MANIAC'S THE ONE WHO TIPPED 'EM OFF!"

WELL, WE'RE HERE. BUT THAT'S NOT GOOD. DID WE TRIGGER THAT?

WHAT NOW? THIS IS YOUR AREA OF EXPERTISE. DO WE PRESS ON OR--

FELICIA?

SUNNUVA BISCUIT! SHE DID IT TO ME AGAIN. THIS IS SNEAKING INTO MR. NEGATIVE'S HEADQUARTERS ALL OVER!

CAT!

SORRY, SPIDER. MISSION'S A SCRUB.

WHERE ARE YOU?!

TAKING THE EXPRESS TO THE TOP.

THAT VAULT IS GONNA BE SWARMING WITH GUARDS. SO I'M GOIN' WHERE THEY WON'T BE.

THE PENTHOUSE. TO HELP MYSELF TO SOME OF WILSON FISK'S PRIVATE LI'L TREASURES.

I THOUGHT WE WERE SUPPOSED TO BE PARTNERS!

SURE, SURE. BY THE BY, PARTNER, QUICK HEADS-UP...

...HOBGOBLIN AND THREE MORE NINJAS ARE COMING YOUR WAY.

THANKS, "PARTNER." THAT'S EXACTLY THE KINDA TEAMWORK WE EXPECT--

--ON THE AVENGERS! RAZZIN' FRAZZIN'...



STILL CAN'T REACH MR. FISK.

SYSTEM'S STILL UP. SAFETIES ARE IN PLACE. LEAST THAT'S SOMETHING.



STAY ALERT, THOUGH. WE'VE GOT NO IDEA WHAT'S COMING...



IT CANNOT BE!!

WHAT'S GOING ON?!

<YES. IT IS! A WARRIOR! A MASTER...>



<...OF THE INVISIBLE ARTS!>

<YAH!!>



ALL RIGHT, RED SHIRTS, LISTEN UP! CAT-GIRL'S YOURS. SLICE AND DICE HER INTO TENDER VITTLES FOR ALL I CARE.

BUT I'M HERE TO SUCK UP TO THE BOSS-MAN...

...SO THE WEB-HEAD IS ALL--

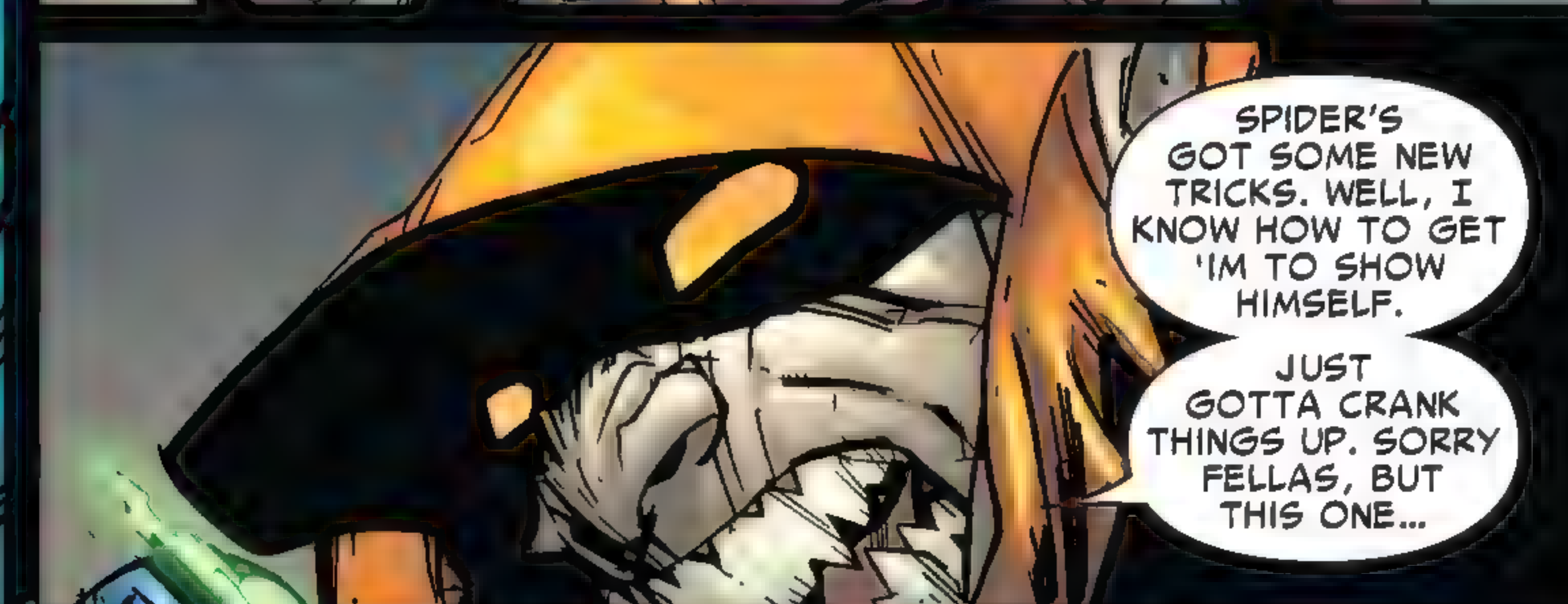
SWIRLING



OKAY. WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO BE?

<A GHOST. A LEGEND. THE DIVINE WIND!>

NO, IT'S SOMEBODY SWINGING A GUY AROUND ON A WEB! AND THEY CALL ME CRAZY.



SPIDER'S GOT SOME NEW TRICKS. WELL, I KNOW HOW TO GET 'IM TO SHOW HIMSELF.

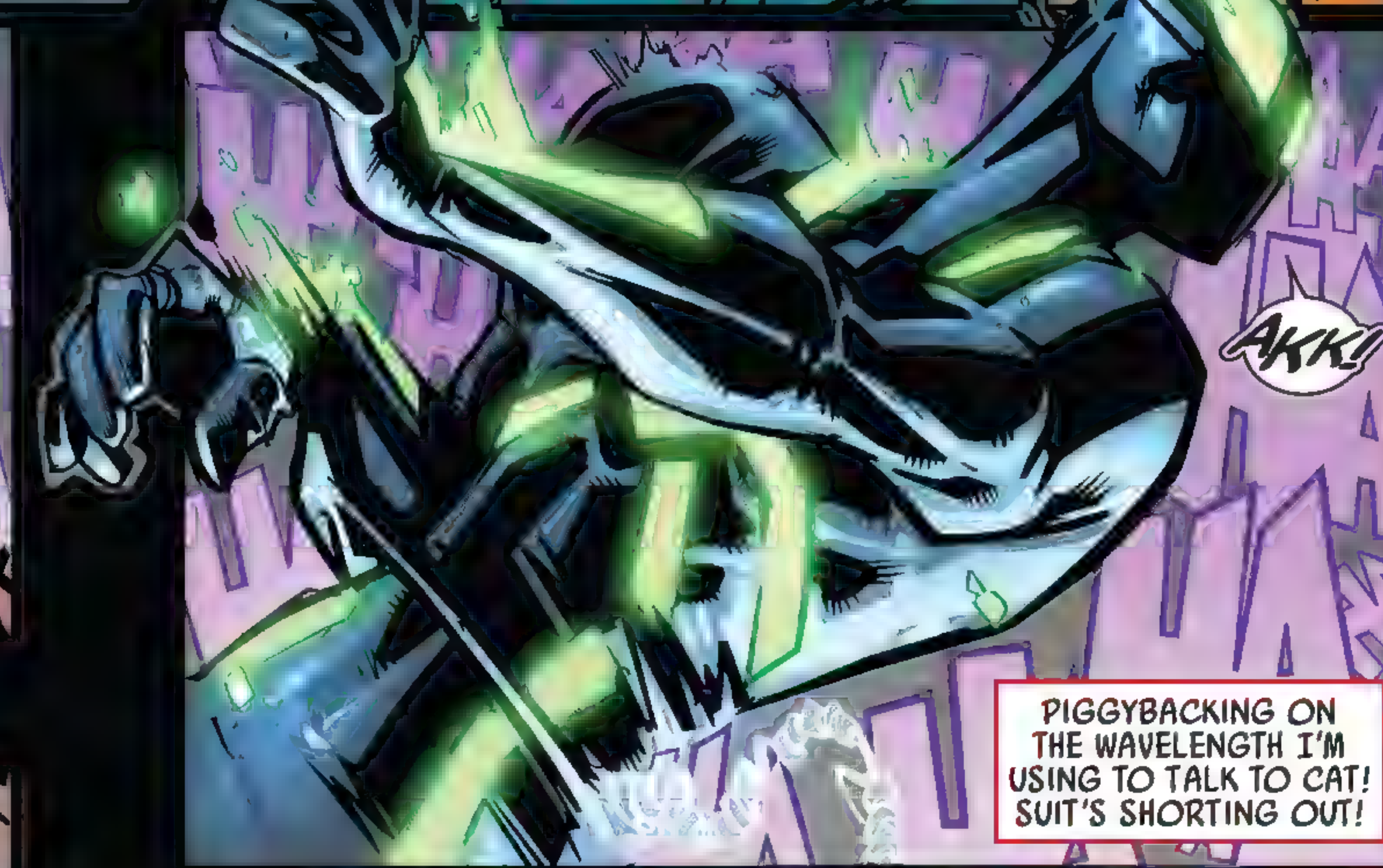
JUST GOTTA CRANK THINGS UP. SORRY FELLAS, BUT THIS ONE...



...IS GONNA BE A REAL KILLER!

<GYAHH!!>

HOBGOBLIN? AND HIS SONIC SCREAM--ON A HIGHER FREQUENCY THAN BEFORE!



PIGGYBACKING ON THE WAVELENGTH I'M USING TO TALK TO CAT! SUIT'S SHORTING OUT!



I CAN SEE-EE-EE YOU!

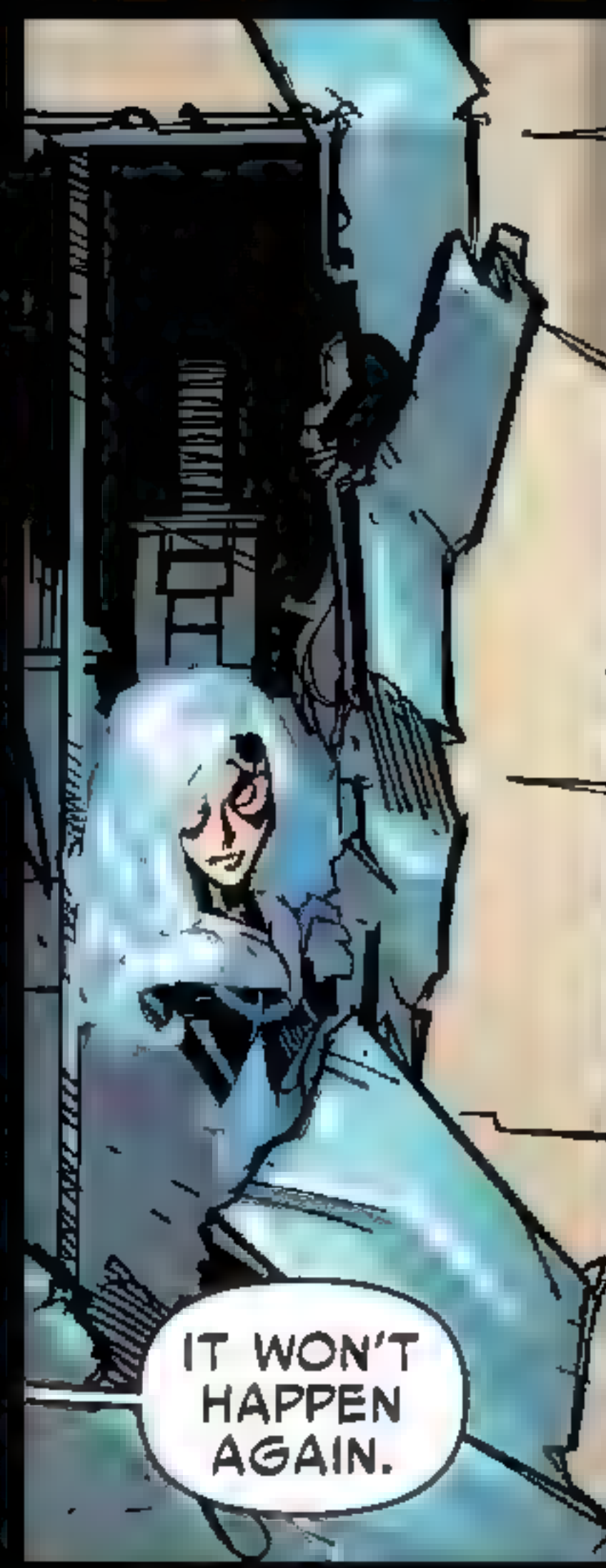
HA HA



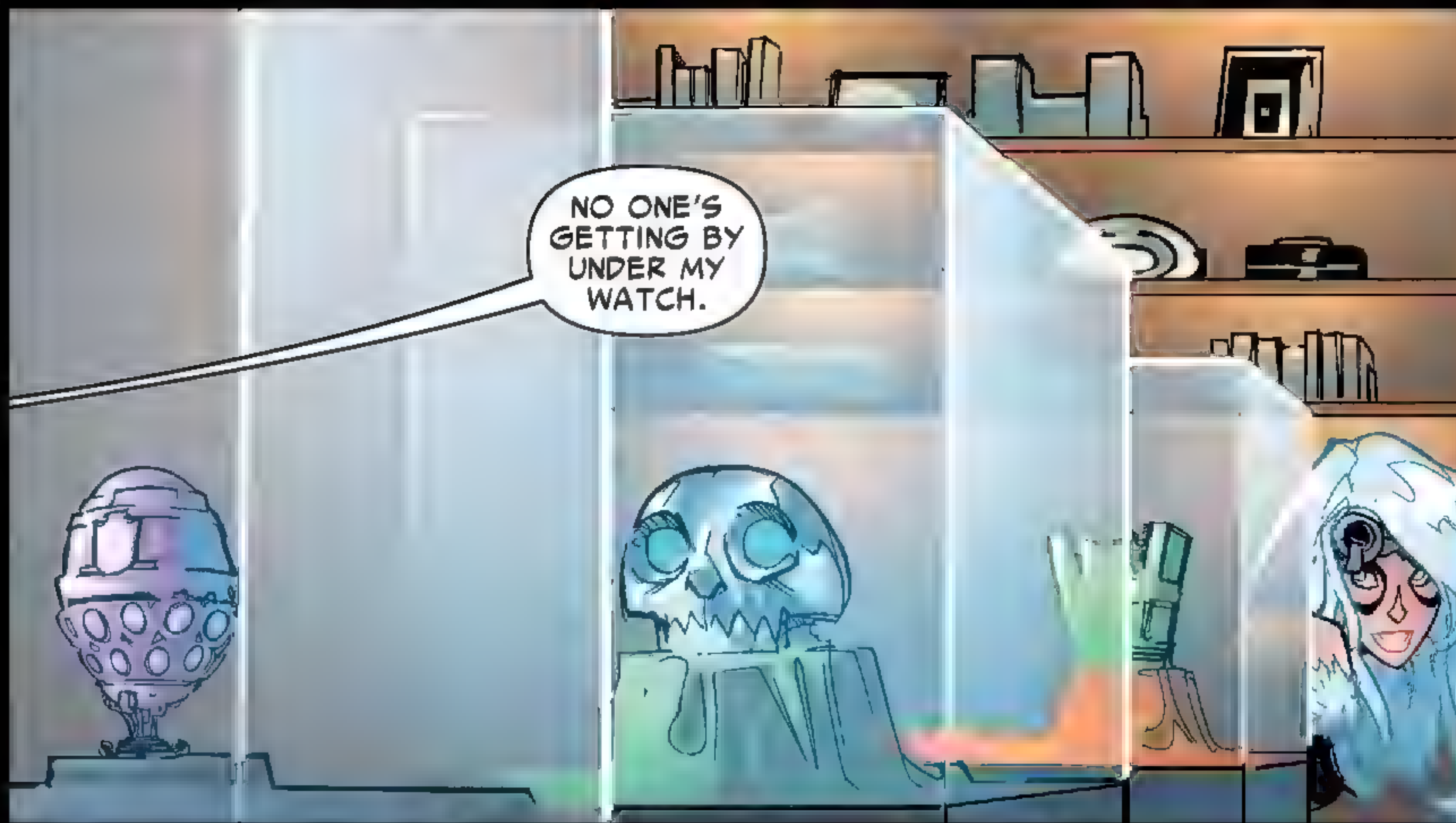
THIS
WHOLE
SITUATION
IS A
DEBACLE!

OF
YOUR
MAKING!

YES, MR.
FISK. BUT
I SWEAR,
SIR...



IT WON'T
HAPPEN
AGAIN.



NO ONE'S
GETTING BY
UNDER MY
WATCH.



IS THAT
SO? AND WHO'S
SAYING I'M GIVING
YOU A SECOND
CHANCE--

--AND NOT
JUST DUMPING
YOU IN A LANDFILL
IN STATEN
ISLAND?!



MONTANA?
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?!



SORRY,
KINGPIN.
THOUGHT I SAW
SOMETHING.



FWAPP



WELL,
LOOK AT THE
CAT I DONE
DRAGGED
IN.

SP-SP-
SP--



"SP-SPIDER..."

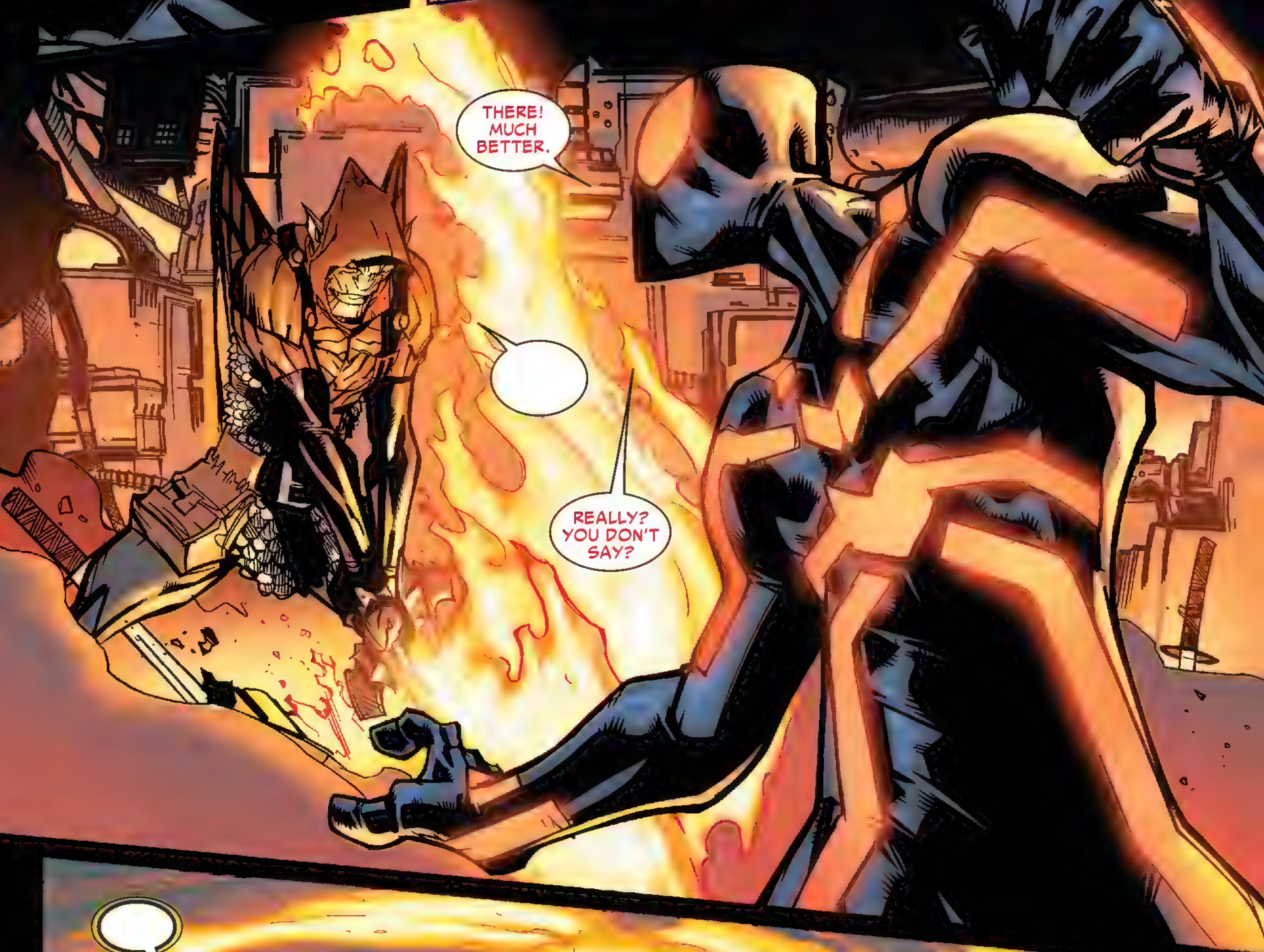
NICE TRY!
BUT I CAME
PREPARED.

THIS
SUIT'S GOT
A SECONDARY
MODE...



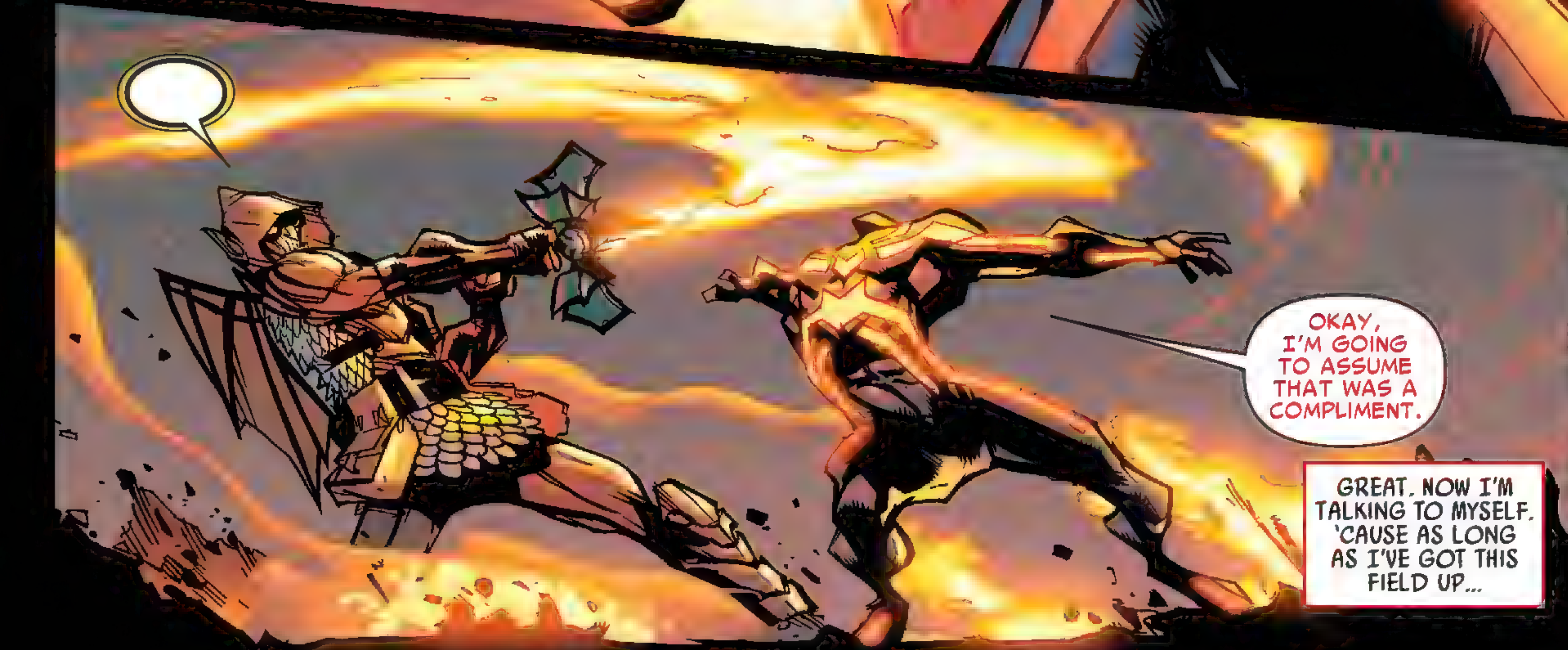
...WHERE
IT BAFFLES
JUST SONIC
FREQUENCIES.

EVERYTHING
FROM
INFRASONIC TO
ULTRASONIC!



THERE!
MUCH
BETTER.

REALLY?
YOU DON'T
SAY?



OKAY,
I'M GOING
TO ASSUME
THAT WAS A
COMPLIMENT.

GREAT. NOW I'M
TALKING TO MYSELF.
'CAUSE AS LONG
AS I'VE GOT THIS
FIELD UP...



...EVEN CAT IS MISSING OUT ON MY WACKY BANTER.

AND VICE VERSA.

HKK--

EASY THERE, DARLIN'...

...NOW WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE--

WHIP



HEY!!!

KASHH



IDIOT.

THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU TRY TO PUT A LEASH ON A CAT!

AND THIS, MS. HARDY, IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN UNWANTED STRAYS ARE ROUNDED UP. THEY GET PUT DOWN.

FISK!

AH! SPIDER? HELLO...?

"...I COULD REALLY USE SOME HELP UP HERE!"

LOOK AT YOU, WITH YOUR MASK FLAPPIN'. WELL, WHATEVER YOU'RE SAYING...

...I HOPE THEY'RE GOOD LAST WORDS!
HA HA!

STRAFE

MR. HOBGOBLIN, WHAT'RE YOU DOING?! MY EQUIPMENT!

KSHH

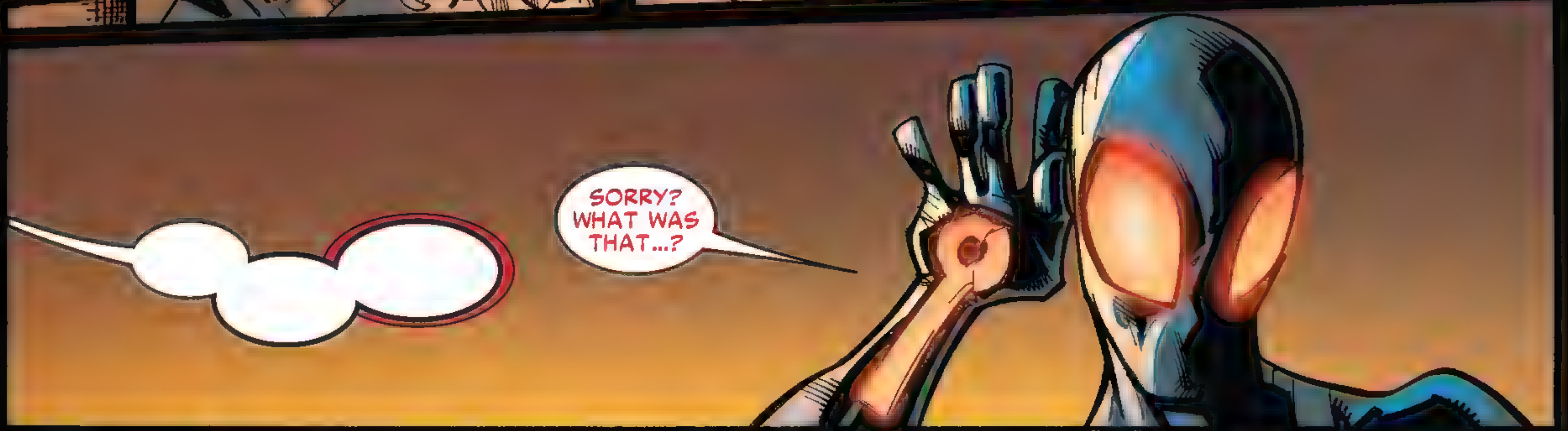
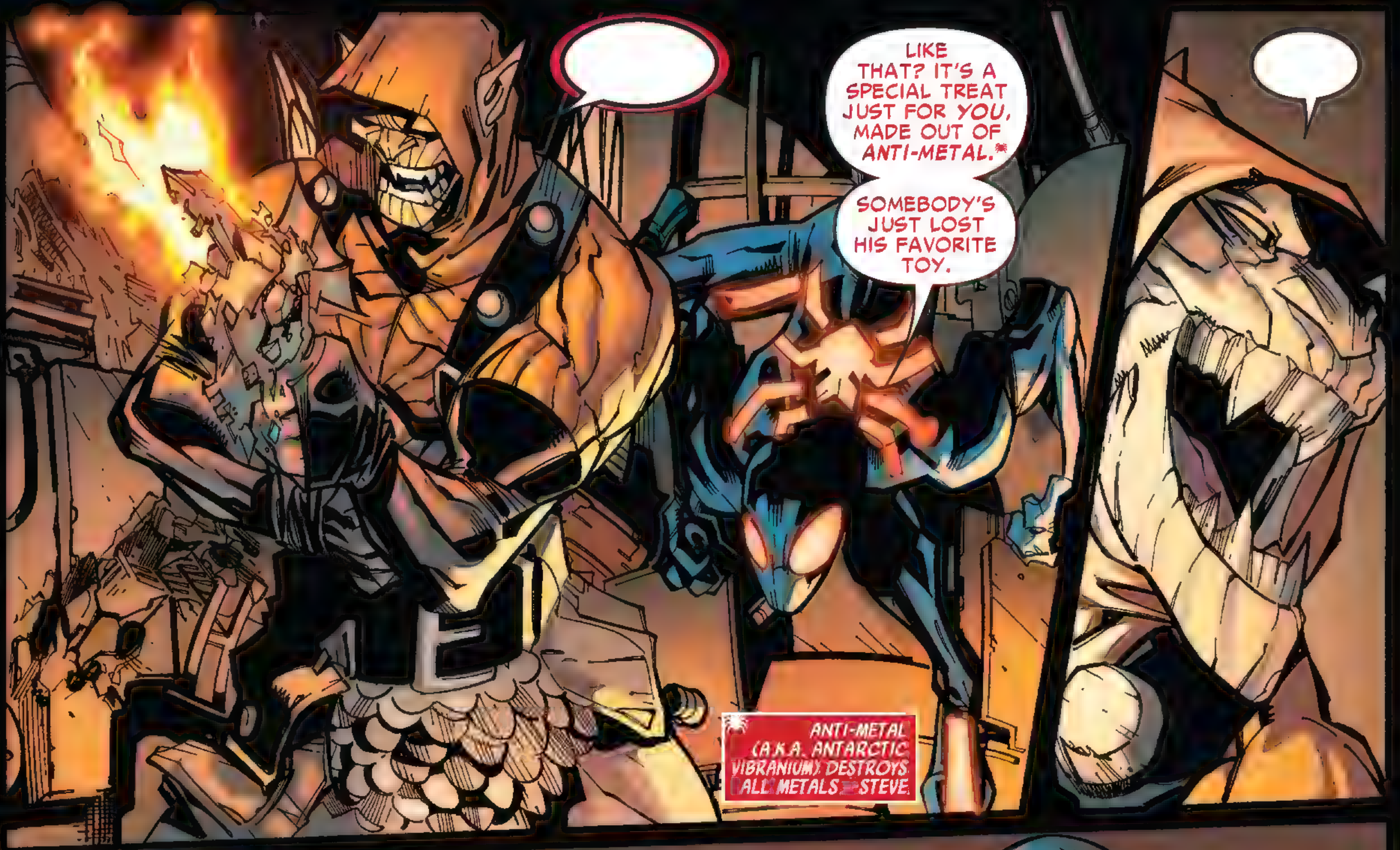
STOP!

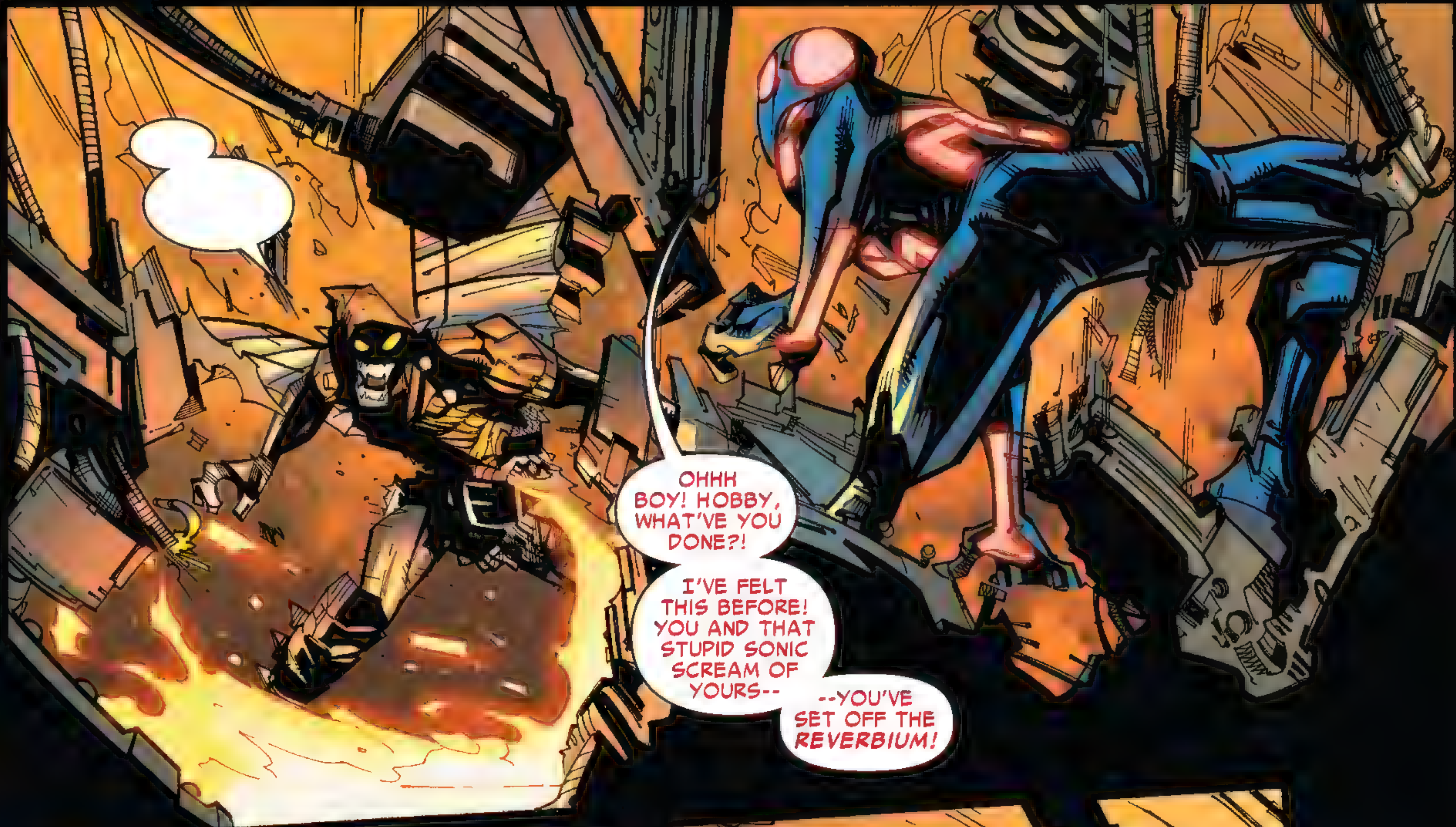
MY SAFETY PROTOCOLS ARE THE ONLY THING KEEPING THE REVERBIUM IN CHECK!

TIK

A SPIDER-TRACER? NICE ONE, GENIUS.

NOW YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHERE I AM, RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU.

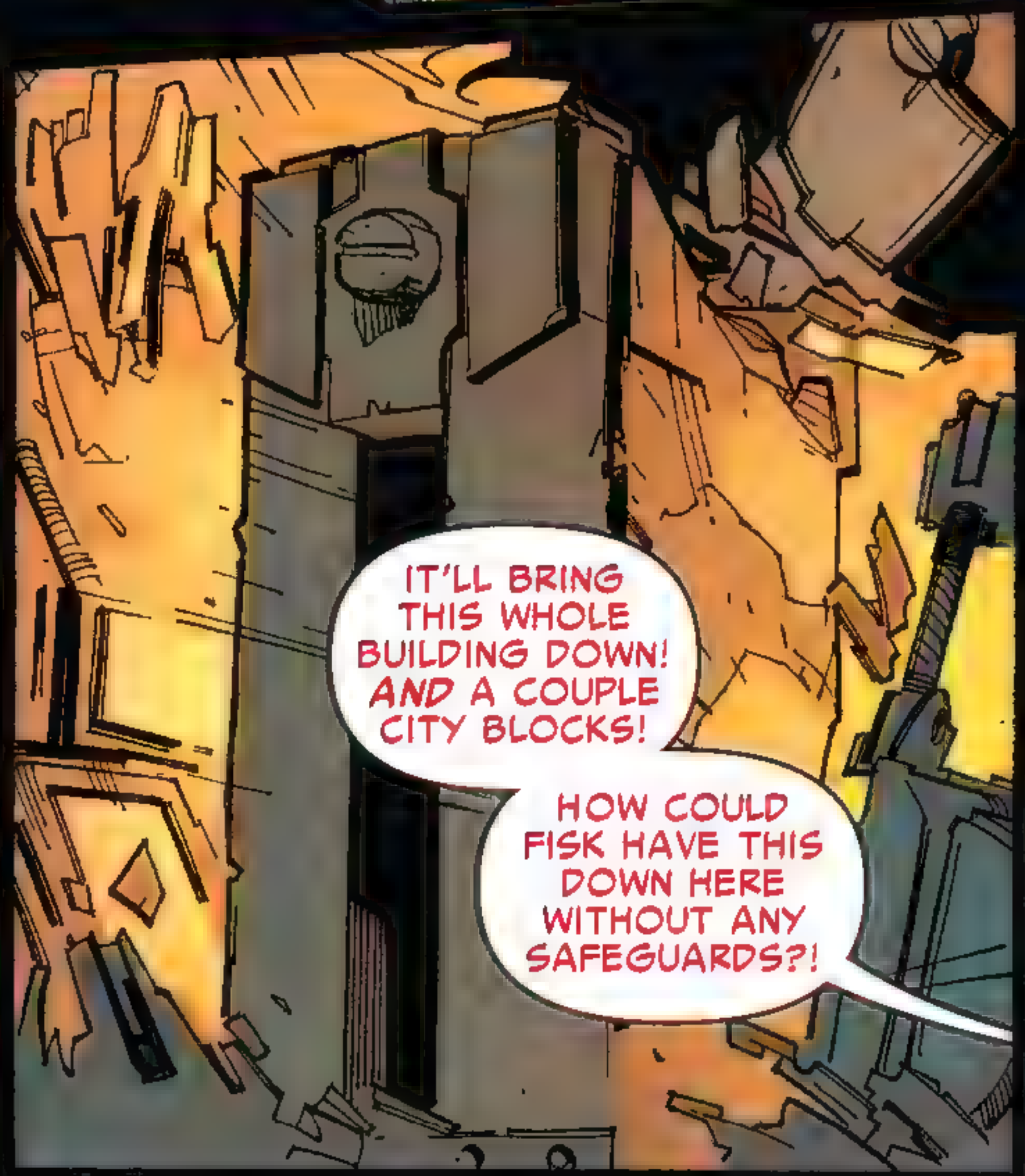




OHhh
BOY! HOBBY,
WHAT'VE YOU
DONE?!

I'VE FELT
THIS BEFORE!
YOU AND THAT
STUPID SONIC
SCREAM OF
YOURS--

--YOU'VE
SET OFF THE
REVERBIUM!



IT'LL BRING
THIS WHOLE
BUILDING DOWN!
AND A COUPLE
CITY BLOCKS!

HOW COULD
FISK HAVE THIS
DOWN HERE
WITHOUT ANY
SAFEGUARDS?!



HOBBGOBLIN!
WAIT! YOUR
SCREAM STARTED
THIS. IF WE
MODIFY ITS
PITCH...

...WE
COULD SET
UP A COUNTER-
VIBRATION
AND--



WHY ISN'T
ANYBODY
LISTENING
TO ME?!



AH.
RIGHT.

YOU! TECH
GUY! MAYBE
THE TWO OF US
CAN COME UP
WITH A--

AAAAHHH!

FINE!
BE THAT
WAY!

YOU'RE
ALL JUST A
BUNCH A' RATS
LEAVING A SINKING
SUBBASEMENT!



THAT
SOUNDED SO
MUCH BETTER
IN MY
HEAD.

HARD TO
THINK WHEN A
CHUNK A' DOOMSDAY
METAL'S ABOUT TO
SHAKE A HOLE IN
THE MIDDLE OF
MANHATTAN!

OKAY,
I CAN'T STOP
THE INITIAL
SHOCK...

...BUT MAYBE
THESE BABIES
CAN DESTROY ALL
THE REVERBIUM
BEFORE IT
SPREADS.

CAT?!
CAN YOU
HEAR ME?



FELICIA?!
COME IN!

TELL ME
YOU'RE CLEAR
OF THE FISK
BUILDING.



N-NO...

TRAPPED
ON THE TOP
FLOOR...WITH
KINGPIN.

OF
COURSE YOU
ARE. I'M ON
MY WAY!

Outside.

CAPTAIN, IT'S
CONFIRMED. THE
CLEANING CREW CLEARED
OUT EARLIER
WHEN AN ALARM
SOUNDED.

GOOD.
RECOMMENDATIONS,
CHIEF?

SHE'S TOO
UNSTABLE. I SAY
WE PULL EVERYONE
BACK TO A SAFER
DISTANCE.

AGREED.

CAPTAIN
WATANABE!
LOOK...

"...IT'S THAT GUY
FROM THE HORIZON
ROBBERY! THE
HOBGOBLIN!

"HE'S
GOTTA BE
BEHIND THIS!

"HE'S
DEMOLISHING
THE PLACE!"

GOING UP
THE COLLAPSING
BUILDING--THIS'S
CRAZY, EVEN
FOR ME!

Y'KNOW
WHAT'D MAKE
WALL-CRAWLING
EASIER ABOUT
NOW? WALLS!

FALLING
BODIES
THIS WAY!
FELICIA?!

NO, IT'S THE HAND!
NOTHING I CAN DO. THEY'RE
ALREADY CRUMBLING
INTO NINJA-DUST--

--BUT STILL, THOSE
ARE **MORE** LIVES ON
YOUR HEAD, KINGPIN.

ONE OF
THESE DAYS,
FISK...

...YOU'RE
GONNA GET
WHAT'S COMING
TO YOU!

EASY,
BOSS! ALMOST
THERE!

AND THEN
WHAT, YOU IDIOT?!
WHAT IN THE HELL DO
YOU THINK YOU
CAN DO?!

THERE'S
NO GETTING
OUT OF
THIS!

THWIP!

CAT!

C'MON!
YOU AND ME--
WE'RE BLOWING
THIS MALEVOLENT
POPSICLE
STAND!

AH. WILSON. HAVE
I TOLD YOU LATELY?
I LOVE WHAT YOU'VE
DONE WITH THIS
SPACE.

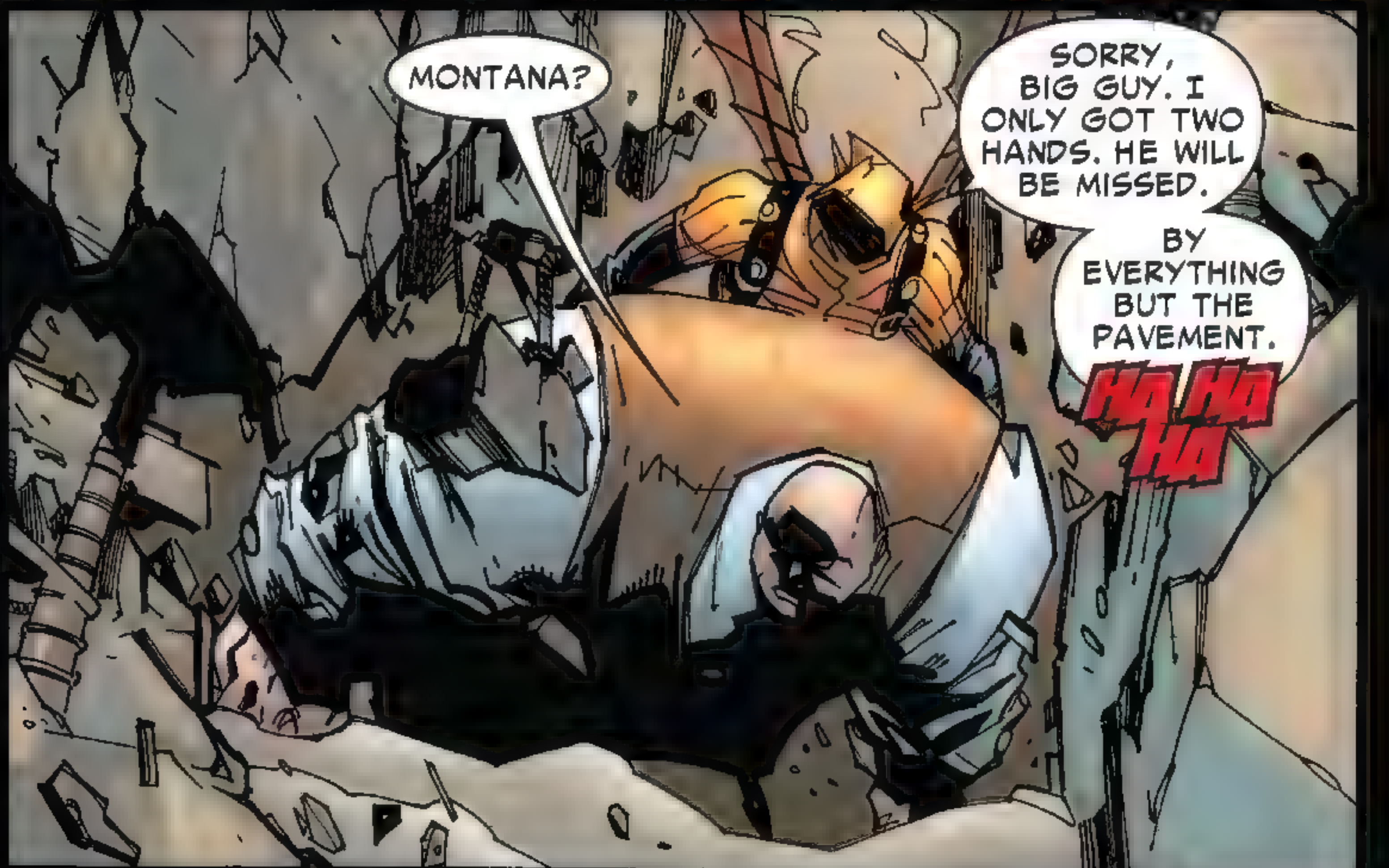
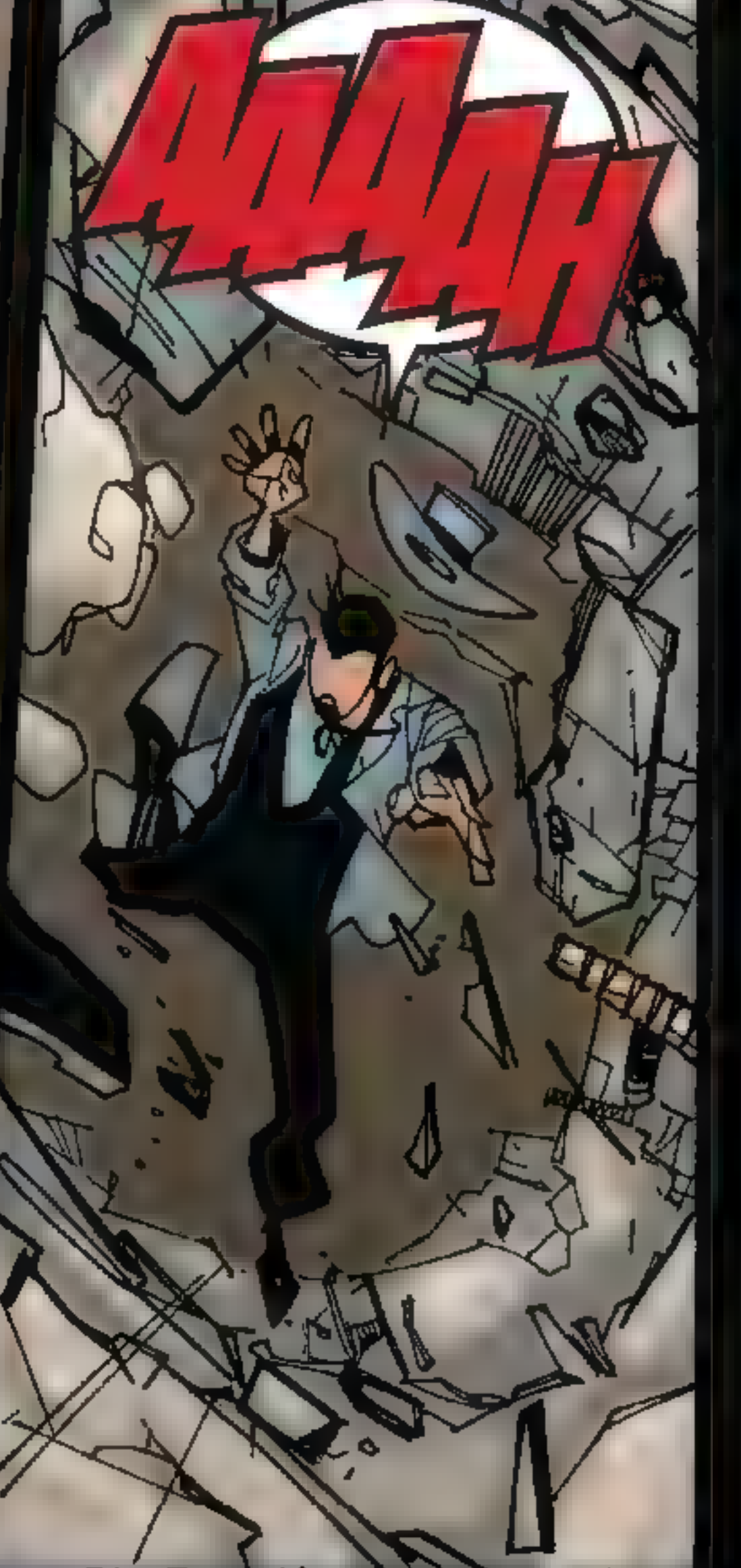
NO! NO MORE JOKES!
IF THIS IS HOW IT ENDS,
YOU CAN SWING AWAY,
BUT SHE STAYS!

IF I DO ONE LAST
THING, IT WILL BE TO
SEE YOU FAIL--AND
TO KNOW IT WAS
BY MY HAND.

NOT
HAPPENING.
KNOW
WHY?

KRAK

THAT
WAS A LOAD-
BEARING
COLUMN,
FATTY.



JUST
HAD TO BUILD
A STEALTH
SUIT.

**NOT
THE AIRBAG
SUIT.**

OR THE
INDESTRUCTIBLE
SUIT.

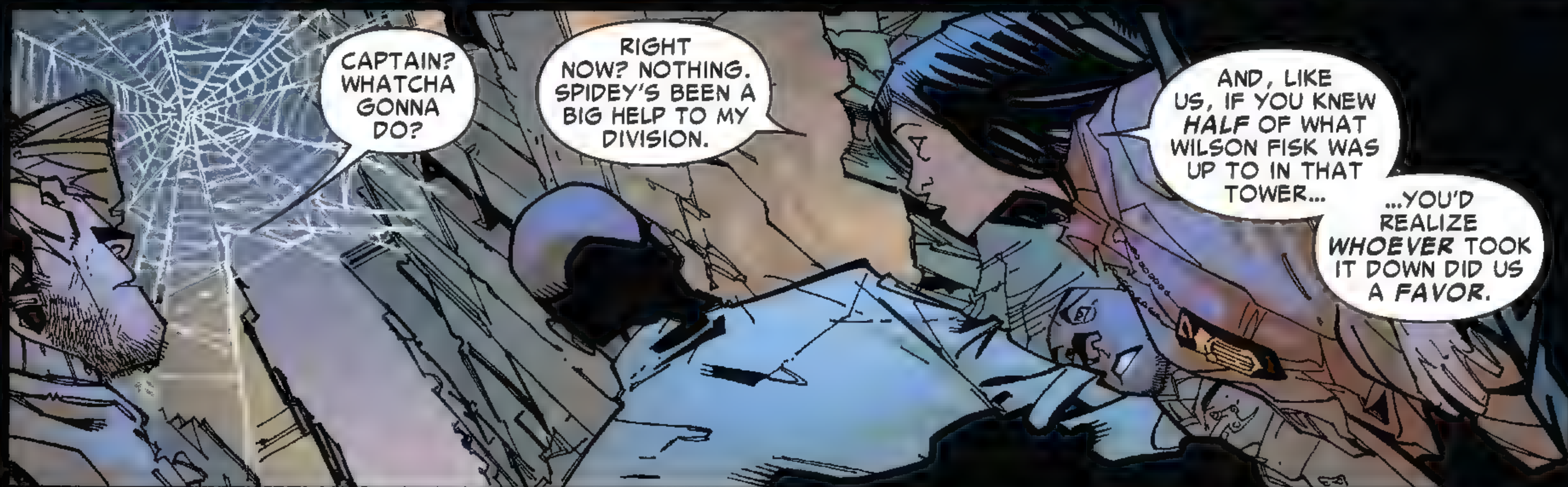
OOH.
TELEPORTATION
SUIT. THAT
WOULDA BEEN
NICE!

Hunnnh!

FELICIA?!

STAY
WITH ME,
PARTNER!

RECOMMEND



Hell's Kitchen, Shadowland.

THE HUB OF THE
KINGPIN'S CRIMINAL
EMPIRE.

TONIGHT WAS
NOT ABOUT LOSS, BUT
REBIRTH. THE SLOUGHING
OFF OF DEAD SKIN TO
MAKE WAY FOR
THE NEW.

THAT TOWER
WAS A FRONT OF
RESPECTABILITY, A
LIE. THIS IS ALL I NEED
NOW. THIS IS
MY DESTINY.

GOBLIN,
STEP
FORWARD.

PSST.
GUYS, I THINK
SOMEBODY'S
GETTIN' THEIR
BIG-BOY-
PANTS.

OH GREAT
AND POWERFUL
KINGPIN, I'D LIKE
SOME BRAINS,
SOME
COURAGE...

...AND A
PONY.

I AM NOT ONE
TO BE INDEBTED TO
OTHERS. CONSIDER
THIS YOUR
PAYMENT.

YOU HAVE
EARNED A PLACE
AT MY TABLE. AND
WHEN I NEED YOU,
YOU SHALL ACT
AS MY RIGHT
HAND.

FROM NOW
ON, YOU ARE
MY HOBGOBLIN.
SAY IT.

I'M YOUR
HOBGOBLIN.

Later...

HEY,
GRAMPS.
YOU THE
TINKERER?

A CERTAIN, OUT OF
THE WAY FIX-IT SHOP.

BEEN
EXPECTING
YOU. KINGPIN'S
NEW BOY,
RIGHT?

PLEASE,
COME IN.
NOTHING BUT
THE BEST FOR
YOU, SIR.

YEAH? WELL, I
PLAYED A LITTLE
ROUGH WITH
SOME OF MY
TOYS.

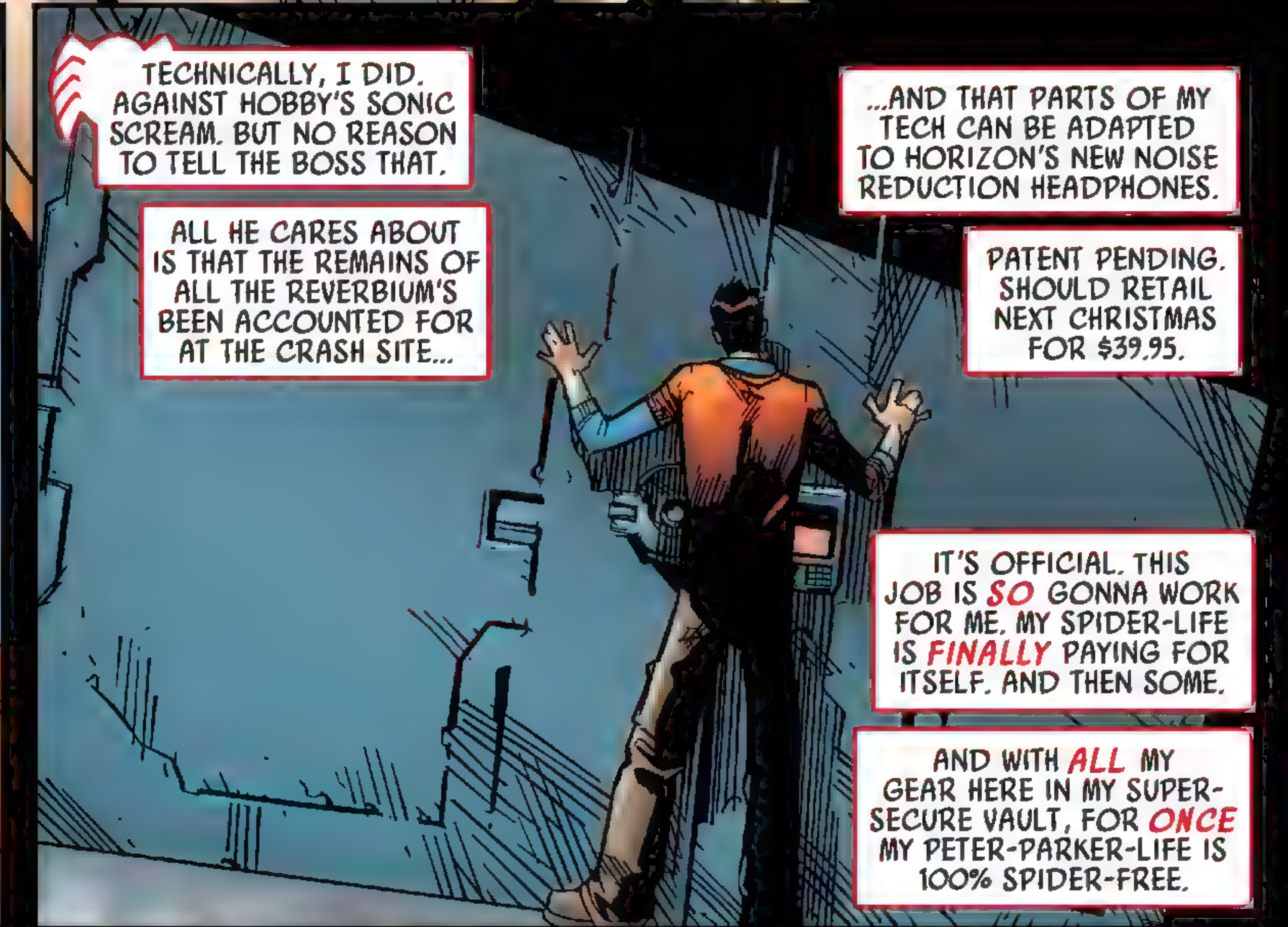
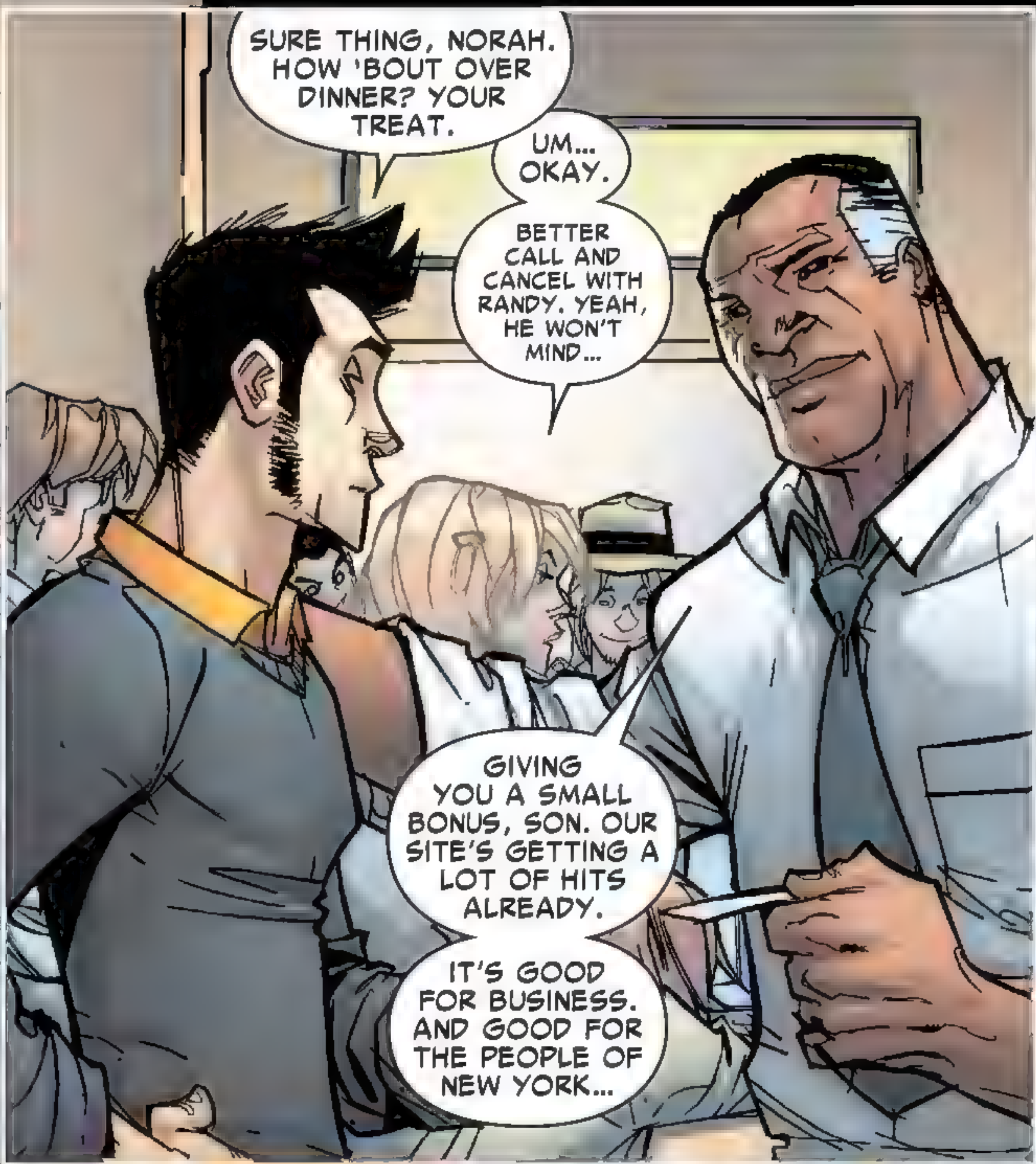
CAN YOU
GET 'EM WORKIN'
OR NOT? I NEED
THIS STUFF.

LOVELY DESIGN.
OSBORN, YES? I
CAN FIX 'EM. BUT
WITH THIS TECH,
IT'S GONNA
COST YOU...

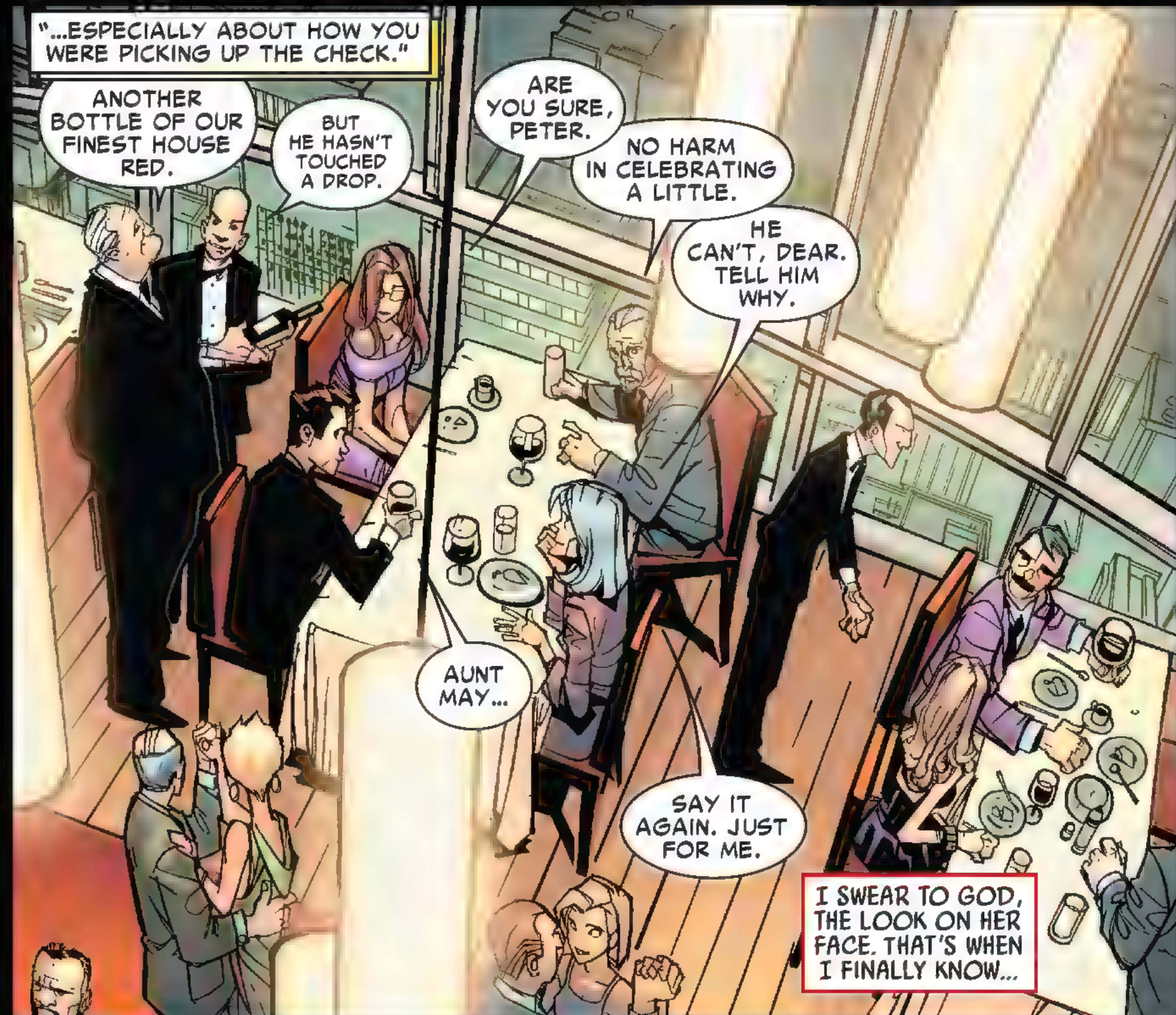
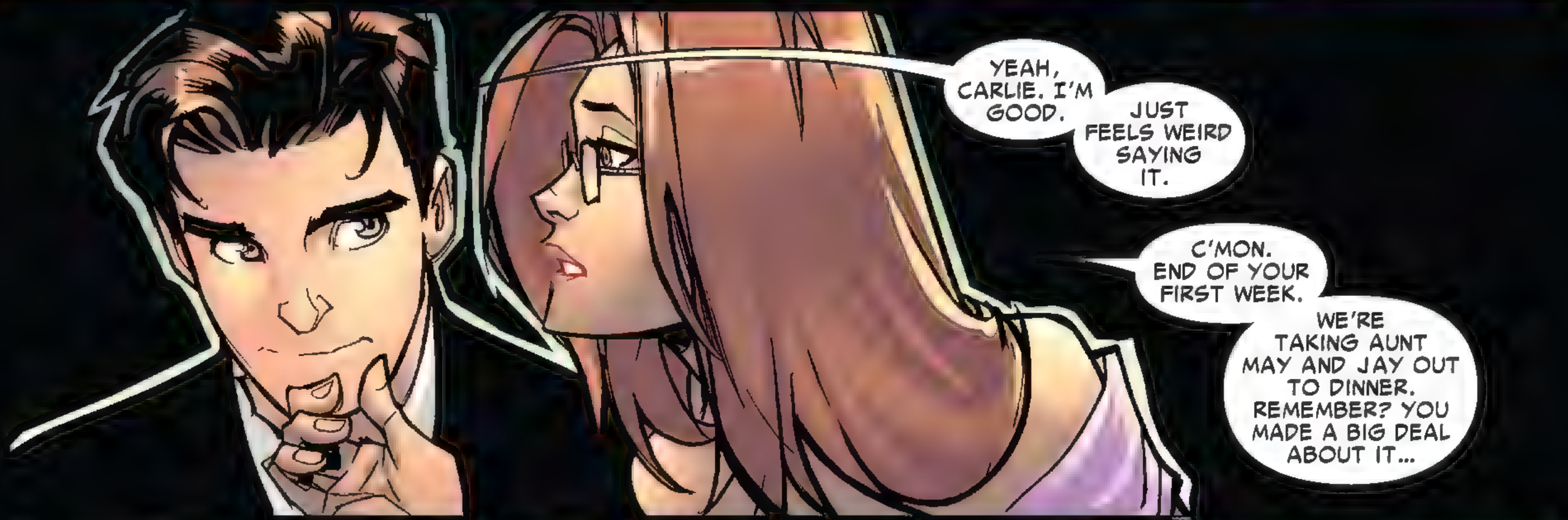
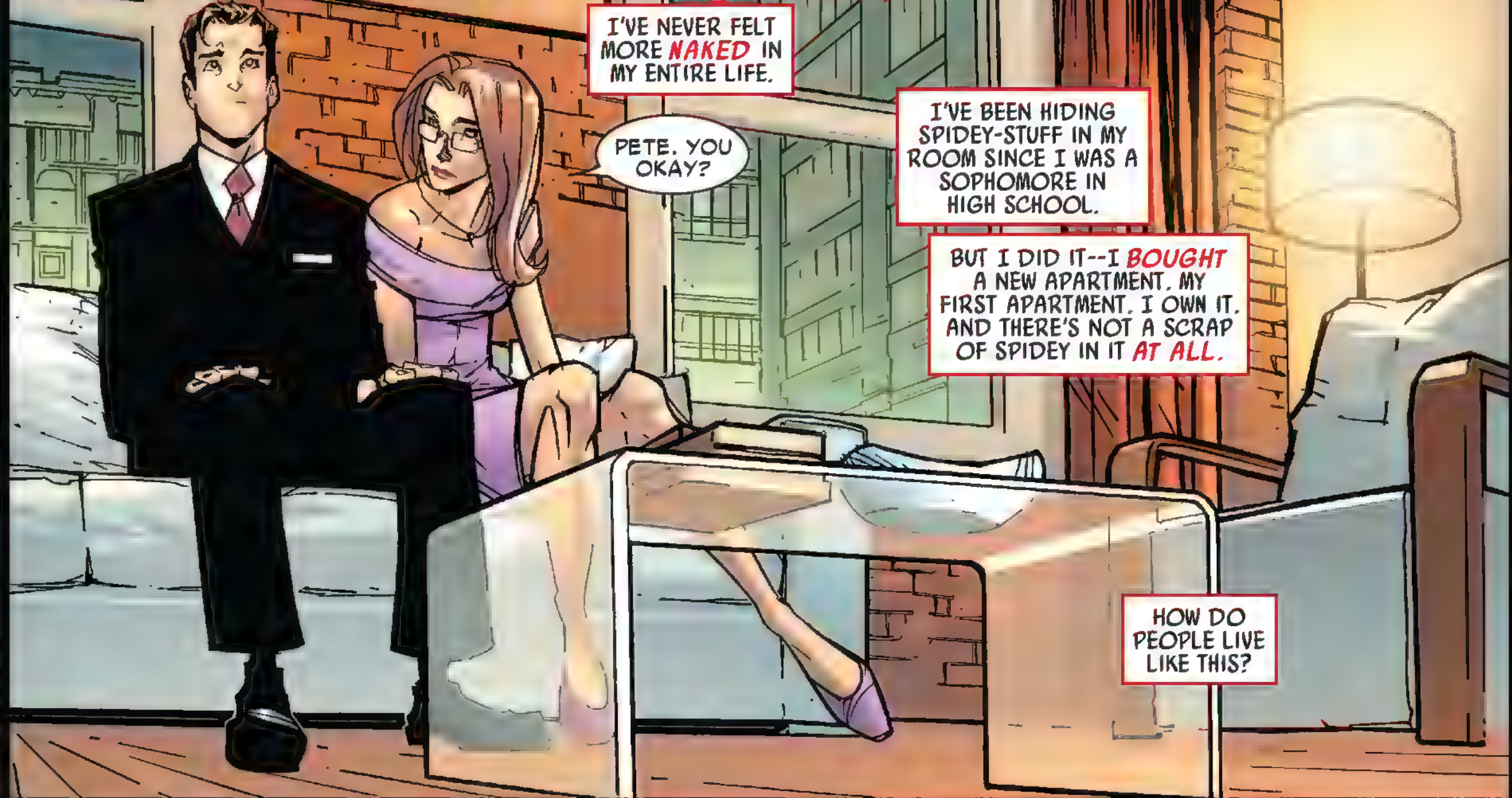
...A LOT
MORE THAN
KINGPIN'S
PAYING
YOU.



The Daily Bugle.



Tribeca. Peter Parker's All-New Apartment.



the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN



TOM BRENNAN ASSOCIATE EDITOR **STEPHEN WACKER** EDITOR

TOM BREVOORT EXECUTIVE EDITOR **JOE QUESADA** EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER **ALAN FINE** EXEC. PRODUCER

As always, there's a lot happening in Spidey-land.

First and foremost, this issue we bid a fond farewell to the young man I've spent the better part of four years grooming to take my place once I'm called in to appear as Gwen Stacy in the Spider-Man Musical (now open on Broadway!).

That's right, it's time to say goodbye to the Upper West Side's own Tom Brennan, my assistant on Spidey and many other books for the past 19 years. As you may recall, Tom was recently promoted to the almost meaningful position of "Associate Editor" which means more responsibilities. That responsibility comes at a cost, though. And that cost is having to go to work for America's most bearded editor...Marvel Editorial VP Tom Brevoort. It won't be an easy assignment, but at least Brevoort doesn't waste your time being interested in your life.

We wish Brennan well...and it was nice to finally meet him last week. I've never met a guy with four(!) guitar tattoos on his neck.

However with feigned sorrow comes legitimate rejoicing! Replacing Tom on many of my books will be Ellie Pyle (of the Virginia Pyles!) She comes from the theatre world with a long resume of company management and picayune knowledge of grammar. She will be a big part of making my trains run on time (which sounds more personal than I intended) starting with this very issue of Spider-Man.

And of course my own Associate Editor, the seven-and-a-half foot tall Alejandro Arbona, is still here helping guide some of our sister books like *Osborn, Carnage!*, and the just announced ongoing series *Venom* by Rick Remender and Tony Moore (This will spin directly out of next month's special issue #654.1)!

Anyway, that's the housecleaning. Time for me to turn up the old soundtrack to *Footloose* and get to your letters on the death of the original; Hobgoblin in #649.

Folks,

I admit that you had me fooled for a second. You had me convinced that Dan Slott is an idiot. You had me convinced that you'd killed off the ORIGINAL Hobgoblin. You had me convinced that you'd made the same mistakes that people keep making with this (otherwise) superb villain.

It was pretty dumb when the Hobgoblin was revealed to be Ned Leeds in ASM #289. Dumb in the sense that one of Spidey's most deadly foes was taken out by some nameless thugs working for the Foreigner (where's he,

by the way?). It was pretty dumb to have Jack O'Lantern take over the role. It got worse when Jack-O-Goblin became a real demon. It got worse when Jack-O-Goblin became a cyborg.

It just kept getting worse and worse as the name of The Hobgoblin got dragged through the mire with each subsequent Hobby appearance after ASM #289. One of Spidey's most feared and dangerous foes became a joke. An inept joke. A constant loser.

There was some relief when the (supposed) ORIGINAL Hobgoblin came back and killed Jack-O-Goblin – I doubt anyone shed any real tears there.

BUT...you know, we were then told that the ORIGINAL Hobgoblin was actually Roderick Kingsley and not Ned Leeds. And while I have much love and respect for Roger Stern, we got a story from him that was not his best work, a pretty convoluted story that tried to convince us that Kingsley had been the ORIGINAL Hobgoblin all along. A story involving twin brothers – almost always a bad idea.

But, I went along with it. Hobgoblin was Stern's co-creation. If he says that Kingsley was Hobby, then so be it. And we got treated to a nice 3-parter in Spectacular Spidey (volume 1, I might add) between Norman and Roderick, penned by Stern.

That was twelve or so years ago.

Since then, mostly silence on the Hobby front. We had some guy show up in some mini-series, but most folks don't consider him the original Hobgoblin.

Thus, when I heard the news that Slott was bringing Hobby back to ASM, I was overjoyed. Slott seems to have a true affection and a true sense of respect for Marvel lore and history and continuity. I didn't want someone to bring Hobby back and make a mockery out of him (which is mostly what happened during the 1990's). If the choice was Hobgoblin-done-wrong or no-Hobgoblin, then I was fine without ever seeing him again. And I figured Slott was one of the few who could do Hobgoblin justice because this guy WAS one of Spidey's most feared and dangerous foes. He has a legacy, a legacy that I expected Slott to treat fairly and respectfully.

This does not mean he gets his head cut off by another joke from the 1990's. It does not mean we bring Kingsley back with a teaser appearance in ASM 648, psyche-up any old-school Hobby fans from the 1980's and then have him killed (beheaded no less) in a handful of pages by a 3rd tier character.

No...no...Slott is smarter than that. Better than that. He has more respect and affection for Marvel's past and continuity than to just so candidly repeat the mistakes of the past. We don't just re-kill the ORIGINAL Hobgoblin offhand as we have before and replace him with

a loser who could never truly overpower or outsmart one of Spidey's most feared and dangerous foes.

Thus, I'm left to assume that Ulrich did not kill the ORIGINAL Hobgoblin.

Why? Well, we've been down this road before. The ORIGINAL Hobgoblin was smart enough to avoid death before. Leeds was a plant and Leeds died in his place. He experimented on Lefty Donovan rather than himself. He knew how to stay low. He was smart and had foresight. The ORIGINAL Hobgoblin was a professional.

This guy who gets killed in ASM #649? Who was he then? Obviously not the original Hobgoblin. Could be Kingsley's brother, Daniel, the guy who pretended to be the weak-and-cowardly version of Roderick Kingsley. Could be some other imposter, as Roderick had a habit of using doubles – heck, could be that clown from Secret War for all I know.

Because, see, Ulrich kills a guy in a Hobgoblin outfit, but that doesn't mean he kills the ORIGINAL Hobgoblin. Oh, he calls him Kingsley, but we never see the face. And even if Slott lost his ever-lovin'-mind and intends for Kingsley to be dead, you guys left a backdoor open. We never see the actual face of the dead guy – just a head with a mask on it. And even if we did see the face, heck, it could have been Daniel.

And it's not like things stick with you guys. Pete and MJ are married for some 20 years, but we wipe that away with some "magic" courtesy of Mephisto. Quentin Beck shoots himself in the head, but recent years implies heavily that our old pal Mysterio is back, hale and healthy (some of those suggestions done by Slott, I might add). Dock Ock is killed by Kaine – raised back by the ninjas. Yes, I just typed that. Aunt May knows Pete is Spidey...no, wait, now she doesn't. Or, even better, Aunt May dies and is buried...no, wait, that was just some ACTRESS hired to pretend she was May, some lady with cancer who wanted to give one last great performance or some such.

So, even if you want me to think that the ORIGINAL Hobgoblin is dead...I won't. Because it just doesn't fit. It's a mistake. Maybe this generation needs its own Hobgoblin. But, if true, give the original a proper send off and don't try to peddle this kind of junk.

Despite all this, I have faith in Slott. He left himself plenty of back-doors to make this "right." Because killing the ORIGINAL Hobgoblin like this...that ain't right

Josh Williams
Via e-mail

**LETTER COLUMN CONTINUED
AFTER STORY...**

Now.

WH-WHERE
AM I? WHAT
IS THIS
PLACE?!

YOU'RE
UP, AND
FORMING COMPLETE
SENTENCES.
THAT'S VERY
PROMISING.

NO
APPARENT
LOSS OF BRAIN
FUNCTIONS.
CAN YOU TELL
ME YOUR
NAME?

WAIT!
WHO ARE
YOU? WHAT'S
GOING ON
HERE?!

NAME
PLEASE.

GARGAN!
MAC GARGAN,
DAMMIT! NOW
TELL ME
WHAT'S--

CORRECT.
MACDONALD
"MAC" GARGAN.
ORIGINALLY THE
SCORPION. UNTIL
RECENTLY,
VENOM.

TH-THAT'S
RIGHT. I
REMEMBER.
THEY TOOK MY
OTHER--

--THE
SYMBIOTE,
AWAY FROM
ME...

SHORT-
TERM MEMORY'S
INTACT.
SPLENDID.

NOW
LET'S MOVE ON
AND TEST YOUR
PHYSICAL SKILLS.
SHALL WE?

WHRR-KIK

WHRR-KIK

BRITTA BRITTA
PRAW PRAW
PRAW

GRRRRR

OH,
THAT'S IT,
PAL. YER IN
FOR IT...

THE STING

THAT NEVER GOES AWAY

WHRAK

'CAUSE
YOU HAVE
NO IDEA WHAT
I'M CAPABLE
OF!

DAN SLOTT
WRITER

STEFANO CASELLI
PENCILER

EDGAR DELGADO
COLORIST

VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA
LETTERER

ELLIE PYLE
ASST. EDITOR

TOM BRENNAN
ASSOC. EDITOR

STEPHEN WACKER
SENIOR EDITOR

JOE QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAN BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER

ALAN FINE
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

ACTUALLY,
MR. GARGAN,
COLLECTING THAT
DATA IS THE
PURPOSE OF
THESE TESTS.

THAT WAS
MY TAIL. I'M--
I'M IN THE
SCORPION SUIT
AGAIN?!

NO. YOU'RE
IN MY SCORPION
SUIT. CYBORG
UPGRADES, TO
BE PRECISE.

BATTLE
ARMOR'S
HOLDING.
EXCELLENT.

YOU
COULD A
KILLED
ME!

NOT
LIKELY. AND
IF YOU WERE
IN ANY REAL
DANGER...

КТАММ

...YOUR
SCORPION-
SENSE WOULD
HAVE KICKED
IN.

"SCORPION-SENSE"? WHAT? LIKE SPIDER-MAN'S--

SPIDER-
SENSE.
CORRECT

JUST
AS A SPIDER
CAN FEEL A
DISTURBANCE
ALONG ITS
WEB...

...A SCORPION, IN
HIDING, CAN DETECT
WHEN CREATURES
BRUSH THE HAIRS ATOP
ITS PINCERS.

ALL
CREATURES
IN THE ANIMA
KINGDOM HAV
VARIOUS
HEIGHTENED
SENSES.

NOW
YOU CAN
TAP INTO
YOURS.

ALONG WITH
YOUR ENHANCED
STRENGTH, SPEED,
TAIL, AND
CLAWS...

...YOU
SHOULD BE
MORE THAN A
MATCH FOR
THE WEB-
SLINGER...

...SHOULD
HE CHOOSE
TO INTERFERE
IN OUR
PLANS.



NICE,
GARGAN. WELL
DONE.

THERE YOU
ARE. AND WHATTYA
MEAN "OUR PLANS"?!
I SPENT YEARS
TRAPPED IN ONE A'
THESE SUITS--

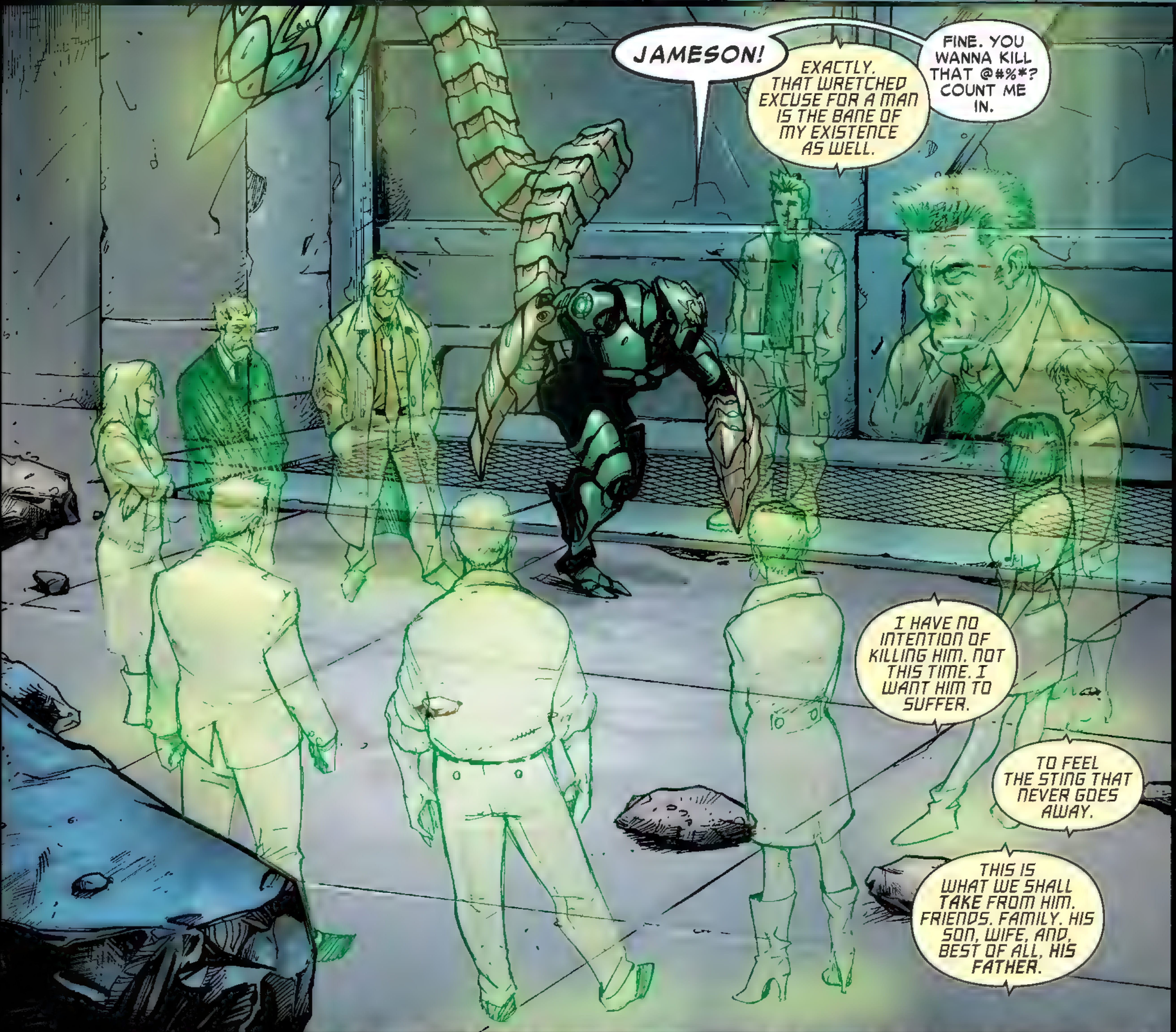
--AND YOU
PUT ME BACK INTO
ONE! TELL ME WHY
MY PLAN SHOULDN'T
BE KILLING YOU
RIGHT NOW!



BECAUSE
THOSE CYBORG
UPGRADES OF MINE
ARE THE ONLY
THINGS KEEPING
YOU ALIVE.

WITHOUT
THAT TECHNOLOGY--
OR A REPLACEMENT
LIKE THE SYMBIOTE--
YOU WOULD DIE,
GARGAN.

ALL
BECAUSE OF THE
EXPERIMENTS
J. JONAH JAMESON
FORCED ON
YOU.



JAMESON!

EXACTLY.
THAT WRETCHED
EXCUSE FOR A MAN
IS THE BANE OF
MY EXISTENCE
AS WELL.

FINE. YOU
WANNA KILL
THAT @#%*?
COUNT ME
IN.

I HAVE NO
INTENTION OF
KILLING HIM. NOT
THIS TIME. I
WANT HIM TO
SUFFER.

TO FEEL
THE STING THAT
NEVER GOES
AWAY.

THIS IS
WHAT WE SHALL
TAKE FROM HIM.
FRIENDS. FAMILY. HIS
SON, WIFE, AND,
BEST OF ALL, HIS
FATHER.



"HIS FATHER"? THE WAY YOU SAID THAT....

IT'S YOU IN THERE. ISN'T IT, SMYTHE?

BRILLIANT DEDUCTION, MR. GARGAN. YOUR FILE SAID YOU WERE QUITE THE PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR IN YOUR DAY.

YES. I'VE UPGRADED ALL MY CYBERNETIC IMPLANTS AS WELL. TRUST ME...

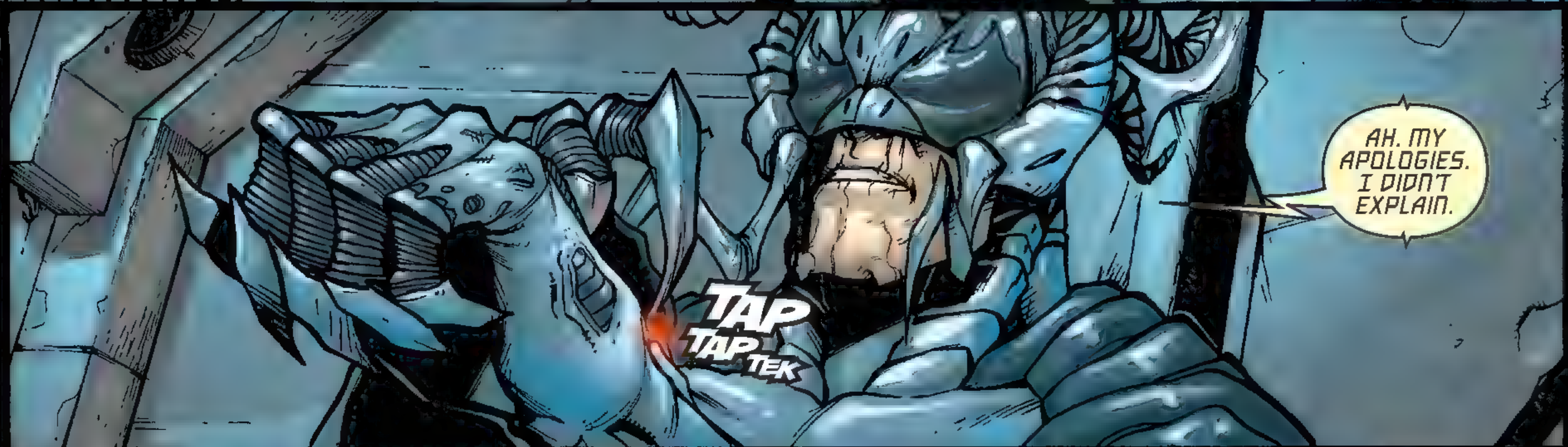


THE WORLD'S NEVER SEEN A SPIDER-SLAYER LIKE ME BEFORE.

AND TOGETHER, WE'LL FINALLY HAVE OUR VENGEANCE ON J. JONAH JAMESON!

YOU'RE CRAZY AS EVER, SMYTHE. JAMESON'S THE MAYOR NOW.

THE SECURITY AROUND HIM AND HIS FAMILY? EVEN THE TWO OF US COULDN'T--



AH. MY APOLOGIES. I DIDN'T EXPLAIN.

TAP
TAP
TEK



IT'S NOT JUST THE TWO OF US. YOU SEE...

HSSSS

"...I'VE BEEN
VERY BUSY."



Next Issue: It Begins...
REVENGE OF THE SPIDER-SLAYER
PART ONE: ARMY OF INSECTS



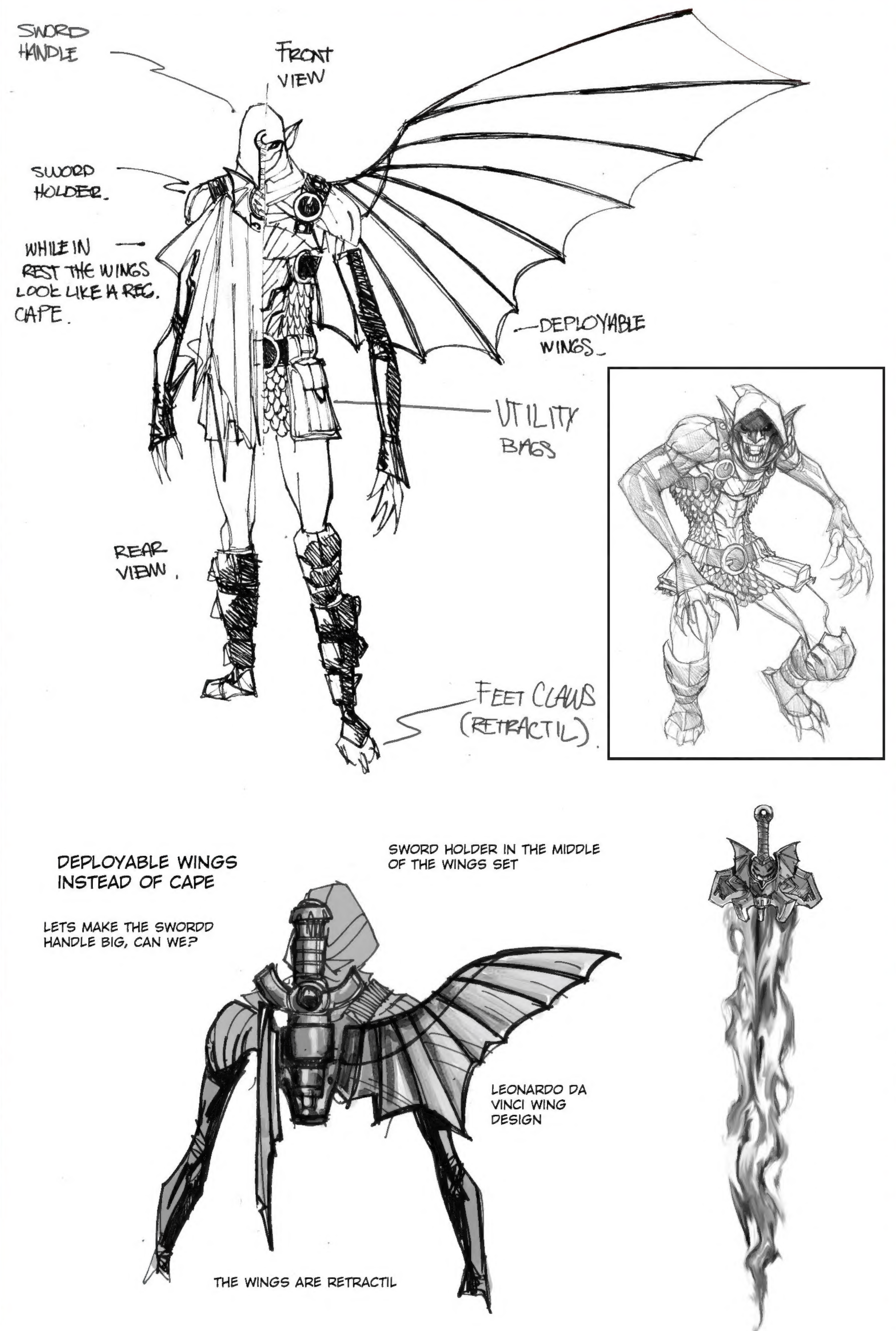
AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #648 VARIANT
COVER BY STEFANO CASELLI



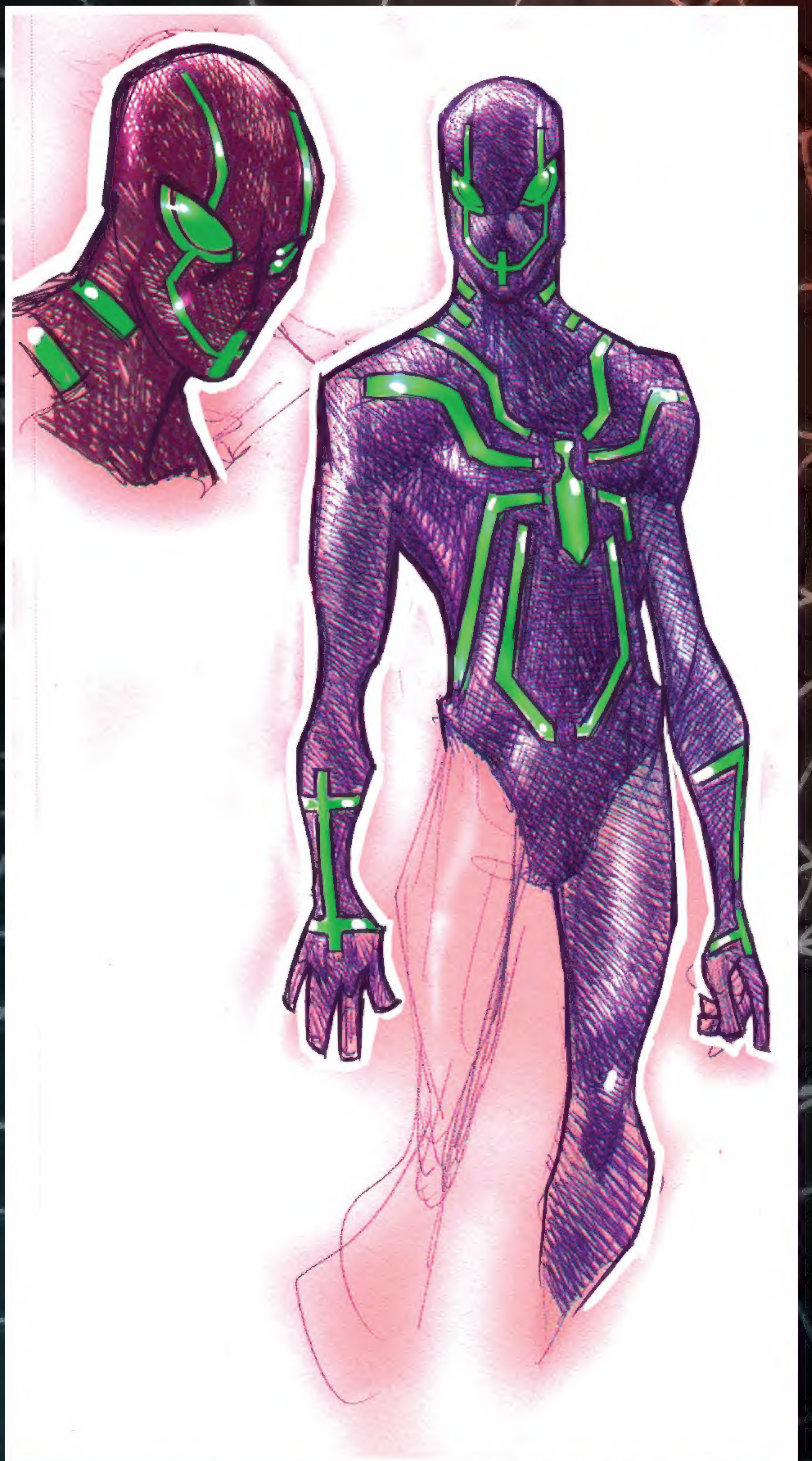
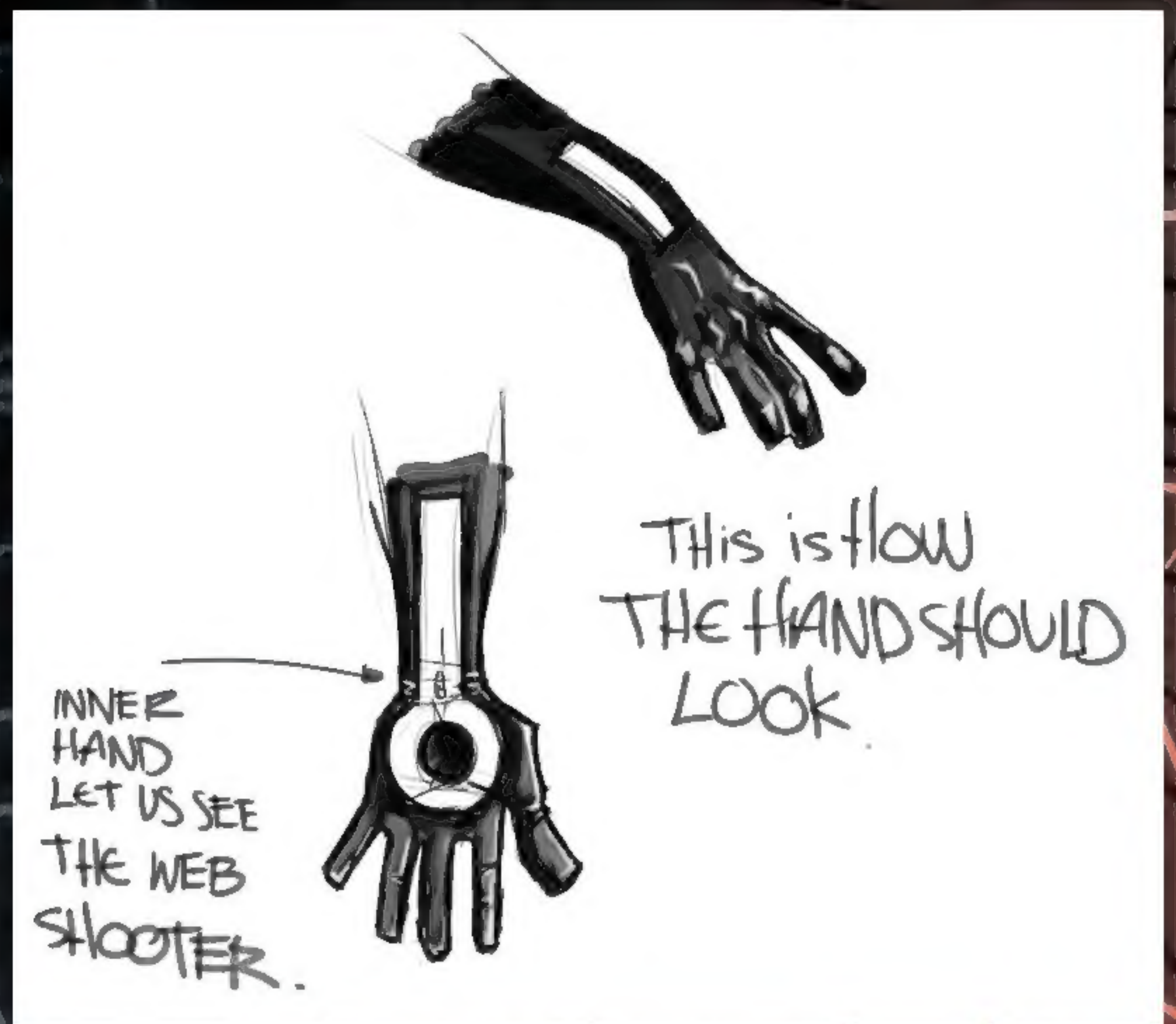
AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #648 VARIANT
COVER BY MARCOS MARTIN



AMAZING SPIDER-MAN PROMOTIONAL ARTWORK
BY HUMBERTO RAMOS & EDGAR DELGADO



HOBGOBLIN DESIGNS
BY HUMBERTO RAMOS



SPIDER-MAN STEALTH COSTUME DESIGNS
BY HUMBERTO RAMOS

“...a strong start to a new chapter in Spider-Man’s life, and one I’m glad to be here for.”

— Doug Zawisza, *ComicBookResources.com*

“Dan Slott is hilarious, plain and simple...He gets Spidey, heart and soul. Humberto Ramos, whose work I loved on *Runaways*, is doing great, lively, character-focused work here.”

— Teresa Jusino, *Newsarama.com*



The Avengers are working under your leadership in the field (darn right!), a high-salary job in the science industry just fell into your lap (about time!), and you have an awesome new girlfriend (finally!). Face it, Peter Parker — you just hit the Big Time!

But just when things are looking amazing for ol’ Spidey, along comes the Hobgoblin to raise a little ruckus. With Norman Osborn in the pokey, there’s a giant-sized Goblin power vacuum — one Roderick Kingsley is more than willing and able to fill! And facing the threat of the newly revived Hobgoblin will take all of Spidey’s resolve — and probably a new costume, to boot! It’s a new status quo in the life, love and adventures of Peter Parker and Spider-Man — guest-starring the Avengers, the Fantastic Four, and a cavalcade of Spidey’s greatest friends and foes!

MARVEL

A

Collects Amazing Spider-Man #648-651, written by Dan Slott (Mighty Avengers) and illustrated by Humberto Ramos (Wolverine).

